

Aug. 19, 1974

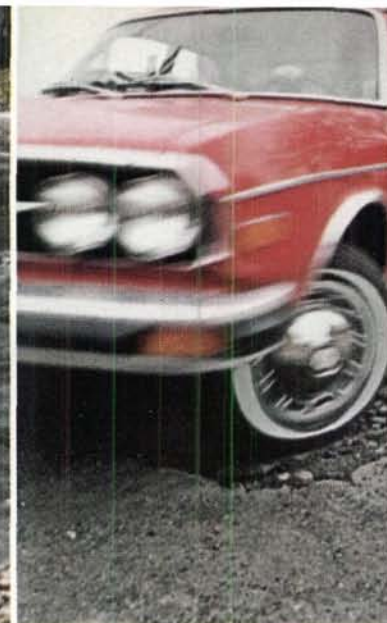
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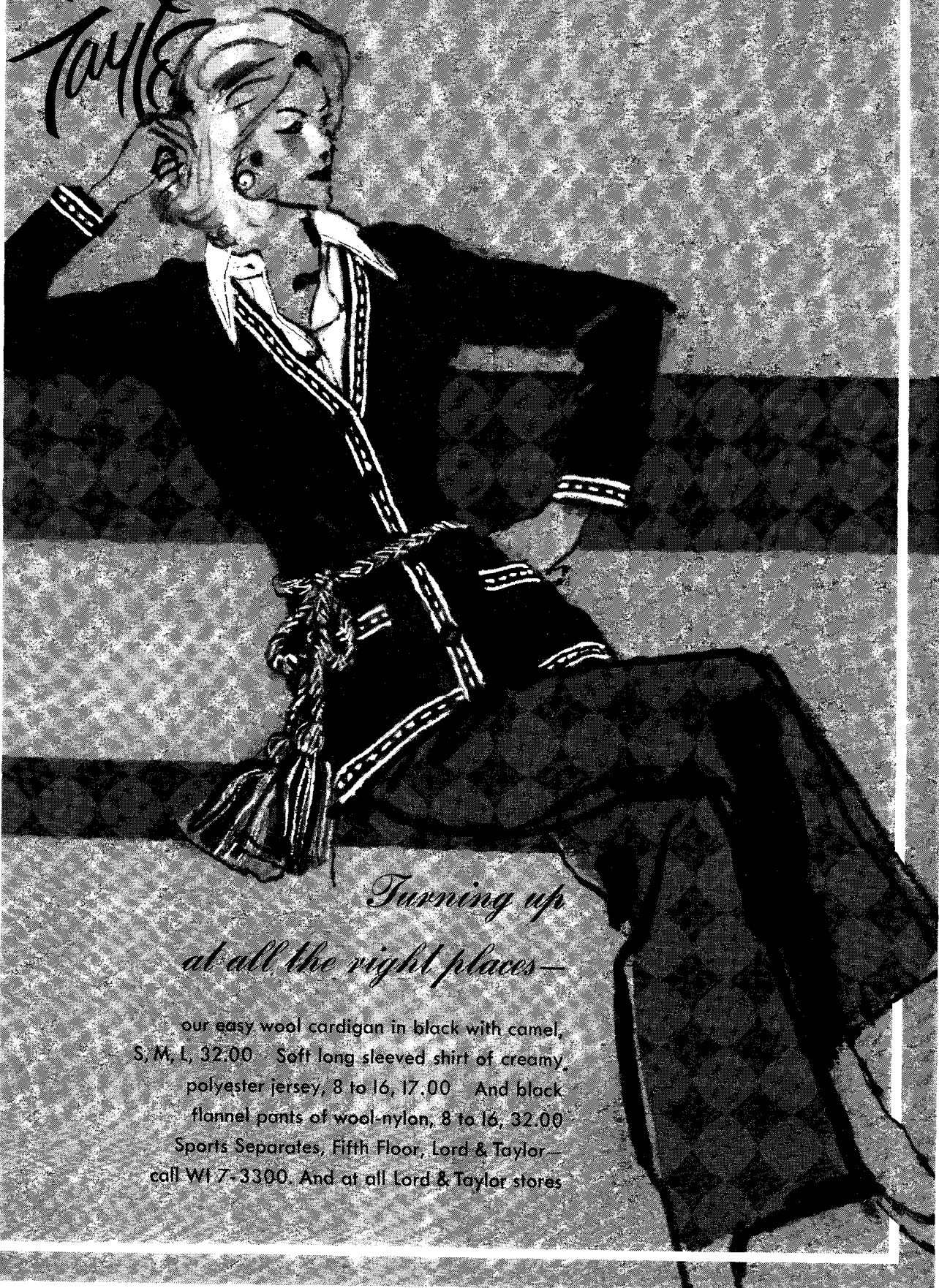
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAD HABITS—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CANDIDE—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LORELEI—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE MAGIC SHOW—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MY FAT FRIEND—A relentless sequence of jokes, which Lynn Redgrave and George Rose happily mistake for a play and throw their gifted selves into with surprisingly pleasant results. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OVER HERE!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SCAPINO—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of the Young Vic company, and a number of others. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SIRENS—A tale of three women, all black, and of their men, past and present. The setting is Newark. The play, by Richard Wesley, is absorbing and ever credible, and it is well done, under William Lathan's direction. Veronica Redd gives a fine performance as a cynical whore whose husband returns after having deserted her ten years before, and Roscoe Orman is very good as the husband. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1.)

THIEVES—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Grodin. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have

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some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. Elizabeth Sturges is especially good as a fat, gentle counter girl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

WHY HANNA'S SKIRT WON'T STAY DOWN—A play by Tom Eyan. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Tuesdays at 7:30 and 9:45, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE WORLD OF LENNY BRUCE—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

LONG RUNS—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and

10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 5,953 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **GOOD EVENING**: Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA**: A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE**: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threat-

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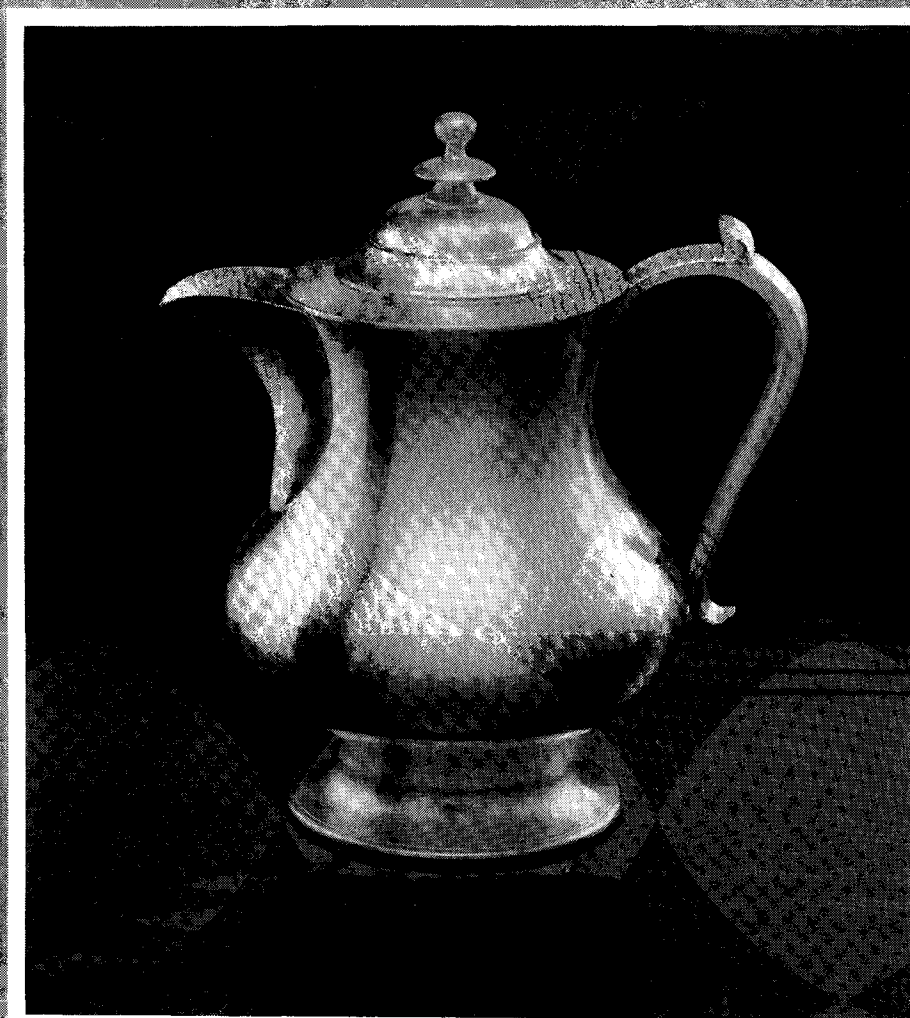
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **IRENE:** Jane Powell, Hans Conried, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly in a simpleminded curiosity of a musical that at times seems first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway, 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 7.)... **MOONCHILDREN:** Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen and Renée Tadlock, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 2:30.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Priscilla Lopez. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-1271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana."... Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "The Wedding."... Friday, Aug. 16, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Love Songs," and "Carmina Burana."... Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8: "Streams," "A Song for You," "The Wedding," and "Revelations."... Sunday, Aug. 18, at 1: "Streams," "Fanga," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... Sunday, Aug. 18, at 7: "Hidden Rites," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 8: "Fanga," "Blues Suite," "Missa Brevis," and "The Wedding."... Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 8: "Streams," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... Thursday, Aug. 22, at 8: "Hidden Rites," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana."... Friday, Aug. 23, at 8: "Blues Suite," "A Song for You," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... Saturday, Aug. 24, at 2: "Fanga," "Blues Suite," "Missa Brevis," and "The Wedding."... Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8: "Streams," "A Song for You," "The Wedding," and "Revelations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Closes Sunday, Aug. 25.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

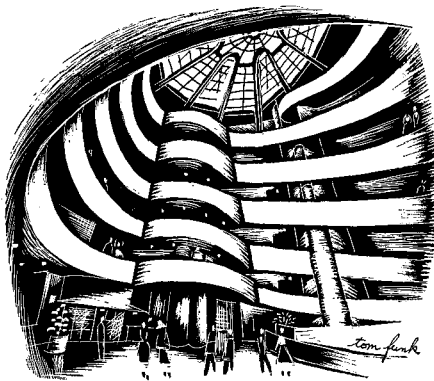
CHET BAKER—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, with a trio. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 14-15, from nine-thirty to three.

OSCAR BROWN, JR.—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Songs, Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 15-18, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

JAKI BYARD—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

AL CARMINES—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Piano and songs, at nine and midnight, through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St.



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(CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Pete Clarke, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

TOMMY FLANAGAN—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Wilbur Little, through Saturday, Aug. 17, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

SONNY GREER/RUSSELL PROCOPE/BROOKS KERR—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

LIONEL HAMPTON—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Vibraharp, leading a band, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays, at ten.

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and many other instruments. With a sextet. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 20, at ten.

LEE KONITZ—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, leading a trio. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 21-22, from nine-thirty to three.

TRACY NELSON AND MOTHER EARTH—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocals, with blues-and-country-inspired backing. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 20, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

RED NORVO—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Vibraharp or xylophone, with Hank Jones, Milt Hinton, and Joe Corsello, from nine-fifteen to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

BERNARD (PRETTY) PURDIE—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading his combo, at least through Saturday, Aug. 17.

BONNIE RAITT—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Blues vocals, on Wednesday, Aug. 14, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

JIMMY ROWLES—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, beginning Monday, Aug. 19.

MICHAEL URBANIAK—Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804). Jazz violin, with his band, Fusion, at nine and eleven, through Sunday, Aug. 18.

CHUCK WAYNE AND JOE PUMA—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Long and narrow, like the vessel it is intended to suggest, this seaworthy establishment has moved its bandstand from the bow to midship. The décor remains com-

fortably cluttered with fishing nets, hanging barrels, a few fake fish dangling from the rafters, portraits of sailing ships, and other curios. Bassist Duke Clemons leads a trio Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The hard and numbing benches at this diminutive Village landmark have been sold to a new owner, who is to take over in the fall. The summer custodians of the club are presenting, through Sunday, Aug. 18, a stalwart European (Polish) jazzman, Michal Urbaniak, and his quintet Fusion. The group—comprising electric violin (played by the leader), synthesizer and electric piano, bass, drums, and percussion, the last played by Urbaniak's wife, Urszula Dudziak, who also serves as a soaring vocalist and, perhaps, muse—combines the folk melodies and rhythms of its native Poland with the rhythms and improvisatory turns of contemporary jazz, and does it quite successfully. Following close on the heels of Fusion (starting Wednesday, Aug. 21), is Fred, a fresh, spirited jazz-rock sextet from Pennsylvania, named for no one in particular. Shows at nine and eleven. Coffee, tea, and soda pop are, as always, the staples. Tuesdays remain hootenanny night; closed Mondays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features drummer Mickey Roker, a respected, proficient sideman—he has played with Dizzy Gillespie and Lee Morgan, and has backed Joe Williams and Nancy Wilson—leading his own melodic quartet. Through Saturday, Aug. 17. On Monday, Aug. 19, the Keno Duke Contemporaries warm up, and on Tuesday, Aug. 20, David Schmitter, a young tenor player, heads a quartet. Beginning Wednesday, Aug. 21, Cedar Walton, a well-regarded pianist, will work with bassist Sam Jones, drummer Billy Higgins, and vocalist Etta Jones. Music from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A six-month-old rock palace that seats four hundred and fifty customers at tables that are arranged not in the usual jumble but in orderly rows—there are even aisles to walk in, and they are heavily trafficked. A goodly portion of the seating is reserved for and filled by record-company executives and staffers and other members of the music industry—an arrangement that helps fill up the house and guarantees, at times, an ostentatiously and unspontaneously enthusiastic audience. Having forsaken the likes of Richard Rodgers (and the other Broadway composers who did so much for the musical-comedy success of her father, John Raitt) in favor of Robert Johnson and other Delta-blues evangelists, Bonnie Raitt has become a respected bluesperson herself in recent years. She performs, along with a Boston group called Roomful of Blues, on Wednesday, Aug. 14. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 15-18, tall, dashing, expressive singer Oscar Brown, Jr., who wrote "Brown Baby," collaborated on the "Freedom Now Suite," and set lyrics to Nat Asderley's "Work Song" and Bobby Timmons' "Dat Dere," to cite some of his better-known material, takes the stage. On Tuesday, Aug. 20, Tracy Nelson starts singing about the ritual concerns of the blues-and-country singer—betrayal, the inevitability of death, requited or unrequited love. Her voice is expressive and strong, yet subtle and well cared for. Her backing band, Mother Earth, has, unfortunately, never been entirely worthy of her; she is at her best when she accompanies herself at the piano, which she still does on occasion. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks. Closed Monday, Aug. 19.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-paneled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the musical

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collaborations of pianist Tommy Flanagan and bassist Wilbur Little. Through Saturday, Aug. 17. On Monday, Aug. 19, pianist Jimmy Rowles returns with his singular harmonic sense and his near-Tatum-light touch. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sings in a voice as deep as his instrument.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second-story room that seats two hundred patrons and is decorated with photographs of Buddy Rich on the walls. The drummer himself, who, along with his exceptional septet, usually plays here, is on vacation. While he's gone, another drummer, Bernard (Pretty) Purdie, and his revue—a soul quintet and singers Francine Long and Ken Lowry—fill in (at least through Saturday, Aug. 17). Purdie's uncannily adroit drumming—both in the recording studio and behind singers like Aretha Franklin—has earned him a near-legendary reputation. Two shows Mondays through Thursdays; three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools decorate this often highly animated establishment. California-based and Hollywood-influenced pianist and composer Calvin Jackson works with bassist Rusty Gilder from eight to one. On Sundays, Chuck Folds presides over the keyboard. Dining.

GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large, square room with wooden planks on the pillars, bright-red walls, and a central stage. Lillian Roth—the very same—is singing here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Sunday, Aug. 18, Betty Rhodes, a diminutive, energetic performer with a brassy voice, has the place to herself. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with bamboo shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. A swinging threesome now dominates here: drummer Sonny Greer, who worked with the late Duke Ellington from 1919 to 1951 and who looks and sounds about twenty years younger than his age; Russell Procope (on alto saxophone and clarinet), who served the Ellington reed section well from 1945; and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, a twenty-two-year-old Juilliard graduate and former student of Willie the Lion Smith. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd and bassist Ted Sturgis play on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty. Snacks.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, with black-tied waiters and a gowned-and-jewelled hostess, this club offers a somewhat formal setting for jazz. Pianist Monty Alexander's trio shares the bill (through Saturday, Aug. 17) with Richard (Groove) Holmes, a driving, bluesy organist, and his quintet. On Monday, Aug. 19, singer Teri Thornton begins trading sets with the Joe Farrell-Joe Beck quintet, co-led by a vigorous, up-to-date saxophonist and a cool, inventive, wah-wah-peddalling guitarist, respectively. Music from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds from nine-thirty to three every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Bassist Dave Shapiro participates Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17; Lyn Christie returns with his bass the following Friday and Saturday. English singer Jane Valentine works with Hayward on Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Pete Clarke, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke cut loose. On Sundays, the Frankie Dash quartet turns up. Music from nine-thirty to three.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Although it is still fashionable to be seen here, the issue at the moment is how much longer one can be seen here. The management, which holds that the club has bookings well into September, is in financial trouble. In addition, it is claimed that the newer Bottom Line, downtown, has siphoned off much of Max's business, but surely there is room enough in New York for one more reliable night spot catering to younger tastes to set up shop without closing down its older competitors. A picture of a thriving New York rock-music scene with such outlets as a Max's Kansas City, a Bottom Line, a Bitter End, a resuscitated Kenny's Castaways, a matured Café Wha?, and possibly others does not seem unrealistic, given the demand for the music. The Atlanta Rhythm Section supplies blues and rock through Sunday, Aug. 18. On Wednesday, Aug. 21, Orleans, a fine, wide-ranging, almost lyrical rock band from Woodstock, comes running down the Thruway. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Red Norvo, looking fatherly and professorial, works out on the vibes or the xylophone (the bandstand cannot accommodate both instruments) with a sturdy swing ensemble—pianist Hank Jones, bassist Milt Hinton, and Joe Corsello on not-too-subtle drums. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen until one. A Monday-night Dixieland band breaks loose from nine to twelve. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side restaurant that is positively prospering and that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and an enclosed sidewalk gallery. The atmosphere is generally relaxed, except for the supersonic-paced waitresses, who stampede past the bandstand into the kitchen. Rhythm-and-blues singer Esther Marrow performs with her soul-disposed quartet Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 15-17. On Thursday, Aug. 22, organist Charles Earland brings in his quartet. Earland, whose music has been categorized as

funky, is capable of flashing, exciting, high-intensity, succinct solos. When he's not soloing, he uses the organ as a part of the traditional rhythm section, but one is always aware of its powerful presence. Music from ten to three. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Singer Shelley Akerman is appearing here opposite Al Carmine through Saturday, Aug. 17. Carmine, who sings in a pleasing, modest baritone and competently and animatedly accompanies himself on piano, as he does for his Judson Memorial Church and Off Broadway productions, concentrates on his own compositions. These songs tend to be simple and sentimental, but they are altogether charming, uplifting, and quite hummable. On Tuesday, Aug. 20, two more singers—Judith Cohen and Bruce Roberts—arrive. Shows at nine and midnight. Jeremy Stone's keyboard work fills most of the gaps between shows. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms of a town house evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Fizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, plays from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper-West Side room of simple design. Chet Baker, still a fifties cool (but really hot) trumpeter and singer, works with a trio Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 14-15. Guitarist Attila Zoller's trio is on hand Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17. The following week (Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 21-22), Lee Konitz, one of the more pleasing alto saxophonists around, performs with his combo. The music is featured from nine-thirty to three. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma trade guitar solos on Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staircased entrance. Novella Nelson sings with her backing trio, led by bassist Richard Davis, through Saturday, Aug. 17. A striking young woman who usually performs perched on a stool, Nelson exploits her dramatic abilities, which easily surpass her singing talents. She forcefully, and sometimes gruellingly, attacks and reconstructs songs like "Happy Talk" or "Why Don't You Do Right?" On Tuesday, Aug. 20, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who is a reed section all by himself, descends into the murk with his sextet. Mondays still belong, thankfully, to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other first-rate musicians, and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Music from ten. Closed Sundays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collar greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, alto saxophonist and clarinetist Russell Procope, drummer Sam Woodyard, pianist Sammy Benskin, and trumpeter Franc Williams get together for swing sessions. On Wednesday, Aug. 14, trumpeter Ed Lewis heads up a quartet. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 15-16, are claimed by boogie-woogie stylist Sammy Price and his trio. Mabel Godwin sings at the piano, with support from her trio, on Sundays. On Saturdays, tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette and trumpeter Lewis lead a quartet. Quinichette, who played with Basie in the early fifties, was so reverent a disciple of Lester Young that he was once dubbed "the Vice-Prez." Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)
PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the PLAZA RESTAURANT, violinist George Car-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from six to ten, Mondays through Fridays....

There is piano music by Joan St. James and Ruth Andrews in the **PALM COURT** Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to midnight. Saturdays from five to midnight and Sundays from four to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting the Lionel Hampton band at dinner and supper. Discotheque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting harpist Eleanor Fell Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to eleven.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Under a sky as handsome as the hand of man can make it, the Glenn Miller Orchestra, led by clarinetist Peanuts Hucko, plays for listening at dinner and supper, and for dancing the rest of the evening, in alternation with the Anthony Terini trio. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GEORGES LACOMBE (1868-1916)—Forty-nine black-and-colored-crayon drawings by a member of the Nabi group, including studies for a four-panel sculpture named *Lit*. Through Sept. 27. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

JOSÉ GUADALUPE POSADA (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

STEWART WALTZER—Sprayed and poured acrylic on canvas. Through Aug. 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

PENNERTON WEST (1913-65)—Paintings spanning the artist's career. Through Aug. 30. (Goldsowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Four contemporary African artists, from Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by forty American abstract artists. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others, during the hiatus, pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of those open: **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays.... **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.... **FAIR-**

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	15	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

TREE, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.; closed Mondays, open Saturdays.... **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.; Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.... **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.; open Saturdays.... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.; closed Mondays.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.... **SECOND STORY SPRING STREET SOCIETY**, 167 Spring St.; closed Mondays, open Saturdays.

PHOTOGRAPHY

RON GALELLA—An exhibition of unsolicited, and in many cases strenuously undesired, photographs of famous people, taken by a man who stops at nothing in the pursuit of his art and who had to be restrained by court order from his offensive attentions to Jacqueline Onassis and her family. By his own account—in his recently published book, "Jacqueline"—the man is impossible, but the work (there is no getting around it) is excellent. Galella doesn't savage his subjects as some candid photographers do; if anything, he shows them to be more attractive and appealing than they appear in their posed photographs; the pictures of Mrs. Onassis are a particularly vivid (if perplexing) case in point. Through Aug. 30. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St.)

C. L. DODGSON (LEWIS CARROLL) (1832-98) / **JULIA MARGARET CAMERON** (1815-79)—Portraits from the eighteen-sixties by two of the greatest of Victorian amateur photographers. Through Sept. 30. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **EASTMAN KODAK**, 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.: A large exhibition of black-and-white and color photographs by high-school-student winners in an annual competition held by *Scholastic*. Through Sept. 14. (Closed Monday mornings; open Saturdays.)... **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Fifty photographs of public institutions (hospitals, fire and police departments, schools, and the like) taken between 1890 and 1906, and drawn from the Harvard Social Ethics Collection. Through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs. Through Aug. 27. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)... **WOMEN'S INTERART CENTER**, 549 W. 52nd St.: A joint exhibition of photographs by students and teachers of the Center and by members of a

group called Women Photographers of New York. Through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—In the first-floor area designated as "Projects," the changing exhibitions of work by young avant-garde artists tend to be as minimal and conceptual as the sandwiches sold on trains, with their single slice of iridescent ham thrown between slices of stale, insolently unbuttered bread. The present project, by Marlene Scott V., is so advanced that it could be likened to a sandwich with no filling at all. In the first of three rooms, the four walls are painted black, and Day-Glo green tape has been applied to hedge them with a repetitive pattern of square wickets. In the second room, silver tape is pasted on the floor and the white walls in strips of various widths. In Room No. 3, black tape is pasted on the white walls, and black rubber cords are stretched across two corners. According to a sign, these are "three-dimensional drawings into which the spectator can enter. The works extend around the viewer, acting upon his peripheral vision and providing a changing perspective as he moves through the spaces." Through Sept. 8.... "Seurat to Matisse: Drawings in France," an exhibition of a hundred and eighty-four works on paper from the museum's collection, done in France between 1881 and 1954, the year of Matisse's death. Through Sept. 8.... Recently acquired drawings by contemporary European and American artists. Through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The most remarkable exhibit in a show here called "Toys from the Attic" is a ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer, sister of the painter Florine Stettheimer, and acquired by the museum in the forties. The house and its furnishings were constructed by a neighborhood carpenter, and the miniature sculptures, paintings, and murals that appear in various rooms were produced by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends who got caught up in Miss Stettheimer's delightful project, which she did not live to complete. Each room is furnished in a different period or regional style, and all clearly reflect the fact that they were made in the twenties. An Art Deco atmosphere pervades even the most antique-filled rooms, and the whole house is a vivid illustration of the inescapability of style. It is furnished densely and to the last detail (in the chinoiserie-style library, there are mah-jongg counters on a gaming table, a bottle of Scotch on a side table, and burning cigarettes and cigars in the ashtrays), and after viewing all the rooms one has the feeling of repletion and exhaustion which follows a visit to a real house filled with a multiplicity of remarkable objects. The other toys (including several other doll houses) might best be left for another visit. Through Nov. 30.... An unconventional and extraordinarily well-designed exhibition on the subject of venereal disease. Through Sept. 1.... A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large exhibition of Currier & Ives prints—landscapes, city views, genre scenes, cartoons, portraits of pet animals, and pictures of clipper ships, steamboats, and trains. Through Sept. 8.... Photographs, models, studies, and replicas of nineteenth-century New York public sculptures by, among others, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and Frederick William MacMonnies. Through Sept. 29.... An exhibition of twelve quilts from the American Wing, spanning twelve decades (1800 to 1920) and illustrating



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 **YAMAHA**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

twelve varieties of American quilt design and technique. Through Sept. 8. . . . More than a hundred paintings by Venetian artists from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through Sept. 3. . . . The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. . . . "The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3. . . . About fifty Indian miniatures from the Jeffrey Paley collection. Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Mondrian, Brancusi, Léger, Delaunay, Chagall, and Marc, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings and sculptures by American artists, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29. . . . Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The scanning electron microscope can magnify objects, such as grains of sugar or the segment of a fly's eye, up to two thousand times. About a hundred photographic blowups of S.E.M. magnifications are on exhibit here. Through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Craft objects from six private collections, among them a collection of rugs, jewelry, ceramics, and sculptures by contemporary American Indians. Through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Nineteenth-century paintings from the Museo de Arte de Ponce de Puerto Rico. William Holman Hunt, William Adolphe Bouguereau, Jaroslav Czermak, William Etty, and others. Through Sunday, Aug. 18. . . . More than fifty prints (by Cy Twombly, Brice Marden, and others) produced at the Untitled Press, a private printing press in Captiva, Florida, founded in 1969 by Robert Rauschenberg and Robert Petersen, whose graphics are also on view. Through Sept. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhaustive exhibition of manuscripts, books, newspapers, etchings, and documents by or pertaining to Washington Irving. Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Final performances of a five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 14: Lukas Foss conducting the Mostly

Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as piano soloist, with Hermann Baumann, horn. An hour before the concert, Jörg Demus, piano, and Mr. Baumann will give a half-hour recital. . . . Thursday, Aug. 15: The Amati String Quartet, with Mr. Demus, in an all-Mozart program. . . . Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17: John Nelson directing the orchestra, with Mr. Demus, Benita Valente, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, alto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; and the Mozart Festival Chorus. An hour before the concert on Friday, Mr. Demus will give a half-hour recital; an hour before the concert on Saturday, he and Norman Shetler will give a half-hour recital of music for two pianos and for one piano, four hands. At midnight on Saturday, the Misses Valente and Bonazzi; the Messrs. Riegel, Gramm, Demus, Baumann, and Shetler; and Charles Russo, clarinet, will give a recital. . . . Monday, Aug. 19, and Wednesday, Aug. 21: Donald Johanson conducting the orchestra, with Gary Graffman, piano, and Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. An hour before the concert on Monday, Mr. Graffman will give a half-hour recital, and an hour before the concert on Wednesday, the Messrs. Rampal and Graffman will give a half-hour recital. . . . Tuesday, Aug. 20: The Tokyo String Quartet, with the Messrs. Rampal and Graffman. . . . Thursday, Aug. 22: Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; and others. An hour before the concert, Miss Kavian and Mr. Serkin will give a half-hour recital. . . . Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-24: Karl Richter directing the orchestra in a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Miss Valente; Seth McCoy, tenor; Justino Diaz, bass; and the Mozart Festival Chorus. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8.)

ROLLIN SMITH—Organ, in an all-Franck recital. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

JON LUCIEN—With an orchestra and a chorus, plus Bobbi Humphrey. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Aug. 18, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 16, at 7: A recital by Stuart Burrows, tenor. . . . Three all-Tchaikovsky programs performed by the Boston Symphony. Friday, Aug. 16, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with André Watts, piano. . . . Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of "Eugene Onegin" in concert form, with, among others, Judith Beckman, soprano; Mr. Burrows; Ara Berberian, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Zara Nelsova, cello. . . . Friday, Aug. 23, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . Friday, Aug. 23, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting; no soloists. . . . Sunday, Aug. 25, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony and the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra in a performance of Schoenberg's cantata "Gurrelieder," with, among others, Marita Napier, soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; James McCracken, tenor; George London, speaker; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (A benefit for the Music Center.) . . . Tuesday, Aug. 27, at 7:30: Joni Mitchell. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Final performances of the season by the Philadelphia Orchestra—Wednesday, Aug. 14: James Levine directing and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program, with soloists and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . Thursday, Aug. 15: Franz Allers conducting a program of music of Old Vienna, with Evelyn Lear, soprano, and Thomas Stewart, baritone. . . . Friday, Aug. 16: Zubin Mehta conducting; no soloists. . . . Saturday, Aug. 17: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Maureen Forrester, mezzo-soprano, and George Shirley, tenor. . . . [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Emerson, Lake & Palmer on Sunday, Aug. 18, and by Merle Haggard and Tanya Tucker on Monday, Aug. 19. . . . **Wednesday, Aug. 21:** Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Silvia Marcovici, violin, and Virgil Fox, organ. . . . **Thursday, Aug. 22:** Robert Irving conducting a program of French music, with Gelsey Kirkland and Helgi Tomasson, dancers. . . . **Friday, Aug. 23:** Antal Dorati conducting, with John de Lancie, oboe; Anthony M. Gigliotti, clarinet; Bernard Garfield, bassoon; and Mason Jones, horn. . . . **Saturday, Aug. 24:** Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Gilbert Johnson, trumpet. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8; through Sunday, Sept. 15. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Sunday, Aug. 18, at 5:30: Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano. . . . **Sunday, Aug. 25, at 5:30:** The Waverly Consort, in a program of music of the Spanish Renaissance. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 17: The Maria Alba Spanish Dance Company. . . . **Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 20-24:** Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus and members of the José Limón Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—**METS:** Vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 2:15. . . . **YANKEES:** Vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 16, at 5:30 (two-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 17-18, at 2. . . . **Minnesota,** Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 19-20, at 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 2. . . . **California,** Friday, Aug. 23, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 24, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—**WEDNESDAY, AUG. 14:** New York Stars vs. Portland Storm, at 8. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. For tickets, call 355-1213.) . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 17:** Giants vs. Jets, in a benefit exhibition game, at 2. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. A special train will leave Grand Central Station at 11 for New Haven, where special buses will shuttle passengers to the Bowl; returning trains will leave New Haven approximately thirty minutes after the game. Train tickets must be purchased prior to the day of the game.) . . . **WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21:** New York Stars vs. Houston Texans, at 8. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. For tickets, call 355-1213.)

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 22-25.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 17; the Diana Handicap, Monday, Aug. 19; the Seneca Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 21; the Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 23; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 24. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . **LIBERTY BELL,** Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31.

NATIONAL ROWING CHAMPIONSHIPS—At Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx: Thursday, Aug. 15, at 7:50; Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 17, at 9:30; and Sunday, Aug. 18, at 10.

TENNIS—World Team Tennis: New York Sets vs. Philadelphia Freedoms. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Friday, Aug. 16, at 8. For tickets, call 581-6622.) . . . **Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships.** (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 19-25.) . . . **Eastern Grass Court Championships.** (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South

Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 19-25.)

TROTting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

YACHTING—America's Cup final trials, American yachts. (Newport, R.I. Starting Thursday, Aug. 15.) . . . **Australia vs. France**, in an elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport, Starting Thursday, Aug. 22.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR**, with Barnard Hughes, Cynthia Harris, and Marcia Rodd. Directed by David Margulies. The second of two plays by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Puccini's "La Bohème." (Thursday, Aug. 15, at 7:30; rain date, Tuesday, Aug. 20.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 7: The Chambers Brothers and Wet Willie. . . **Friday**, Aug. 16, at 7 and 9:30: The Four Seasons and Jay & the Americans. . . **Saturday**, Aug. 17, at 7: Don McLean and the Persuasions. . . **Monday**, Aug. 19, at 6:30: Ray Charles and the Raeletts and Sam & Dave. . . **Wednesday**, Aug. 21, at 7: The Eleventh House, with Larry Coryell, and Charles Lloyd. . . **Friday**, Aug. 23, at 7: Peter Frampton & Frampton's Camel. . . **Saturday**, Aug. 24, at 7: Mongo Santamaria and Ray Barretto. (Through Saturday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Johannes Somary conducting a chamber orchestra in the third in a series of four concerts, this one with John Ostendorf, bass-baritone, and David Tofani, tenor saxophone. (Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougall St.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—Opening performances of a two-week festival of musical comedy, dance, cabaret, recitals, chamber music, and street theatre. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 20, thirty New York City street groups and community-theatre troupes from across the country will perform in Lincoln Center Plaza weekdays at 2:30 and 5, and Sundays at 1, 2:30, and 5. . . **In Damrosch Park**, the Alliance of Latin Arts will present "Kismet," in English, Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 20-24, at 8.

JAZZ ON THE RIVER—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 7:30, Two Generations of Brubeck and Chuck Wayne & Joe Puma. . . **Wednesday**, Aug. 21, at 7:30, The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. (Slip 3, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

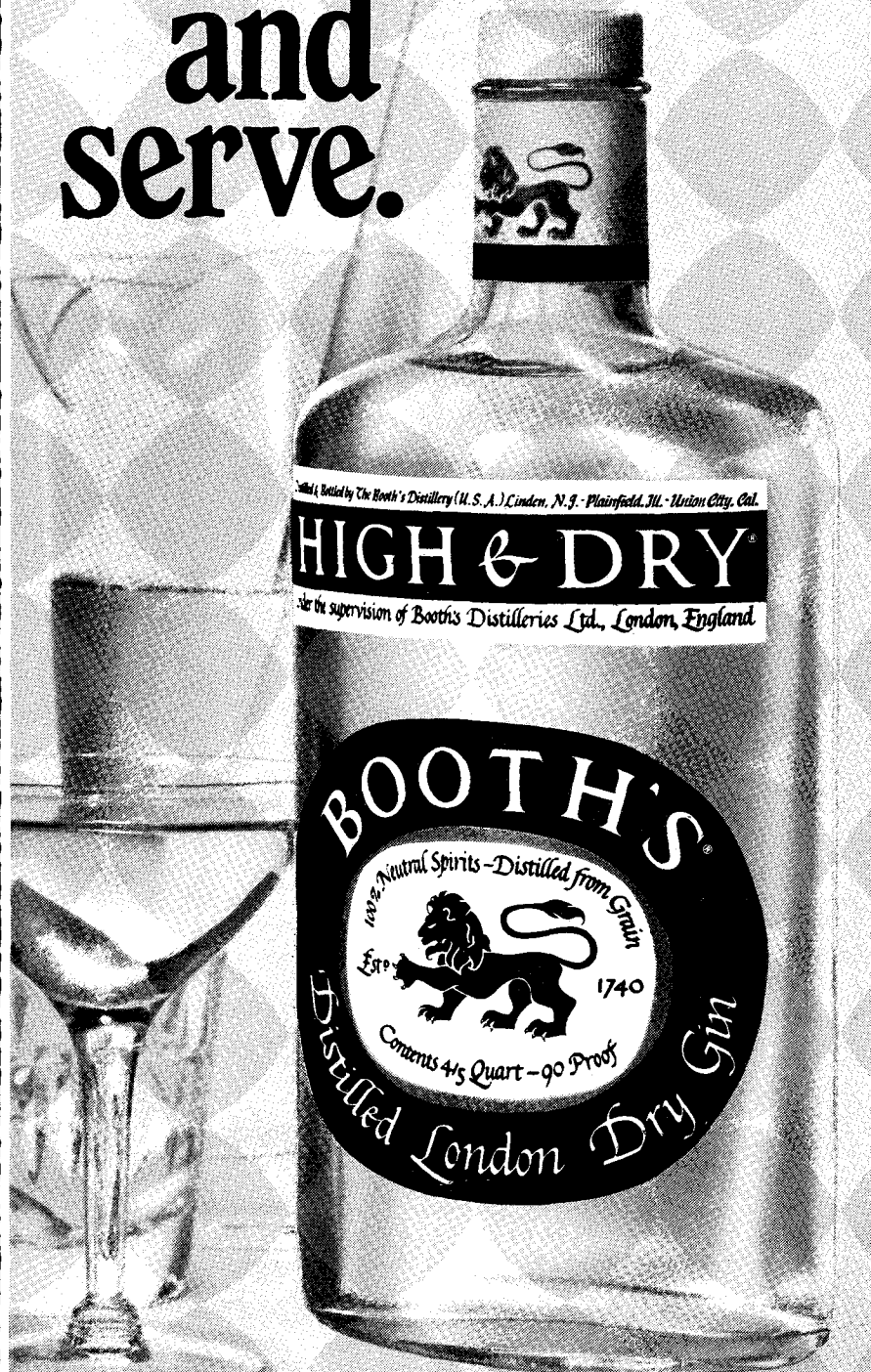
JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**, with Norman Atkins and Geraldine Brooks. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 1. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

WALKING TOUR—Henry Hope Reed and John Barrington Bayley will conduct a walking tour of the Custom House and the Cunard Building on Sunday, Aug. 18. Meets on the steps of the Custom House, Bowling Green, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call EM 1-0171.

DELACORTE GEYSER—The big spout in the East River, off 48th Street. Flourishes 11:45 A.M. to 1:15 P.M., 4:30 P.M. to 6 P.M., and 8:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Ra Expeditions."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Aug. 20: "Follow the Fleet" and "Carefree."
From Aug. 21: "The Thin Man" and "City Streets."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Aug. 20: "S*P*Y*S" and "M*A*S*H."
From Aug. 21: "The Conversation" and another feature, to be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E 12th. (924-3363)
"Score."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 20: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "Le Sex Shop."
From Aug. 21: "Daisy Miller" and "Paper Moon."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Aug. 17: "Going Places."
From Aug. 18: "Carnal Knowledge."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 20: "The Parallax View."
From Aug. 21: "Chinatown."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 20: "Return of the Dragon" and "Chinese Hercules."
From Aug. 21: "Pink Floyd."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Animal Crackers."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Harold and Maude."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Flesh Gordon."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Aug. 20: "Claudine."
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Score."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"California Split."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Escape to Nowhere."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"The Harder They Come."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Aug. 20: "For Pete's Sake."
From Aug. 21: "Buster and Billie."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Aug. 17: "Carnal Knowledge."
From Aug. 18: "Billy Jack."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The White Dawn."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 20: "S*P*Y*S."
From Aug. 21: "The Conversation."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Herbie Rides Again."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Ra Expeditions."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Through Aug. 20: "Enter the Dragon" and "The Chinese Professionals."
From Aug. 21: "Pink Floyd."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Aug. 20: "The Parallax View."
From Aug. 21: "The Longest Yard."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Education of Sonny Carson."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 20: "The Parallax View."
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Free Woman."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 20: "The Conversation."
From Aug. 21: "Cries and Whispers" and "Smiles of a Summer Night."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 20: To be announced.
From Aug. 21: "Buster and Billie."

QUAD CINEMAS I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Aug. 20 at one or another of the theatres: "The Sting"/"Behind the Green Door" and "Resurrection of Eve"/"Love and Anarchy" and "Made for Each Other"/"A Night in Casablanca" and "Love Happy."
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 14: "Our Hospitality."
Aug. 15-17: "Casablanca" and "The Maltese Falcon."
Aug. 18-19: "Wagonmaster" and "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon."
Aug. 20: "King of Hearts" and "Boudou Saved from Drowning."
Aug. 21: "The Three Ages."
From Aug. 22: "Fellini Satyricon" and "200 Motels."

23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Ra Expeditions."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Ra Expeditions."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Aug. 21: "The Tamarind Seed."
From Aug. 22: "The Girl from Petrovka."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Aug. 20: "Song of the South" and "The Castaway Cowboy."
From Aug. 21: "Herbie Rides Again."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 15: "Ophelia."
From Aug. 16: "Ophelia" and "Wedding in Blood."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Aug. 14: "This Man Must Die" and "The Bride Wore Black."
Aug. 15: "Taking Off" and "Loves of a Blonde."
Aug. 16: "The Day of the Jackal" and "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."
Aug. 17: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "The Ruling Class."
Aug. 18: "A Hard Day's Night" and "Help!"
Aug. 19: "The Devil by the Tail" and "Give Her the Moon."
Aug. 20: "La Strada" and "Open City."
Aug. 21: "Picture Snatcher" and "The Public Enemy."
Aug. 22: "La Guerre Est Finie" and "Last Year at Marienbad."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Harry and Tonto."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Ra Expeditions."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Aug. 14: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."
Aug. 15-19: "King Kong" and "Shoot the Piano Player."
Aug. 20-21: "Léda" and "Les Bonnes Femmes."
From Aug. 22: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "Metropolis."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
A series of eight Fellini films.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 20: "The Sting."
From Aug. 21: "Love and Anarchy" and "Play It Again, Sam."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"For Pete's Sake."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 20: "A Free Woman."
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Ra Expeditions."

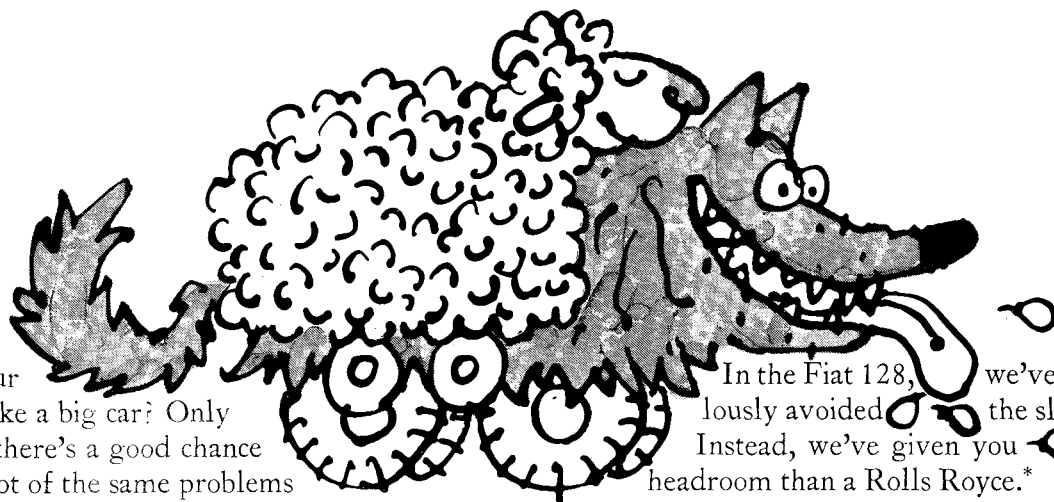
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 20: "The Poseidon Adventure" and "M*A*S*H."
From Aug. 21: "The Conversation" and "Made For Each Other."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 14 at noon: M-G-M cartoons, newsreels, and featurettes. . . . Aug. 14 at 2: "The Circle" (1925), a silent film, directed by Frank Borzage, with Eleanor Boardman. . . . Aug. 14 at 5:30: "The Fire Brigade" (1927), a silent film, directed by William Nigh, with May McAvoy and Charles Ray. . . . Aug. 15 at 2: M-G-M cartoons, newsreels, and featurettes. . . . Aug. 15 at 5:30: "After Midnight" (1927), a silent film, directed by Monta Bell, with Norma Shearer. . . . Aug. 15 at 8: Two silent films, directed by Monta Bell and with Norma Shearer—"Upstage" (1926) and "Lady of the Night" (1925), flash inter-titles. . . . Aug. 16 at 2: "Pretty Ladies" (1925), a silent film, directed by Monta Bell, with ZaSu Pitts and Tom Moore; and "Lady of the Night" . . . Aug. 16 at 5:30: "Lights of Old Broadway" (1925), a silent film, directed by Monta Bell, with Marion Davies and Conrad Nagel. . . . Aug. 17 at noon: "The Tenth Symphony" (1918), a French silent film, directed by Abel Gance; English inter-titles. . . . Aug.

Be careful. Your small car may be a big car in disguise.



Does your small car look like a big car? Only smaller? Then there's a good chance I'll give you a lot of the same problems as a big car. Only bigger.

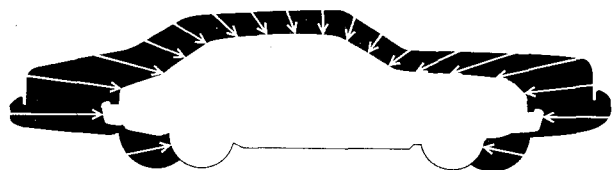
At Fiat, we've been building small cars for 70 years. If we've learned one thing in that time, it's that what works for a small car usually doesn't work for a big one.

Unfortunately, every car maker hasn't learned that yet. So a lot of small mistakes are on the road.

Here's how to tell if yours is one.

Does your small car have a long hood? It shouldn't. In a small car, the room you give to the engine you take away from the people.

In the Fiat 128, only 20% of the car is for the



A small car shouldn't be a big car made smaller.

engine. The other 80% is for you and your luggage. As a result, the 128 not only has more legroom than any other small car, it has more than most big ones. More even than a Cadillac Eldorado, a Lincoln Continental, and a Chrysler Imperial.*

Does your car have a racy low roof? It shouldn't. In a small car this can create an awful case of claustrophobia.

Automotive News Almanac 1974

In the Fiat 128, we've scrupulously avoided the sleek look. Instead, we've given you more headroom than a Rolls Royce.*

Does your small car have power steering? Power brakes? Power windows? Power aerial? It shouldn't. Things like that make a small car expensive to run, wreak havoc on gas consumption, put an awful strain on a small engine, and just plain aren't needed.

In the Fiat 128, instead of all this gadgetry, we give you things that actually make the car perform better.

Rack-and-pinion steering, front-wheel drive, an all-independent suspension, front disc brakes, and radial tires are standard equipment. Some of these things you can't get on big cars. Even as options.

Does your small car cost almost as much as a big one? It shouldn't.

Unfortunately, when some car manufacturers reduced the size of their cars, they forgot to reduce the size of their price.

The Fiat 128 is priced like a small car, not like a big one. Our car isn't a big car in disguise because we're not big car manufacturers in disguise.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.



Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

17 at 3: "Upstage."... Aug. 17 at 5:30: "Pretty Ladies" and "After Midnight."... Aug. 18 at 12:30: "Tom Thumb" (1958), directed by George Pal, with Russ Tamblyn and Alan Young.... Aug. 18 at 3: "Forbidden Planet" (1956), directed by Fred Wilcox, with Walter Pidgeon and Anne Francis.... Aug. 18 at 5:30: "The Time Machine" (1960), directed by George Pal, with Rod Young and Alan Young.... Aug. 19 at 2: "The Red Mill" (1926), a silent film, directed by William Goodrich (Fatty Arbuckle), with Marion Davies and Owen Moore.... Aug. 19 at 5:30: "Downstairs" (1932), directed by Monta Bell, with John Gilbert and Olga Baclanova.... Aug. 20 at 2: "Scaramouche" (1924), a silent film, directed by Rex Ingram, with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry.... Aug. 20 at 5:30: "The Garden of Allah" (1927), a silent film, directed by Rex Ingram, with Alice Terry and Ivan

Petrovich.... Aug. 21 at noon: M-G-M cartoons, newsreels, and featurettes.... Aug. 21 at 2: "Winners of the Wilderness" (1927), a silent film, directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Tim McCoy and Joan Crawford.... Aug. 21 at 5:30: "The White Sister" (1924), a silent film, directed by Henry King, with Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman.... Aug. 22 at 2: M-G-M cartoons, newsreels, and featurettes.... Aug. 22 at 5:30: "Winners of the Wilderness".... Aug. 22 at 8: "Flying High" (1931), directed by Charles F. Reisner, with Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Aug. 14 at 4 and 6: "The Corn Is Green" (1945), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis and John Dall.... Aug. 15 at 3 and 6: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis and Claude Rains.... Aug. 16 at 5 and 7:30: "I Dood It" (1943), directed by Vincent Minnelli, with Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell.... Aug. 17-18 at 4 and 6: "Such Good Friends" (1972), directed by Otto Preminger, with Dyan Cannon and James Coco; recommended for adults only.... Aug. 21-22 at 3 and 6: "The Killing of Sister George" (1968), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Beryl Reid and Susannah York; recommended for adults only. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

ANIMAL CRACKERS (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Sutton.)

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY KRAVITZ—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay is from Richler's own novel, adapted by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (Reviewed in these pages 7/22/74.) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

BILLY JACK (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naive feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. (Beekman; starting Aug. 18.)

LES BONNES FEMMES (1960)—This early, episodic Claude Chabrol film, dealing with the yearnings and vulnerabilities of a group of shopgirls, is uneven and, in parts, somewhat tedious and tawdry; yet it has more tenderness and is more emotionally compelling than much of Chabrol's more refined work. The girls are Bernadette Lafont, Clotilde Joano, Stéphane Audran, and Lucile Saint-Simon; the cast includes Claude Berri and Pierre Bertin. In French. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 20-21.)

BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photograph-

ic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmized film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 20.)

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

BRING ME THE HEAD OF ALFREDO GARCIA—Directed by Sam Peckinpah. Someone snatched the head of the film, too. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

BUSTER AND BILLIE—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Joan Greenfellow, directed by Daniel Petrie. (Columbia II, and Greenwich; starting Aug. 21.)

BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Columbia I.)

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 22.)

CALIFORNIA SPLIT—With George Segal and Elliott Gould, directed by Robert Altman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)



CAREFREE (1938)—Ginger Rogers is particularly sexy and wackily funny in this pairing with Astaire. He's a psychiatrist this time, which allows for the lovely, hypnotic "Change Partners" dance when he puts her in a trance. The plot is on the tedious side, and the supporting cast is less than luminous (Jack Carson, Luella Gear, Ralph Bellamy), but the Irving Berlin score includes "The Yam," and the picture is wonderful fun, for all its faults. Mark Sandrich directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 20.)

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Beekman; through Aug. 17.... Murray Hill; starting Aug. 18.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Elgin; Aug. 15-17.)

THE CASTAWAY COWBOY—From the Disney studios, with James Garner and Vera Miles. Directed by Vincent McEveety. (Festival; through Aug. 20.)

CHINATOWN—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Coronet.... 34th St. East; starting Aug. 21.)

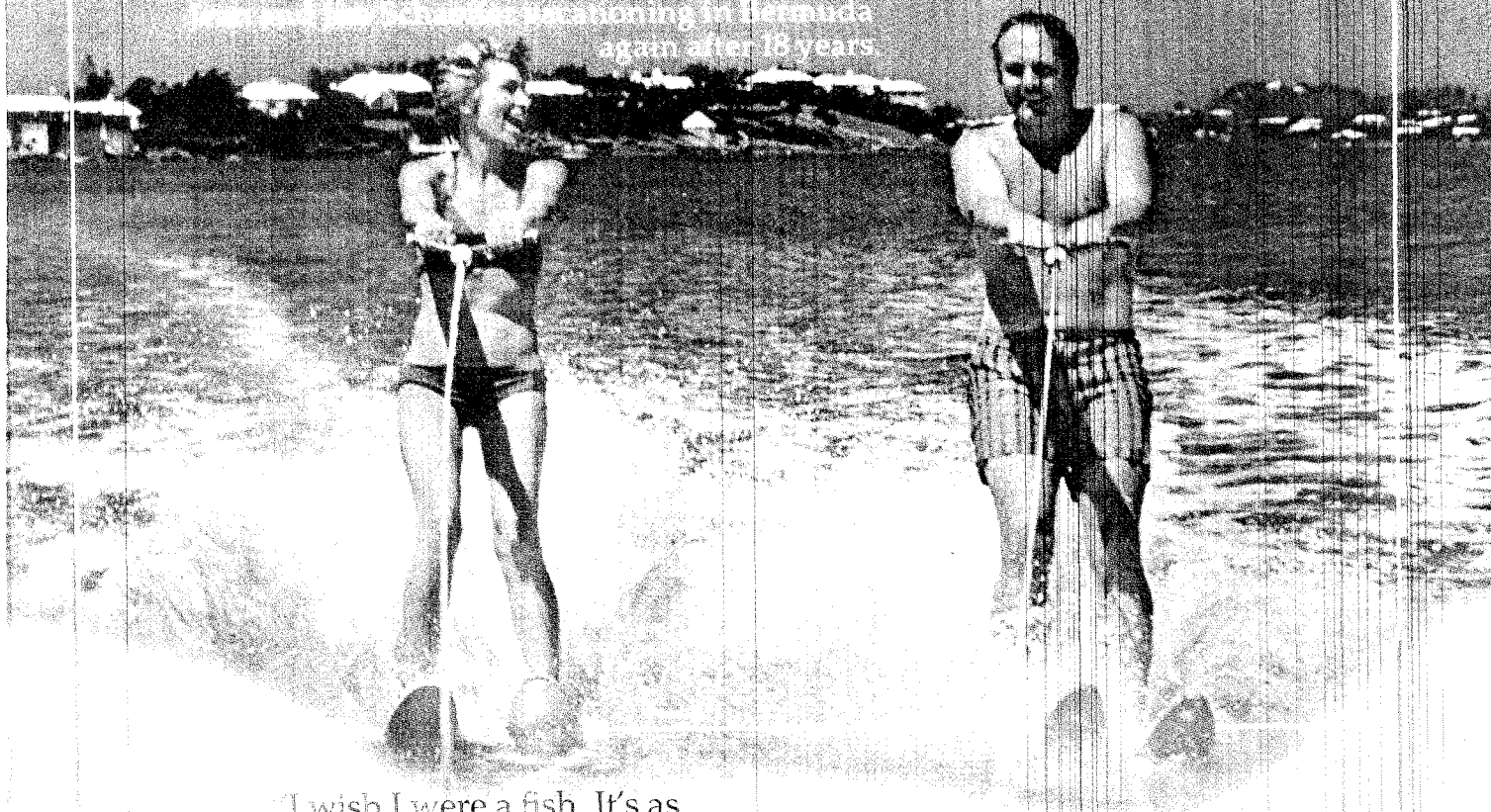
CHINESE HERCULES—Directed by Choy Tak. (Eastside Cinema; through Aug. 20.)

THE CHINESE PROFESSIONALS—Directed by Wang Yu. (U. A. East; through Aug. 20.)

CITY STREETS (1931)—A love story in a gangster setting which got carried away into so much fancy expressionism and symbolism that it seems stylized out of all relationship to the actual world. The director, Rouben Mamoulian, appears to be the culprit; he's so busy with his camera arabesques he forgets to tell the story, and then, at the end, tries to save the movie with a big chase. Gary Cooper is the honest, gaunt young hero from the world of the circus who gets into the beer racket and starts wearing coats with fur collars; Sylvia Sydney is the sacrificing heroine who goes to jail for her father (Guy Kibbee). With Wynne Gibson and Paul Lukas. The script is based on a story by Dashiell Ham-

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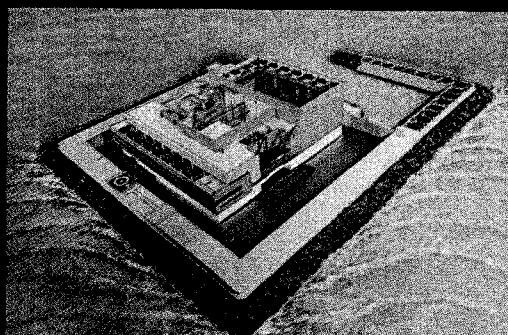
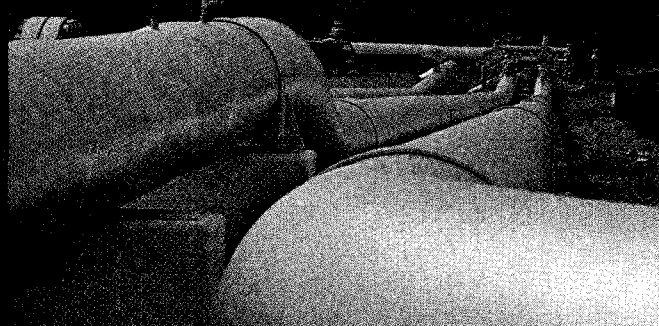
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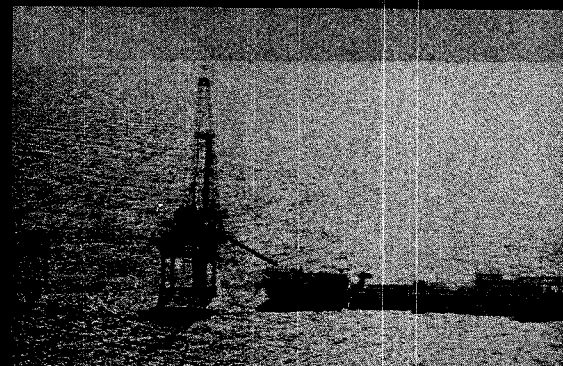
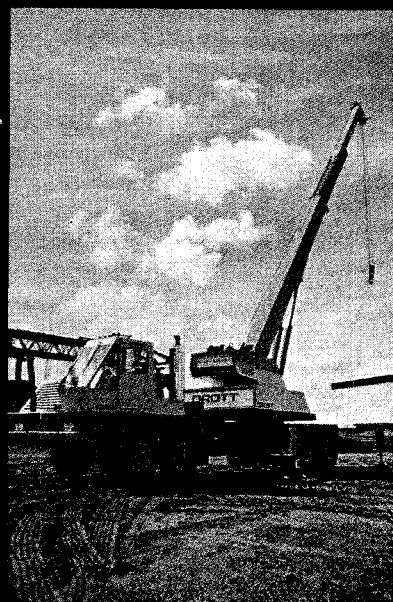


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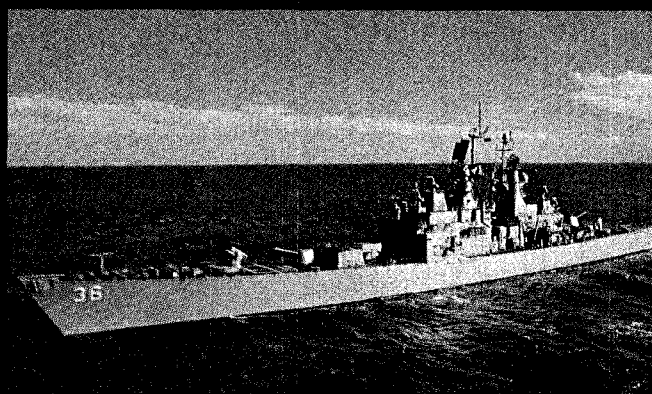


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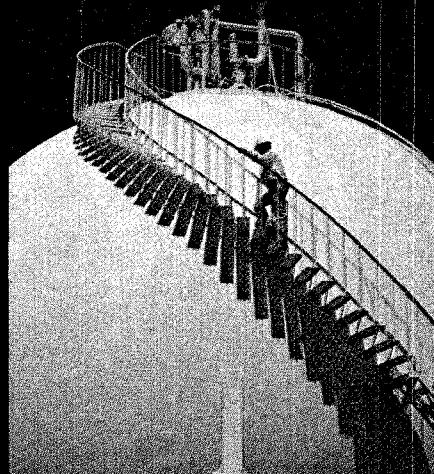


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mett; Lee Garmes did the elaborate cinematography. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 21.)

CLAUDINE—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (East 59th Street I; through Aug. 20.)

THE CONVERSATION—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (5th Ave. Cinema; through Aug. 20....) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Aug. 21.)

CRIES AND WHISPERS (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (1/6/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Aug. 21.)

DAISY MILLER—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Gramercy; starting Aug. 21.)

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THE DAY OF THE JACKAL (1973)—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by cabinet ministers is hilariously and unrealistically sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (6/2/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 16.)

DEATH WISH—With Charles Bronson, directed by Michael Winner. (Loews Ciné.)

THE DEVIL BY THE TAIL (1969)—Yves Montand is amusingly agile as a bank robber, but this Philippe de Broca crime comedy is twittering and affected. With Madeleine Renaud and ever-smiling Maria Schell. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 19.)

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amorality gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (11/11/72) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 17.)

THE EDUCATION OF SONY CARSON—With Rony Clanton, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

ENTER THE DRAGON (1973)—With Bruce Lee and John Saxon, directed by Robert Clouse. (U.A. East; through Aug. 20.)

ESCAPE TO NOWHERE—About a stoic spy (Lino Ventura) divided between two loyalties. Today he is Haliakov, a liberal Russian scientist; sixteen years ago he was French. There are moments of tension that rival Hitchcock—at concerts in Geneva and Paris, for instance, or while we wait for the French Secret Service to decode another spy's music manuscript. Directed by Claude Pinoteau, this film (bad title) is a good spy story, and a stingingly alert study in ambiguity. In French. (8/12/74) (Cinema II.)

FELLINI SATYRICON (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Elgin; starting Aug. 22.)

FLESH GORDON—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (Plaza.)

FOLLOW THE FLEET (1936)—Astaire and Rogers

at their most buoyant. In this one, Astaire and Randolph Scott are (implausible) shipmates, and Rogers and Harriet Hilliard are (implausible) sisters. (From Hilliard's enervated performance, one would never guess that she would go on to be a TV star.) The material, derived from the play "Shore Leave" (which had earlier become the musical "Hit the Deck"), isn't as sophisticated as in the best-known Astaire-Rogers movies, but the corniness is pleasant enough, the numbers are mostly playful and fresh, and the Irving Berlin score includes "Let Yourself Go," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," and the big finale, "Let's Face the Music and Dance." The cast includes Astrid Allwyn as the villainous bitch, and Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, and Tony Martin. Mark Sandrich directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 20.)

FOR PETE'S SAKE—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine has borrowed for an investment in pork-bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (Loews 83rd St....) (Columbia II; through Aug. 20.)

A FREE WOMAN—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (8th St. Playhouse, and New Yorker; through Aug. 20.)

THE GIRL FROM PETROVKA—With Goldie Hawn and Hal Holbrook, directed by Robert Ellis Miller. (Music Hall; starting Aug. 22.)

GIVE HER THE MOON (1970)—Silly little farce about how adorable the French are and how frenzied the Americans are. Philippe de Broca directed and wasted the cast, which includes Philippe Noiret, Fernand Gravat, François Périer, and Valentina Cortese, as well as Marthe Keller and Bert Convy. In English and French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 10.)

GOING PLACES—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Murray Hill; through Aug. 17.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 22.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 18.)

HELP! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 18.)

THE HARDER THEY COME (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the



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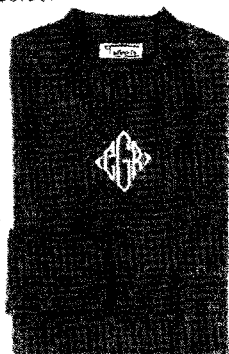


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reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (2/24/73) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Fine Arts, and Thalia.)

HARRY AND TONTO—With Art Carney, directed by Paul Mazursky. (Paris.)

HERBIE RIDES AGAIN—From the Disney studios; a sequel to "The Love Bug." With Helen Hayes and Ken Berry, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Juliet 2.... Festival; starting Aug. 21.)

INVESTIGATION OF A CITIZEN ABOVE SUSPICION (1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 16.)

KING KONG (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 15-19.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Aug. 20.)

LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 22.)

LÉDA (1959)—This ingenious thriller by Claude Chabrol, made directly after "The Cousins," is known as "A Double Tour" in France; it has sometimes been called "Web of Passion" in this country. Shot by Henri Decaë and featuring peacocks and fields of scarlet poppies, as well as a murderer who conducts Berlioz, it is perhaps the most richly detailed and overripe of Chabrol's films. With Belmondo, Madeleine Robinson, Bernadette La-

font, Jeanne Valerie, and—as Léda—Antonella Lualdi. In French. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 20-21.)

THE LONGEST YARD—With Burt Reynolds, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Loews Orpheum; starting Aug. 21.)

LOVE AND ANARCHY—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 20.... Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 21.)

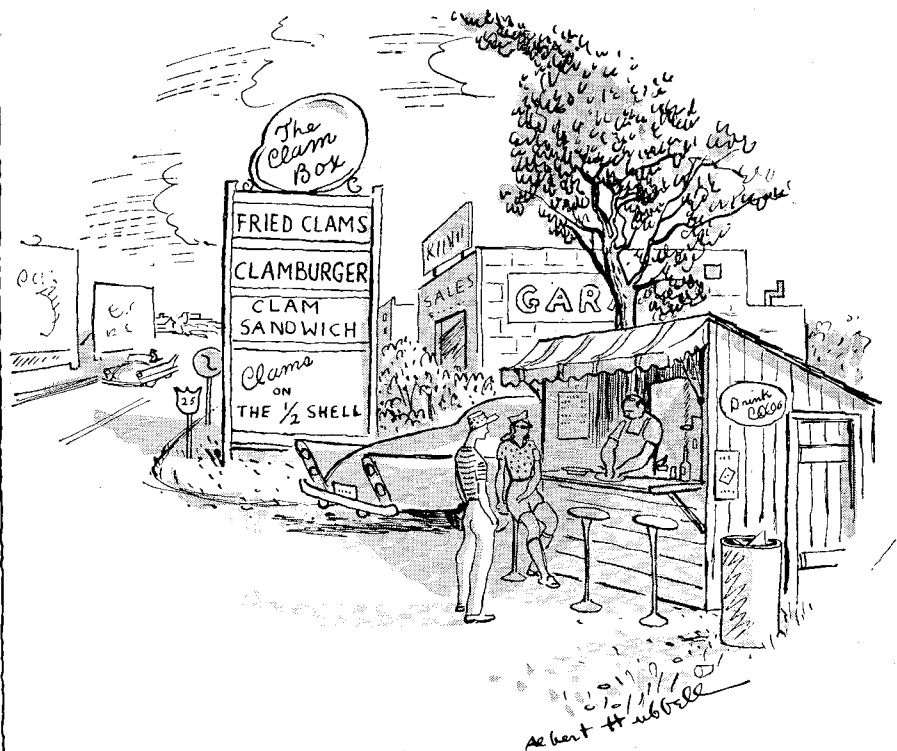
LOVE HAPPY (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 20.)

LOVES OF A BLONDE (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. The Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. A Czech film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 15.)

THE MAD ADVENTURES OF 'RABBI' JACOB—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Beacon.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (1971)—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out, bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capra corn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 20.... Olympia; starting Aug. 21.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an



ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economical—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Elgin; Aug. 15-17.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Aug. 20.)

METROPOLIS (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe has ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the finance for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," "The Blue Angel." (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 22.)

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA (1946)—In this comedy the Marx Brothers dismantle the international-intrigue thriller; the Warner Brothers, producers of the movie "Casablanca," were indignant and tried to stop the production. Though it is not as famous as the Marx Brothers' films of the thirties, it's better than all but a handful of their earlier ones. Groucho manages the hotel in Casablanca where all the spies hang out, and Chico runs a fleet of camel taxis. Directed by Archie Mayo. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 20.)

OPEN CITY (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 20.)

OPHÉLIA (1962)—Claude Chabrol's film, made in 1962 but never seen publicly in New York until now, is about a young man (André Jocelyn) whose mother marries his dead father's brother. He is struck on the head—as who wouldn't be—by the literary references of his situation, and the story of Hamlet swiftly takes over his life. He casts his mother, Claudia (the beautiful, twitchy-mouthed Alida Valli) as Gertrude, and his new stepfather, Adrien (Claude Cerval), a nervy factory owner intimidated by a strike, as Claudius. The false Hamlet dubs a forelock-pulling employee of his stepfather's Polonius, and insists that a girl named Lucie (Juliette Mayniel), who is firmly grounded in sense, is actually named Ophelia. Chabrol has always insisted that barnstorming actors are most revealing of character, and this film makes an aesthetic of finding the ham in Hamlet. Chabrol's efforts not to mean what he says, which "Ophelia" now and then beautifully surmounts, seem frantic alternatives to what he can do if he doesn't try. In French. (8/12/74) (Playboy.)

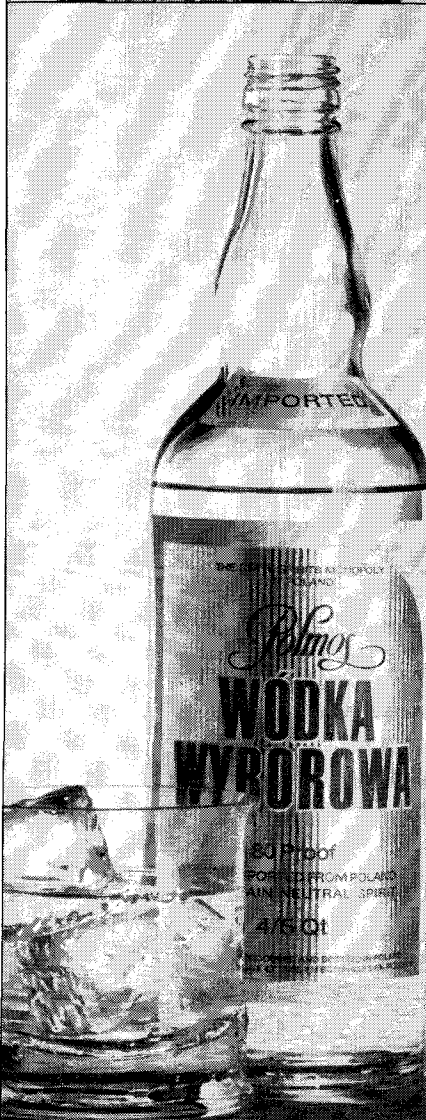
OUR HOSPITALITY (1923)—Buster Keaton in a comedy about feuding families (based on the Hatfields and the McCoys), set in the nineteenth century and considered by some to be one of his perfect films. With Natalie Talmadge (Keaton's wife) and Keaton's father, Joseph Keaton, as a railroad engineer. (Elgin; Aug. 14.)

PAPER MOON (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Gramercy; starting Aug. 21.)

THE PARALLAX VIEW—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (34th St. East, Waverly, Loews Orpheum; through Aug. 20.)

PICTURE SNATCHER (1933)—A minor effort by James Cagney; he plays a cocky ex-con turned reporter. The story is lifted from the exploit of the newspaper photographer of the twenties who sneaked a picture of Ruth Sny-

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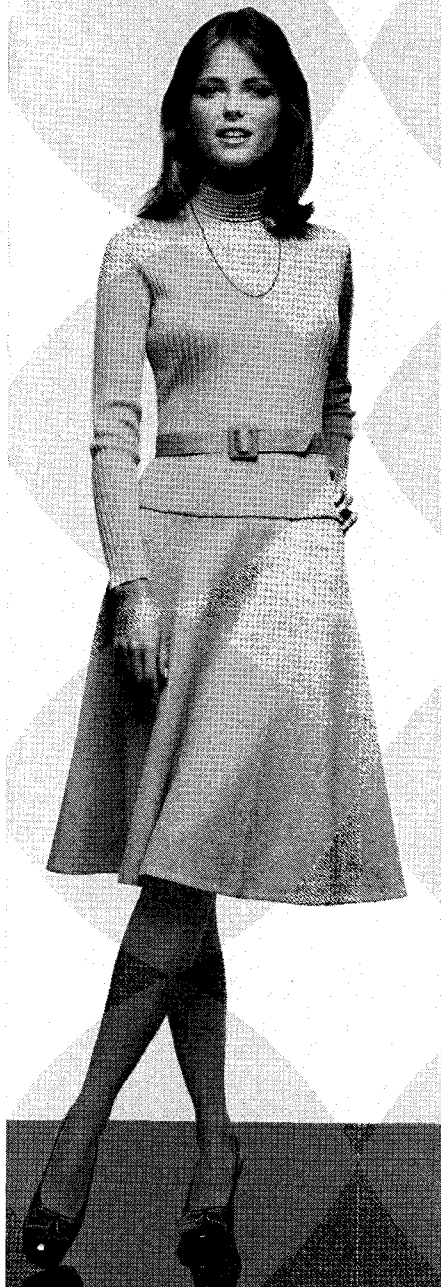
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

der's electrocution. In the movie, the reporter goes back to the prison where he served time and performs this loathsome feat; he then expiates his crime by a socially useful act—which is more than the screenwriters on this one did. Lloyd Bacon directed; cheery Patricia Ellis is the heroine. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

PINK FLOYD—Directed by Adrian Maben. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; starting Aug. 21.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 21.)

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE (1972)—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (12/16/72) (Olympia; through Aug. 20.)

THE PUBLIC ENEMY (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her kisser. A good picture, even if the theme music is "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

THE RA EXPEDITIONS—A documentary film of Thor Heyerdahl's voyage across the Atlantic. (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., 23rd St. Cinema, Guild, Paramount, and Symphony.)

RETURN OF THE DRAGON—Directed by, and with, the late Bruce Lee. (Eastside Cinema; through Aug. 20.)

THE RULING CLASS (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (9/16/72) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 17.)

SCORE—Homosexual chic is heterosexual schlock. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu.)

THE SEDUCTION OF MIAMI—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

LE SEX SHOP (1973)—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (8/6/73) (Gramercy; through Aug. 20.)

SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Cinema Studio; Aug. 14.)

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON (1949)—John Ford's film begins with Custer and the disgrace of Little Big Horn, and the film has the handsome, faintly melancholy look of Frederic Remington's work. The subject is the burden of command, and the cavalry-captain hero (John Wayne), an officer on his last mission before retirement, is a man who, unlike Cus-

ter, is worthy of his office. Like Ford's other large-scale, elegiac Westerns of this period, it's not a simple action film but a pictorial film with great set pieces. There's some tedious Irish comedy (Victor McLaglen is around too much) and a lamentable pair of lovers—John Agar and Joanne Dru. The cast includes Ben Johnson, Mildred Natwick, Noble Johnson, George O'Brien, Francis Ford, and Arthur Shields. Based on James Warner Bellah's "War Party," screenplay by Frank Nugent and Laurence Stallings. Filmed in Monument Valley. (Elgin; Aug. 18-19.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 15-19.)

SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a bouddoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Aug. 21.)

SONG OF THE SOUTH (1946)—Sentimental and offensive musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten, James Baskette). (Festival; through Aug. 20.)

S*P*Y*S—With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland, directed by Irvin Kershner. (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through Aug. 20.)

THE STING—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 20.)

LA STRADA (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 20.)

TAKING OFF (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," working for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 15.)

THE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (Gramercy; through Aug. 20.)

THE TAMARIND SEED—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They twice go to Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-

known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Music Hall; through Aug. 21.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the compères include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

THE THIN MAN (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett novel took only sixteen days to film, and it turned out to be one of the most popular comedies ever made. However, new audiences aren't likely to enjoy it as much as the public in 1934 did, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle (as well as a "Thin Man" series) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated comedy, and that a married couple—Nick and Nora Charles (she was based on Lillian Hellman)—could drink together, exchange insolent remarks, and have a good time. William Powell and Myrna Loy were the pair, and they delighted the country. A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe did the shooting. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Minna Gambell, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 21.)

THIS MAN MUST DIE (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

THE THREE AGES (1923)—Buster Keaton in love in the Stone Age, the Roman Age, and the Modern Age. With Margaret Leahy, Wallace Beery, Joe Roberts, and Horace Morgan. Directed by Keaton. (Elgin; Aug. 21.)

200 MOTELS (1971)—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Elgin; starting Aug. 22.)

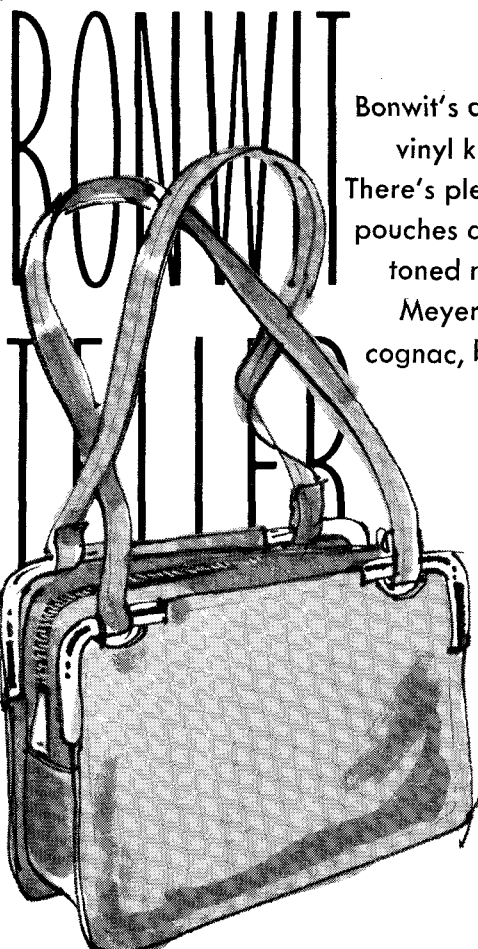
UPTOWN SATURDAY NIGHT—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier looking amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. (6/17/74) (86th St. East.)

VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS—A Czech film, directed by Jaromil Jires. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 14.)

WAGONMASTER (1950)—A very fine John Ford film about a Mormon wagon train guided by two young horse traders and menaced by Indians and outlaws as it travels across the country to Utah in the eighteen-seventies. The original story is by Ford, that great cinema general in charge of last stands; the direction is full of the characteristic Ford density of character detail and easy sweep. Don't miss. (Elgin; Aug. 18-19.)

WEDDING IN BLOOD—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (Playboy; starting Aug. 16.)

THE WHITE DAWN—With Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett, directed by Philip Kaufman. (Loews Tower East.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON Thursday night, when President Nixon announced his resignation, his demeanor was hardly different from the demeanor we had grown accustomed to in the last five years. His face was a mask; his words were cold and unreal. But on Friday morning, when he appeared before his Cabinet and staff to bid them farewell, everything was changed. The mask was gone, and the man was before us. Human feeling played across his face: grief, regret, humor, anger, affection. He spoke of his parents. His father, he said, had failed at many things he had undertaken, but he "did his job" and had been "a great man." His mother "was a saint," he said simply. However, no books would be written about her, he said, weeping now. All at once, he was reading what Theodore Roosevelt had written when his first wife had died: "She was beautiful in face and form, and lovelier still in spirit. . . . Her life had always been in the sunshine. There had never come to her a single great sorrow. . . . Then, by a strange and terrible fate, death came to her." We hardly knew why President Nixon was telling us these things, and it seemed to us that he hardly knew, either. Yet there was more warmth and feeling in these chaotic, uncontrolled words than in all the other words of his Presidency put together. A few hours later, President Ford addressed the nation. He, too, spoke movingly and with feeling. Three times in his remarks he spoke of love. Hearing the word gave us a small start. Love was something we had not looked for in any of its shapes or forms in the public sphere for a very long time. The America of the last ten or twelve years was a loveless place. "Nobody is a friend of ours," Richard Nixon had told his young legal counsel John Dean. Of the 1972 election, he had said, "This is a war." For lawbreakers, his world had been one, as he put it, "without pity." The wretched of the earth had been out of luck in his

scheme of things, whether they were the peasants of Vietnam and Bangladesh or the poor at home. His had been a cold universe. Listening to President Ford speak of love, we thought back to President Nixon's incoherent remarks shortly before. For the first time in several years, he had been talking like a free man. Something in the new atmosphere had dissolved the walls of reserve and released a torrent of emotion. Richard Nixon, freed, like the rest of us, from the oppression of his rule, was pouring his heart out to the whole nation.

Everyman's Art

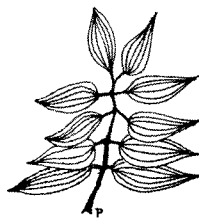
WE mingled with some calligraphers the other afternoon at a party marking the end of a three-week course that had been held in the Calligraphy Workshop, a new establishment, on the fifth floor of an office building on lower Fifth Avenue. Just outside the workshop was a sign—gorgeous to behold—reading "Calligraphy Workshop." Inside the workshop, some forty people were milling about. On the walls of the workshop were a number of posters, all of which were hand-lettered, and all of which were gorgeous to behold. One of the posters read, "A bridge going nowhere, spanning nothing, but a leap, high out—into the abyss." Another poster read, "Nature's great masterpiece, an elephant, the only harmless great thing, the giant of beasts." Another poster read, "How justly bold when in some master's hand/The pen at once joins freedom with command." Still another poster read, "It is the function of the calligrapher to revive and restore the craft of the printer to its original purity."

Before long, we ran into Louis Strick, who is the president of the Pen-talic Corporation, a company that has been selling pens, ink, writing paper, and related materials for several years,

and that had been responsible for setting up the workshop earlier this year. "New York has needed something like this for a long time," Mr. Strick told us. "There has been a regular renaissance of interest in calligraphy recently—it goes along with other craft revivals—and there are very few places where people can really *learn*. Most of the schools in this area that dip into calligraphy—art schools and so forth—teach it as a kind of stepchild of the other arts, and only on the most elementary level. We want to teach it at its highest level. So far, the response has been terrific."

As the students and teachers of calligraphy sipped wine, nibbled cheese, and continued to mill about, we observed that they were a very talkative lot. (Before arriving, we had wondered whether calligraphers were the sort of people who reserve all their linguistic energies for their pens and are otherwise taciturn. Not a bit of it.) Soon we were introduced to Donald Jackson, who is the chairman of England's Society of Scribes and Illuminators, and who had conducted the three-week course. Mr. Jackson told us that he lives in London, where he creates hand-lettered and illuminated documents for official occasions, as well as handmade books

for collectors. Then he rapidly traced for us the history of calligraphy in the Western world. "Calligraphers deal mainly with variations of the Italic hand," he told us. "The Italic hand, which is both very beautiful and very legible, originated in Italy during the fifteenth century. It gradually spread, along with other Renaissance arts, to other European countries. But over the years, as printing became more common, the Italic hand deteriorated, until eventually children were being taught to imitate the strokes made by the *printing press*, when it should have been the other way around. Well, handwriting reached a lamentable state



toward the end of the nineteenth century. There was a revival of the Italic hand in the nineteen-twenties, and now again people seem to have realized that their handwriting, like everything else they do, can be a work of true artistic expression. But calligraphy is not necessarily esoteric. Anyone can learn to improve his handwriting in a single afternoon. I like to think of it as everyman's art." Mr. Jackson reached into a pocket and produced a long gray quill. "This is a goose quill," he said, beginning to tear off its feathery portions. "Before you can use a quill as a writing instrument, you know, you must strip away all the feathers. Otherwise, you'd find yourself tickling your nose as you wrote."

Finally, we talked with a husky young man who told us that his name is Ward Dunham and that he took up calligraphy while he was with the Army in Vietnam. We asked Mr. Dunham what he does for a living, and he told us that he is a bouncer in an East Side night club. Then he brought out his wallet and handed us his card. The card was hand-lettered, in a subtle grayish mauve on a black background, and it was gorgeous to behold.

Almost New Faces of 1974

THERE'S been a lot of talk recently (if you've missed it, you just haven't been listening) about how New York is as decadent now as Berlin was in the nineteen-thirties. Most of this talk, we notice, comes from public-relations offices with transvestite accounts, so one might be tempted to disregard it, but the idea of public-relations agencies with transvestite accounts is so decadent itself that we have felt obliged to look into the matter. For the reader who may not wish to read further, we will present some of our conclusions right here: First of all, it appears that most people think the phrase "Berlin in the nineteen-thirties" is suggestive of a *style* rather than a period of (rather upsetting) history. Secondly, it appears that people think that the style suggested by "Berlin in the nineteen-thirties" has something to do with the "Gatsby" Look. Thirdly, it appears that most transvestites can't sing.

Now to our research. We began by attending something called "Manhattan Follies," at a famous hotel. "Manhattan Follies," a transvestite revue, is staged in a well-known room of this famous hotel, and you'd recognize the room's name in a minute, but you're not going to catch us mentioning this nice room (which never did anyone

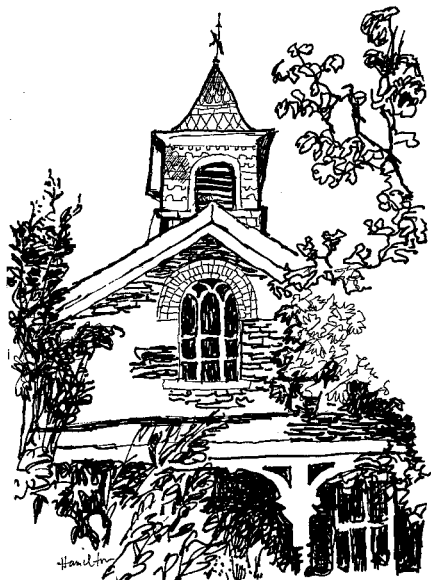
any harm) and "Manhattan Follies" in the same story. "Manhattan Follies," like the Green Tulip, will pass one day soon into this famous hotel's Museum of Errors, and in the meantime we are going to try to be kind. Anyway, when we went to "Manhattan Follies" quite a lot was said (by the "Berlin-in-the-nineteen-thirties" promoters) about how the air of timeless elegance of the famous hotel compared and contrasted with the shameless decadence of "Manhattan Follies." Personally, we couldn't see it. It seemed to us that the Air of Timeless Elegance (represented by middle-aged ladies picking over *Torten mit Schlag* in the famous hotel's Palm Court) and the Shameless Decadence (represented by young men lip-synching the songs of famous women ranging in age from middle-aged to dead) were getting along like a house afire—both being at several removes from any real source of energy. The young men imitating the famous old women seemed to mean well, but the young man imitating Tallulah Bankhead, for instance, would have needed a mink coat, the New York Giants, and Harry Truman playing the piano to convince us that anything very Tallulah-like was going on.

But hold! Our research uncovered other, more encouraging developments. Downtown, at nice old Reno Sweeney, Holly Woodlawn, the *very best* transvestite (who is unrepresented, as far as we know, by any public-relations agency), has been knocking them cold with a show that doesn't have anything to do with Berlin in the nineteen-thirties. Holly, like certain other celebrities from the sixties, has perceived the necessity of re-creating café society *right away*. A little sixties funk, a little humor, and some class (on the installment system: a little bit down, a little more as you go along), and there you

are. Holly's show on the night we went was opened by a girl named Sally Eaton, who has terrific red hair and a good voice. Sally sang "I Want to Be Around to Pick Up the Pieces," and pushed her remarkable hair back with studied abandon, and was a great success. When Holly came on, she opened with "The Boston Beguine," a terrific song from "New Faces of 1952" (nothing German about *that*), which was a very sensible choice. Holly has what in opera circles is called a "small voice," but she has the most expressive face south of Fourteenth Street, and that makes up for a lot. Holly impersonated no famous dead ladies. She did, however, give a certain amount of time to an alter ego of hers called Chi-Chi Castanets, who talks in Spanish—mostly about Holly Woodlawn, whom she clearly admires. "*Holly es muy chic*," Chi-Chi averred. "*Ella compra en Bloomingdale's*."

Dry Cleaner

EDWARD DAURIA, who is the owner of Bel-Aire French Cleaners, a small dry-cleaning establishment at 3155 Bruckner Boulevard, in the predominantly Italian Throgs Neck section of the upper Bronx, says that the dry-cleaning business isn't what it used to be. "The synthetics and the wash-and-wear fabrics have really hurt us since I first got into the field, nine years ago," he told us. Bel-Aire's volume—currently about three hundred and twenty-five pieces a week—is not all it might be, but Mr. Dauria, a fifty-year-old native of Throgs Neck with wavy black hair, a sharp wardrobe, and a pleasant live-and-let-live manner, is happy that he quit his former job, as a foreman with the National Gypsum Company, for which he had worked for twenty-one years, and enjoys his new line of work. One thing Mr. Dauria—who has been the sole owner of the Bel-Aire French Cleaners since he bought out a partner, five years ago—especially likes about it is coming and going as he pleases. He's usually at his shop by seven-thirty in the morning, except Sunday and Monday, when he is closed. Between seven-thirty and nine, he does whatever dry cleaning is left over from the previous day, but his first chore is to light the boiler of the pressing machine, so that it will be up to the requisite eighty-five pounds when the presser arrives, at nine. The presser, who is paid twenty-five cents for each article he presses, stays two or three hours (depending on the amount of work to be done), and then goes off to two other



part-time jobs that he holds. The shop opens at eight, but Mr. Dauria's only salaried employee, a young woman, arrives at nine—on the four weekday mornings, when he sets out in his delivery van. She runs the counter, sorts the garments the presser has finished, puts them on hangers and then in plastic bags, bands together those that belong together, and arranges them by sales-slip number on the clothes conveyor. Seventy-five per cent of Mr. Dauria's business is pickup-and-delivery. On Tuesday and Thursday, Mr. Dauria takes care of one route in the quiet, residential Throgs Neck-Fort Schuyler-Pelham Bay area; on Wednesday and Friday, another. (On Saturday, his busiest over-the-counter day, he stays in the shop.) As soon as he returns to his shop, the young woman leaves, and he works alone until six o'clock, when the store closes.

The front section of Bel-Aire French Cleaners is wood-pancled and contains a sewing machine, a bulletin board (for neighborhood news items and notices of articles for sale), a wall coin telephone, a counter divided into two sections, a clothes rack, a cash register, a plaster statue of a saint, two spindles, three clothes baskets, and half a dozen thriving green plants. Immediately behind the counter on the right is the clothes conveyor, and on the left are a dry-cleaning machine, a spotting board, a shelf filled with spot-removing chemicals, and two charts that indicate which chemicals should be used to remove which spots. The dry-cleaning machine, a Spencer mini, has a gold-colored metal façade with a black stripe and some chrome trim, a front-loading door with a glass window, and four buttons that light up colorfully at the appropriate times: gold ("in use"), blue ("unload"), green ("available"), and red ("call attendant"). Behind the fancy front of the Spencer mini are a tank filled with dry-cleaning solvent, a button-and-lint trap, two filters, several switchboxes, and numerous pipes. The rear of the store has pale-blue plaster-



"The given around here is he's the cat's meow."

board walls, partly covered with *Playboy* pinups, and contains an assortment of dry-cleaning supplies, a clothes-sorting rack, more clothes baskets, and a pressing machine.

Upon returning to his shop from his delivery route, Mr. Dauria checks for spots the clothes he has picked up and those that have been brought in while he was out. Although he says that the Spencer mini, to which he refers affectionately as "she," can remove most spots on her own, he prefers to work on bad stains before putting clothes in the machine, and he explains that this pre-spotting is what differentiates French cleaning from regular dry cleaning. ("Years ago, the French took their clothes down to the river and banged them on rocks. I think that's where the term 'French cleaning' comes from. I just pat the spot; I don't rub it.") Five years ago, Mr. Dauria attended a thirteen-week dry-cleaning course and learned, among other things, the basics of spot removing. Spencer mini's cycle—clean, drain, extract, dry, and aerate—lasts thirty minutes. The chemical Mr. Dauria uses in the machine is non-combustible perchlorethylene mixed with a soap called Radiant Plus. As soon as a load of clothes is finished, Mr. Dauria re-

moves it, reloads the machine, and checks the newly cleaned clothes for spots; then he carries them to the rear of the shop and sorts them (trousers, dresses, jackets in separate piles) for the presser.

Bel-Aire's prices are low by Manhattan standards: a dollar-seventy for a suit or a dress; eighty-five cents for a skirt, a pair of trousers, or a jacket. The average customer spends about five dollars a week on dry cleaning. Mr. Dauria doesn't charge extra for picking up and delivering, for same-day service, or for mothproofing and box storage in summer, and he sews on buttons and stitches anything he can do by himself free. (He sends out things requiring mending or alteration to a seamstress, and receives forty per cent of whatever she charges the customer.) His major expenses include rent (a hundred and eighty-five dollars a month); monthly installment payments on the Spencer mini (the machine and the spotting board cost him eight thousand dollars, and he was charged five thousand dollars for installation and financing); the presser's pay; the young woman's salary; utilities; insurance; and supplies (ten-ninety-five for five hundred hangers, nine-fifty for a roll of plastic bags, a

hundred and thirty-five dollars for a fifty-five-gallon drum of perchlorethylene, which lasts him roughly two months). The clothes that Mr. Dauria is given to clean are mostly everyday, go-to-work clothes ("Only one woman—she and the husband do a lot of stepping—brings me beaded evening gowns") that are dark in color, large in size, and not very high in price (the labels show that they have been bought at Korvette or Alexander's, not at Saks Fifth Avenue or Lord & Taylor).

On a recent Wednesday afternoon between twelve-thirty and three-thirty, the pace at Bel-Aire French Cleaners was serene. The doorbell rang only seventeen times. A Telephone Company employee came in to empty the pay phone's coin box; the seamstress's daughter came in to fetch some clothes that had been left for alterations; a teen-age boy from a neighborhood youth organization brought in twenty copies of the organization's new newspaper and asked Mr. Dauria to sell them for a nickel apiece (he consented to do so). While countless cars zoomed past Bel-Aire, which faces National Interstate Highway 95, and the Spencer mini went about its work, periodically humming and hissing, seventeen other people entered the shop: a boy, a girl, two pairs of girls, a woman with a

small child, six women (who came in separately), and three men (also separately). They turned in or picked up from one to four items each.

"I don't make a million dollars, but I'm not greedy," Mr. Dauria says. "If something can be washed, I tell the customers to wash it, but if it will come out of the washing machine looking like a dead cat, I advise them to dry-clean it."

Foods from Many Lands

WE'D been eating in for a while, but Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, the city's Commissioner of Civic Affairs and Public Events, sent us a letter saying that a lunch he was throwing at the Overseas Press Club, in the Biltmore, was promoting an event that "requires the full and enthusiastic support of the members of the media, the diplomatic corps, and the international business community." Turned out the purpose of the lunch was to eat English food and learn that Vanderbilt Avenue will be renamed Portobello Road, after the famous London antique market, for one day—Sunday, September 8th—and that there will be an outdoor antique show on the street at the same time. Well.

But the amazing thing is that if you

go to any lunch and say the words "Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke" to yourself three or four times, it becomes an event. And, of course, the Ambassador, who carries the sound of trumpets in his pockets, coöperates by greeting people and saluting them in an appropriate way. In this case, he began by standing at the door and saying "Greetings!" to almost everyone who walked through it. A greeted member of the international business community was full of admiration. "I come off of Forty-third Street," this man told us. "Then I look at that guy, and all I see is '*Senatus Populusque Romanus*.' He would know how to be polite to the Croton Reservoir if he met it on a receiving line."

Lunch was steak-and-kidney pie, Watney's Red Barrel beer, and trifle. Would even Ambassador Duke have the strength to salute after this? *Yes*. "I am in a very good humor from that delicious Watney's beer," said the Ambassador as he took the podium. "From the fantasy of imagination and creativity comes the pragmatic practicality of this luncheon." The salutes went to Brian Corbell, chief executive officer of Realty Hotels, which is putting up thirty-eight grand or so for the antiques show; to Mrs. Duke; and to seven other people sitting at the Ambassador's table. Finally, there was a word for a high-level assistant—Mrs. Arlene

Wolff, First Deputy Commissioner of Civic Affairs and Public Events. "I salute you, Arlene," said Ambassador Duke.



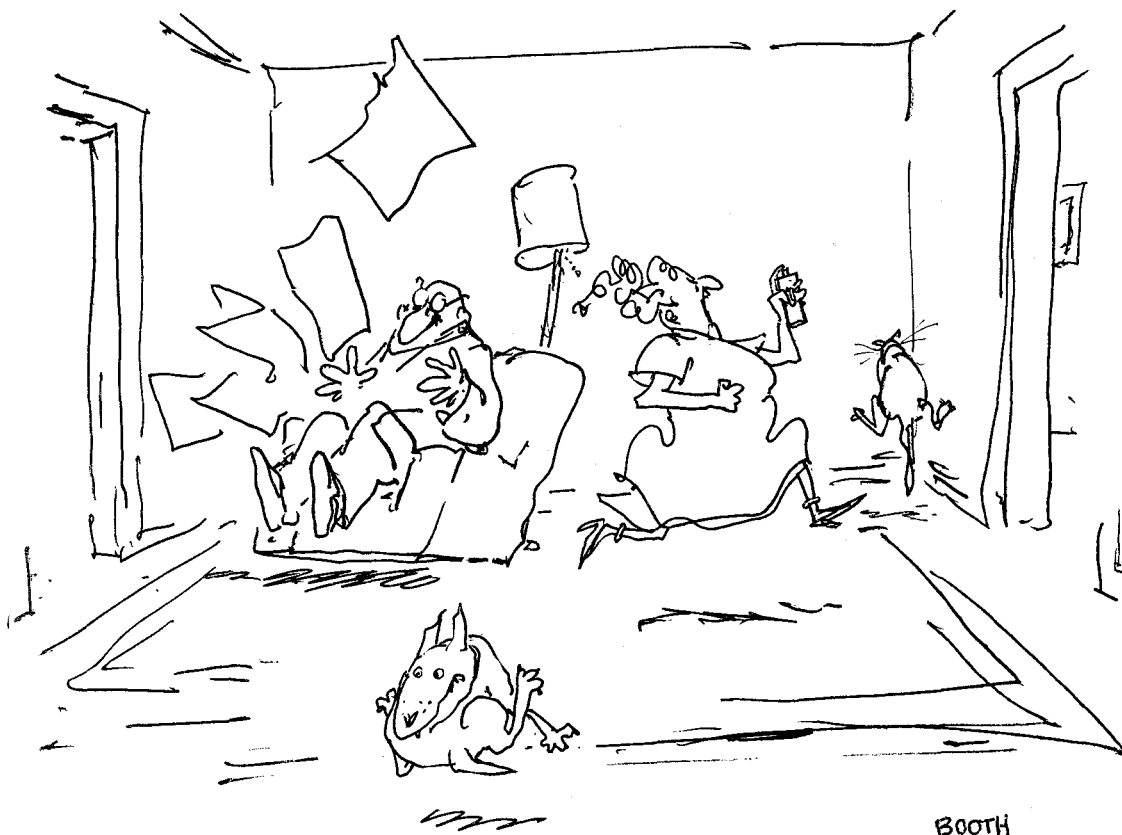
ONE of the big names in fast food in Japan is Kin Syo Chin, the man who invented the conveyor-belt sushi restaurant. He got the idea six years ago, now has eighty-five restaurants in Japan and—as of last week—one in New York. The conveyor belt is of the half-moon variety, the kind that can turn corners—you know, just like the ones in the luggage pickups in the airports, only this one is small—and it can hustle twenty dishes of food past any customer in any given minute. The customers sit at a horseshoe-shaped counter and grab off anything that looks delectable, and then someone comes around and counts the number of

dishes taken. And that's how you pay, because every dish is seventy-five cents. A sushi is a patty of rice with a vinegar sauce, and a strip of raw fish or octopus or the like on top.

And Mr. Chin is a Taiwanese businessman who used to be an engineer. The idea came to him because, as one of his associates explained it to us, "one dish and one person is not as fast as twenty dish and twenty person make more money." The new restaurant is called Genroku Sushi, and it's on Fifth Avenue between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth, opposite Altman's. There used to be a couple of conveyor-belt restaurants in New York—the Buitoni, on Times Square, and a Riker's at Sixth and Fifty-seventh—but they only had flat belts that brought dishes from kitchen to counter-

men. There's a display in the window of Genroku Sushi of plastic models of all the food for sale on the belt. The models were made in Tokyo, and they are remarkably lifelike, although not quite so mouth-watering as the paraffin ham steaks made by Mary Inman, of the Imitation Food Display Company, in Brooklyn. Mary Inman's blutwursts hang in all Zum Zums, and her porterhouse steaks are displayed in the vestibule of The Cattleman.

When we checked out the Genroku on opening day, we found quite a crowd gaping at the window display. These people stared at the models the way the Japanese must have stared at Commodore Perry. Inside, we sampled tuna sushi, tuna sushi wrapped in seaweed, Genroku rice with vegetables, fried noodles (all good), and passed up the octopus sushi, which looked like a slice of albino distributor cap and made several complete rounds on the belt without a taker. The counter seats fifty-five, and every seat was taken. Mailmen, black families, Chinese families, businessmen, a fellow with a gold tooth, four Puerto Rican kids, two Japanese hippies wearing granny glasses and Sweet-Orr bib overalls, and Peter Thorn, operator of Gallery 366, Ltd., which was the previous tenant of the sushi-store premises and is now situated up the block in a store that still says "Wig City." One of the mailmen told us the food was "very appetizing,"



BOOTH

"Aphids on the heliotrope!"

and Thorn said his eggroll with tem-pura vegetables was "scrumptious."

NO ice cream at the Genroku, so off to the Häagen-Dazs store at 235 East Sixty-ninth, which is not yet officially open but will soon be selling the delicious Danish ice cream of this name, which is made in the Bronx. Most ice creams contain dextrose, lactose, fructose, calcium hydroxide, alginate, polysorbate 65, propylene glycol, gum acacia, carboxymethylcellulose, and plastic cream (trade name for concentrated milk fat). Federal Food and Drug Administration standards also permit the inclusion of imitation flavors, anti-oxidants, neutralizers, buffers, bactericides, surfactants, artificial dyes, stabilizers (bring smoothness), emulsifiers (make ice cream dry, stiff), and air (makes ice cream less than it looks like). Häagen-Dazs has none of the above-mentioned. Also, it is made entirely with fresh milk and cream by a perfectionist named Reuben Mattus, which accounts for the fact that it is now a popular item, even though Mattus has spent almost nothing on advertising.

The Häagen-Dazs store (the trade term is "dipping store," meaning a place where ice cream is sold by the dip) was the idea of Gary Ferguson, who also runs the Cosmic Motorcycle

Messenger Company. Right now, Ferguson is working to perfect a ten-thousand-flavor ice-cream machine, a dingus that could take an ordinary scoop of vanilla and transform it by the stirred-in addition of fruits, nuts, candies. In the meantime, the Häagen-Dazs store will offer sugar cones, dishes, and sundaes in all the Hä-Da flavors: chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, coffee, rum raisin, boysenberry sherbet, organic honey, and organic carob. The carob, or Saint-John's-bread, is a giant brown peapod and resembles a scimitar.

While we downed a cold-fudge sundae with chocolate and vanilla ice cream and chopped walnuts and whipped cream, we listened to another customer (rum-raisin sugar cone) talk about the copper lettering on the outside of the store. "Listen, you're going to get that stuff ripped off, kid you not," he said to the girl behind the counter (Livia Pantuliano, from the lower West Side). "You ought to wire it up, or something. Everyone's stealing copper these days. There's a penny shortage, you know. Why, just the other day a truck drove down West Tenth Street while men took all the copper downspouts. And last winter—this is true—some guy in a helicopter just lifted a huge copper roof off the top of a skating rink in Rockland County. Just took it right off. Clean as a whistle."

WINGED CREATURES

WHEN, after many years of blameless widowhood devoted to ornithology, Lady Fidès gave birth to a son, no one in the fairy Kingdom of Bourrasque held it against her. Elfin longevity is counterpoised by elfin infertility, especially in the upper classes, where any addition to good society is welcomed with delight. Naturally, there was a certain curiosity about the father of Fidès' child, and her intimates begged her to reveal his name so that he, too, could be congratulated on the happy event. With the best will in the world, Fidès could not comply. "My wretched memory," she explained. "Do you know, there was one day last week—of course I can't say which—when I had to rack my brains for three-quarters of an hour before I could remember the name 'chiffchaff.'"

The baby's features afforded no clue. It resembled other babies in having large eyes, pursed lips, and a quantity of fine fluff on its head. When the fluff fell out, Lady Fidès had it carefully preserved. It was exactly the shade of brown needed for the mantle of a song thrush she was embroidering at the time. As an acknowledgment, she called the baby Grive. Later on, when a growth of smooth black hair replaced the fluff, she tried to establish the child in its proper category by calling it Bouvreuil. But Grive stuck.

In a more stirring court these incidents would have counted for nothing. Even Fidès' lofty project of decorating a pavilion with a complete record of the indigenous birds of France in needlework, featherwork, and waxwork would have been taken as something which is always there to be exhibited to visitors on a wet day. Bourrasque preferred small events: not too many of them, and not dilated on. The winds blowing over the high plains of the Massif Central provided all the stir, and more, that anyone in his senses could want.

Indeed, Bourrasque originated in a desire for a quiet life. It was founded by an indignant fairy whose virginity had been attempted by a Cyclops. Just when this happened, and why she should have left the sheltering depth of the Margeride Forest for a bare hillside of the Plomb du Cantal, is not known. Apparently, her first intention was to live as a solitary, attended only by a footman and a serving-woman, but this design was frustrated by friends coming to see how she was getting on.

Some decided to join her, and a settlement grew up. In course of time, working fairies raised a surrounding wall. A palace accumulated, a kitchen garden was planted, and terraces were set with vines. The vines flourished (it was the epoch of mild European winters); the population grew, and a group of peasants from the northward, disturbed by earthquakes, migrated with their cattle and became feudatories of the Kingdom of Bourrasque. That was its Golden Age. It ended with a total eclipse, which left the sun weak and dispirited, and filled the air with vapours and falling stars, rain and tempests. Late frosts, blights, and mildew fell from the triumphing malignant moon. Fog crawled over the harvest before the crops could be gathered, and from within the fog came the roar and rumble of the winds, like the mustering of a hidden army. Bourrasque dwindled into what it afterward remained—a small, tight, provincial court of an unlegendary antiquity, where people talked a great deal about the weather, wore nightcaps, and never went out without first looking at the weathercock. If it pointed steadfastly to one quarter, they adjusted their errands. If it swung hither and thither like a maniac, they stayed indoors.

It was not really a favorable climate for an ornithologist.

Fairies are celebrated needlewomen, and do a great deal of fancywork. From her youth up, Fidès had filled her tambour frame with a succession of birds in embroidery: birds on twigs, on nests, pecking fruit, searching white satin snow for crumbs. The subjects were conventional, the coloring fanciful, and everybody said how lifelike. On the day of her husband's death (an excellent husband, greatly her senior) Fidès entered the death chamber for a last look at him. The window had been set open, as is customary after a death; a feather had blown in and lay on the pillow. She picked it up. And in an instant her life had a purpose: she must know about birds.

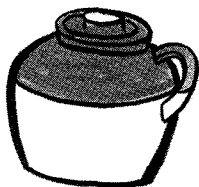
At first she was almost in despair. There were so many different birds, and she could be sure of so few of them. Robin, blackbird, swallow, magpie, dove, cuckoo by note, the little wren, birds of the poultry yard—no others. The season helped her. It was May, the nestlings had hatched, the parent birds were feeding their young. She watched them flying back and forth, back and forth, discovered that hen

blackbirds are not black, that robins nest in holes. When no one was looking, she took to her wings like any working fairy and hovered indecorously to count the fledglings and see how the nests were lined. As summer advanced she began to walk afield, and saw a flock of goldfinches take possession of a thistle patch. She picked up every feather she saw, carried it back, compared it with others, sometimes identified it. The feather on her husband's pillow, the first of her collection, was the breast feather of a dove.

An eccentricity made a regular thing of ceases to provoke remark. Public opinion deplored the freckles on Fidès' nose, but accepted them—together with her solitary rambles, her unpunctuality, and her growing inattention to what was going on around her—as a consequence of her widowed state. Her brother-in-law, her only relative at Court, sometimes urged her to wear a mask and gloves, but otherwise respected her sorrow, which did her, and his family, great credit.

As time went on, and the freckles reappeared every summer and the feathers accumulated to such an extent that she had to have an attic made over to hold them, he lapsed from respecting her sorrow to admiring her fidelity—which was just as creditable but less acutely so. When she made him an uncle he was slightly taken aback. But it was a nice peaceful baby, and not the first to be born to a bar sinister—which in some Courts, notably Elfhome in Scotland, is a positive advantage. With a little revision Fidès was still creditable: to have remembered with so much attachment the comfort of matrimony through so long and disconsolate a widowhood was undeniably to her credit, and his late brother would have taken it as a compliment.

But as a persuasion to Fidès to stay quietly indoors the baby was totally ineffective. She was no sooner out of childbed than she was out-of-doors, rambling over the countryside with the baby under her arm. "Look, baby. That's a whinchat. Whinchat. Whinchat." A little jerk to enforce the information. Or "Listen, baby. That's a raven. 'Noirâtre,' he says. 'Noirâtre.'" The child's vague stare would wander in the direction of her hand. He was a gentle, solemn baby; she was sure he took it all in and that his first word would be a chirp. If her friends questioned her behavior—Wouldn't the child be overexcited? Wouldn't it be happier with a rattle?—she vehemently asserted that she meant Grive to have his birthright. "I grew up without a bird in my life, as if there were nothing





"And how nice it is to run into you folks. I don't believe you've ever met my family. This is my sullen and resentful wife, and these are my sullen and resentful daughters and my sullen and resentful sons."

in the world but fairies and mortals. I wasn't allowed to fly—flying was vulgar—and to this day I fly abominably. Birds were things to stitch, or things to eat. Larks were things in a pie. But birds are our nearest relatives. They are the nearest things to ourselves. And far more beautiful, and far more interesting. Don't you see?" They saw poor Fidès unhinged by the shock of having a baby that couldn't be accounted for, and turned the subject.

The working fairies, chattering like swifts as they flew about their duties, were more downright. "Taking the child out in all weathers like any gypsy! Asking Rudel if he'll give it flying lessons! Gentry ought to know their place."

Only Gobelet spoke up for his mistress, saying that weather never did a child any harm. Gobelet spoke from experience. He was a changeling, and had lived in the mortal world till he was seven, when Fidès' husband saw him sucking a cow, took a fancy to his roly-poly charm, and had him stolen away, giving him to Fidès (this was in the early days of their marriage) for St. Valentine's Day. Gobelet grew up short-legged and stocky, and inex-

pugnably mortal. No one particularly liked him. To prove satisfactory a changeling must be stolen in infancy. Gobelet's seven years as a laborer's child encrusted him, like dirt in the crevices of an artichoke. He ate with his fingers. When he had finished a boiled egg he drove his spoon through the shell. If he saw a single magpie, he crossed himself; if anyone gave him a penny he spat on it for luck; he killed slowworms. He was afraid of Fidès, because he knew he was repulsive to her. Yet once he made her a most exquisite present. She had gone off on one of her rambles, and he had been sent after her with a message. He found her on the heath, motionless, and staring at the ground with an expression of dismay. She was staring at the body of a dead crow, already maggoty. Forgetting the message, he picked it up and said it must be buried in an anthill. She had not expected him to show such feeling, and followed him while he searched for an anthill large enough for his purpose. When it was found he scabbled a hole and sank the crow in it. What the maggots had begun, he said, the ants would finish. Ants were good workmen. Three months later

he brought her the crow's skeleton, wrapped in a burdock leaf. Every minutest bone was in place, and she had never seen a bird's skeleton before. In her rapture she forgot to thank him, and he went away thinking she was displeased.

Grive's first coherent memory was of a northeasterly squall; a clap of thunder, darkened air, and hailstones bouncing off the ground. He was in his mother's arms. She was attending to something overhead. There was a rift of brilliant March-blue sky, and small cross-shaped birds were playing there, diving in and out of the cloud, circling round each other, gathering and dispersing and gathering again, and singing in shrill silken voices. The booming wind came between him and the music. But it persisted; whenever the wind hushed, he heard it again, the same dizzying net of sound. He struggled out of his mother's arms, spread his wings, felt the air beneath them, and flew toward the larks. She watched him, breathless with triumph, till a gust of wind caught him and dashed him to the ground. She was so sure he was dead that she did not stir, till she heard him whimper. Hugging him, small and



"Basically, all your nations—and this includes Communist China—would rather be Los Angeles."

warm, to her breast, she waited for him to die. He stiffened, his face contorted, he drew a sharp breath, and burst into a bellow of fury. She had never heard him cry like that before. He had come back to her a stranger.

She told no one of this. She wanted to forget it. She had her hair dressed differently and led an indoor life, playing bilboquet and distilling a perfume from gorse blossoms. By the time the cuckoo had changed its interval, she was walking on the heath. But she walked alone, leaving Grive in the care of Gobelet—an uncouth companion, but wingless.

Gobelet pitied the pretty child who had suddenly fallen out of favor. He cut him a shepherd's pipe of elder wood, taught him to plait rushes, carved him a ship which floated in a footbath. By whisking up the water he raised a stormy ocean; the ship tossed and heeled, and its crew of silver buttons fell off and were drowned. On moonlight nights he threw fox and rabbit shadows on the wall. The fox moved stealthily toward the rabbit, snapping its jaws, winking horribly with its narrow gleaming eye; the rabbit ran this way and that, waving its long ears. As the right-hand fox pursued the left-hand rabbit, Grive screamed with the excitement of the

chase, and Gobelet said to himself, "I'll make a man of him yet."

When these diversions were outgrown, they invented an interminable saga in which they were the last two people left alive in a world of giants, dragons, and talking animals. Day after day they ran new perils, escaped by stratagems only to face worse dangers, survived with just enough strength for the next day's installment. Sorting and pairing feathers for Fidès for hours on end, they prompted each other to new adventures in their world of fantasy.

But the real world was gaining on them. Gobelet had grown stout. He walked with a limp, and the east wind gave him rheumatism.

THE measure of our mortal days is more or less threescore and ten. The lover cries out for a moment to be eternal, the astronomer would like to see a comet over again, but he knows this is foolish, as the lover knows his mistress will outlive her lustrous eyes and die round about the time he does. Our years, long or short, are told on the same plain-faced dial. But by the discrepancy between elfin and mortal longevity, the portion of time which made Grive an adolescent made Gobelet an aging man. Of the two, Gobelet was the less concerned. He had

kept some shreds of his mortal wits about him and felt that, taking one thing with another, when the time came he would be well rid of himself. Grive lived in a flutter of disbelief, compunction, and apprehension, and plucked out each of Gobelet's white hairs as soon as it appeared. Elfin feel a particular reprobation of demonstrable old age. Many of them go into retirement rather than affront society with the spectacle of their decay. As for changelings, when they grow old they are got rid of. Grive, being measured for a new suit, thought that before he had worn it out Gobelet would be gone, discarded like a cracked pitcher, left to beg his way through the world and die in a ditch with the crows standing round like mourners, waiting to peck out his eyes.

Grive was being measured for a new suit because the time had come when he must attend the Queen as

one of her pages. It was his first step up in the world, and having determined he would not enjoy it he found himself enjoying it a great deal. At the end of his first spell of duty he returned to the family apartment, full of what he would tell Gobelet. Gobelet was gone. As furious as a child, Grive accused Fidès of cruelty, treachery, ingratitude. "He was the only friend I had. I shall find him and bring him back. Which way did he go?"

Fidès put down the blue tit she was feathering. "How should I know? Do you suppose I was there to wave him goodbye? As it was, I kept him long after he should have been got rid of, because I knew you had been fond of him. But one can't keep changelings forever. He had grown quite repulsively old. He had to be got rid of. Be reasonable, dear. And don't rant." She took up the blue tit and added another feather.

"How it must distress you to think of getting rid of the Queen," he said suavely. It was as if for the first time in his life he had shot with a loaded gun.

QUEEN ALIONDE had felt no call to go into retirement. She brandished her old age and insisted on having it acknowledged. No one knew

how old she was. There had been confidential bowerwomen, Chancellors sworn to secrecy who knew, but they were long since dead. Her faculties remained in her like rats in a ruin. She never slept. She spoke the language of a forgotten epoch, mingling extreme salacity with lofty euphemisms and punctilios of grammar. She was long past being comical, and smelled like bad haddock. Some said she was phosphorescent in the dark. She found life highly entertaining.

When the pestilence broke out among the peasantry, she insisted on having the latest news of it: which villages it had reached, how many had died, how long it took them. She kept a tally of deaths, comparing it with the figures of other pestilences, calculating if this one would beat them, and how soon it would reach Bourrasque. Working fairies were sent out to look for any signs of murrain among cattle. They reported a great influx of kites. Her diamonds flashed as she clapped her hands at the news. And rats? she asked. Few rats, if any, they said. The reflection of her earrings flitted about the room like butterflies as she nodded in satisfaction. Rats are wise animals, they know when to move out; they are not immune to mortal diseases as fairies are. If the pestilence came to the very gates of Bourrasque, if the dying, frantic with pain, leaped over the palace wall, if the dead had to be raked into heaps under their noses, no fairy would be a penny the worse. Her court was glad to think this was so but wished there could be a change of subject.

Exact to the day she foretold it, the pestilence reached Bourrasque. Her officeholders had to wrench compliments on her accuracy out of their unenthusiastic bosoms, and a congratulatory banquet was organized, with loyal addresses and the young people dancing jigs and *bourrées*. Fires blazed on the hearths, there were candles everywhere, and more food than could be eaten. The elder ladies, sitting well away from their Queen's eye, began to knit shawls for the peasantry. By the time the shawls were finished, they were thankful to wrap them round their own shoulders.

Bourrasque, complying with the course of history, had come to depend on its serfs for common necessities. The pestilence did not enter the castle; it laid siege to it. Fewer carcasses were brought to the larder's wicket, less dairy stuff, no eggs. The great meal chest was not replenished. Fuel dues were not paid. There was no dearth in the land; pigs and cattle, goats and poultry, could be seen scampering over

the fields, breaking down fences, trampling the reaped harvest—all of them plump and in prime condition for Martinmas. But the men who herded and slaughtered, the women who milked the cows and thumped in the churns, were too few and too desperate to provide for any but themselves. Others providing for themselves were the working fairies, who made forays beyond the walls, brought back a goose, a brace of rabbits, with luck an eel from under the mud of a cow pond. They cooked and ate in secret, charitably sparing a little goose fat to flavor the cabbage shared among their betters.

On New Year's morning the Queen was served with a stoup of claret and a boiled egg. The egg was bad. She ate it and called a Council. Hearing that they had hoped to spare her the worst, she questioned them with lively interest about their deprivations, and commanded that Bourrasque should be vacated on the morrow. She had not lived so long in order to die of starvation. The whole court must accompany her; she could not descend on her great-great-great-nephew in Berry without a

rag of retinue. They would start an hour after sunrise.

Somehow or other, it was managed. There was no planning, no consultation, no bewailing. They worked like plunderers. The first intention had been to take what was precious, like jewelry, or indispensable, like blankets. This was followed by a passion to leave nothing behind. Tusks, antlers, a rhinoceros horn, some rusty swords, two voiceless bugles, a gong, and an effigy of Charlemagne were rescued from the butler's pantry. The east pavilion was stripped of its decorations. They tore down velvet hangings to wrap round a number of old saucepans. Cushions and dirty napkins were rammed into a deed chest, and lidded with astrological charts. By dawn, the ox wagons stood loaded in the forecourt. A few flakes of snow were falling.

The courtiers had gathered at the foot of the main staircase. Many of them had put on nightcaps for the journey. Alionde was brought down, baled in furs, and carried to her litter. Behind its closed screens she could be



"Lucy Mae, did you ever sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me?"

SARATOGA

Who would dream there is a street of Chassidic Jews
Left over among the mineral waters,
Black-bearded, black, among the cures of summer,
In rows of rooming houses gone to seed
Braced by vines in which they seem suspended?

This is a country of seconds—a kind
Of bucolic, demented Garment District:
Landscapes and yardgoods going for a song—
Windfalls of shirts on the cheap at the mill,
Factories where hands still touch the fabric.

The hills are overstocked with sunsets.
Cemeteries—are they housing projects
For never enough? Or too much of everything?
So this is the end of animals and dancers!
Poor brain, talking to a barn of dust!

In the dowdy beautiful Victorian dark
Of the steamy park's old brick and shadow,
Dilapidated concrete drowsy troughs,
Like laboratory tanks for mosquito larvae,
Piddle away brown-ferned scummed water.

How to be a beach resort without an ocean
Suggests the theme. The subject's certain:
The slower the town the more obsessed by speed.
Between the ballet dancers of July,
The dramatic, high-strung August chargers

Surely some point must be being drawn!
Stirred up overnight: the swank emulsion
Of the rich, the corrupt, the merely sporting—
Dressy traders of expensive horseflesh,
Statues of jockeys upright on the lawn.

The Nineteenth Century is in the trees.
Down at the horse barns at night, the yearlings—
Part cricket field, part Arabian strains—
Wait to be named. Tradition . . . bargains.
Old tastes deplore the lost amenities.

Muscle under silk lifts the dancer's Swan,
Spurs the leggy velvet colt of speed—
Power gathered in the glacial rock fault
Tempting vision with what it cannot see:
Fresh water running toward immortal salt.

—HOWARD MOSS

heard talking and giving orders, like a parrot in its cage. A hubbub of last-minute voices broke out—assurances of what had been done, reassurances that nothing had been overlooked. Grive heard his mother's voice among them: "I don't think I've forgotten anything. Perhaps I'd better have one last look." She brushed past him, stared up the wide staircase, heard herself being told to hurry, turned back, and was gone with the rest. He stood at the window, watching the cavalcade lumber up the hillside, with the piper going ahead and playing a jaunty farewell. A gust of wind swept the noise out of earshot. Nothing was left except the complaining of the weathercock.

He was too famished to know whether he had been left behind or had stayed. Like his thrush name-giver, *Turdus philomelos*, he was shy and a dainty feeder; rather than jostle for a bacon-rind or a bit of turnip, he let himself be elbowed away. Now, though he knew that every hole and corner had been ransacked for provision for the journey, he made a desultory tour of inspection. A smell of sour grease hung about the kitchen quarters. He sickened at it, and went into the cold pleasure-garden, where he ate a little snow. He returned to the saloon which had been so crowded with departures, listened to the weathercock, noticed the direction of the snowflakes, and lay down to die.

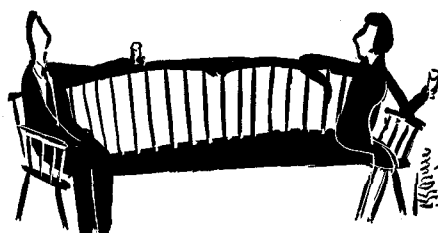
Dying was a new experience. It was part of it that he should be sorting feathers, feathers from long-dead birds, and heavy because of that. A wind

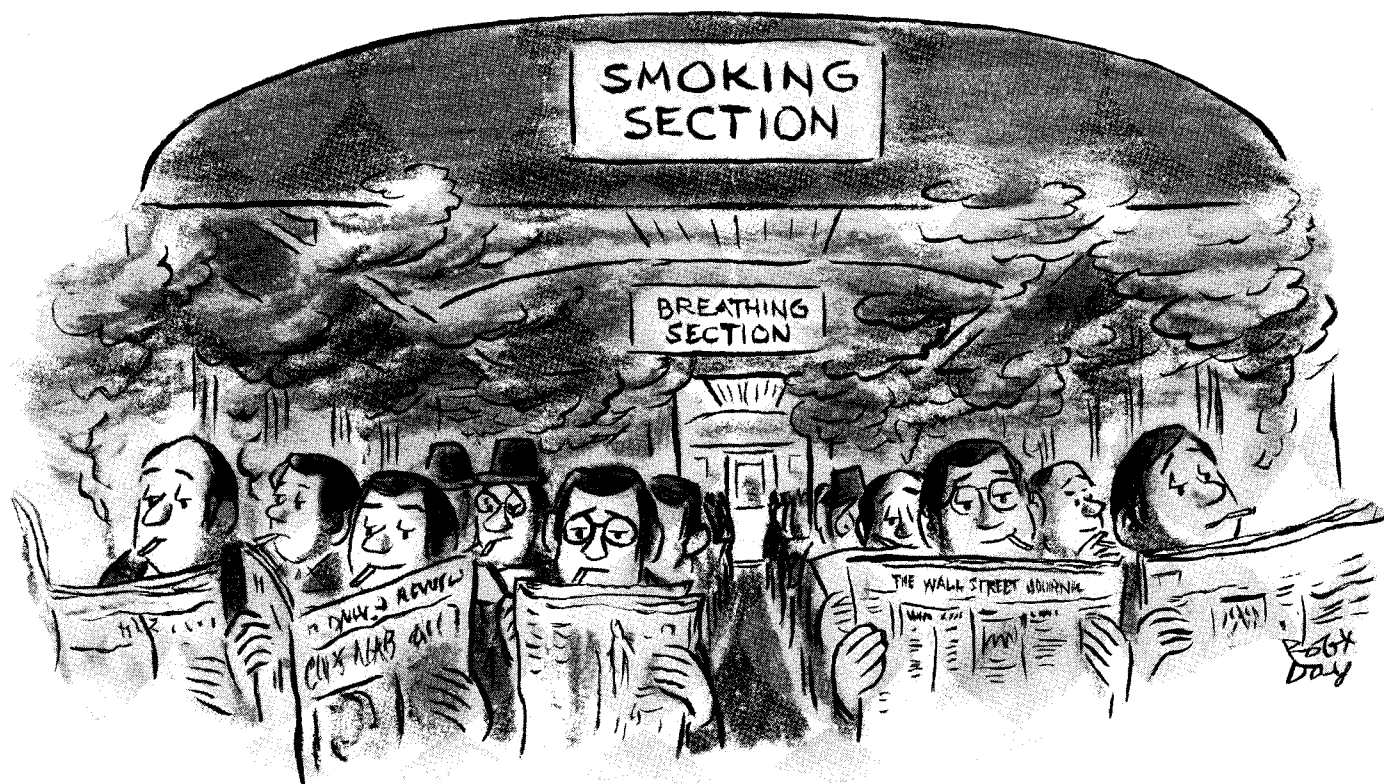
along the floor blew him away from the feathers. It was part of dying that a dragon came in and curled up on his feet. It seemed kindly intentioned, but being cold-blooded it could not drive away the chill of death. It was also part of dying that Gobelet was rocking him in his arms. Once, he found Gobelet dribbling milk between his jaws. The milk was warm and sent him to sleep. When he woke he could stretch himself and open his eyes. There was Gobelet's hand, tickling his nose with a raisin. So they were both dead.

Even when Grive was on the mend he remained light-headed. Starvation had capsized his wits. If he were left to sleep too long he began to twitch and struggle; wakened, he would stare round him and utter the same cry: "I had that dreadful dream again. I dreamed we were alive."

G OBELET was not distressed at being alive; on the contrary, it seemed to him that his survival did him credit. It had been against considerable odds. It was the lot of changelings to be dismissed on growing old. He had seen it happen to others and taken it for granted; he did so when it was his turn to be packed off to find a death in a world

that had no place for him. But he had been a poor man's child, and the remembrance of how to steal, cajole, and make himself useful came to his aid. He was too old for cajolery to apply, but he flattered, and by never staying long in one place he stole undetected. He had forgotten the name of his birthplace till he heard it spoken by a stranger at the inn. Then everything flashed back on him: the forked pear tree, the fern growing beside the wellhead, his mother breaking a pitcher, the faggot thrust into the bread oven. Knowing what name to ask for, he soon found his way there. Everyone he had known was dead or gone, but the breed of sheep was the same. Here he hired himself as a farmhand and for a couple of years lived honest, till the sudden childhood memory of a gentleman on a horse who drew rein and asked how old he was so unsettled him that he knew he must have another look at Bourrasque. By then the pestilence had reached the neighborhood. He hoped to evade it, but it struck him down on the third day of his journey. Shivering and burning, he sweated it out in a dry ditch, listening to the death-owl screeching to the moon. In spite of the owl, he recovered, laid dock-leaf poultices on his sores, and trudged on through the shortening days. He knew he was nearing Bourrasque when he met an old acquaintance, Grimbaud, one of the working fairies, who was setting a snare. From him he heard how the peasants were dying and the palace starving. He inquired after Lady Fidès. Grimbaud tapped his forehead





with two fingers. He could say nothing of Grive.

He rose in the air and was gone, lost in the winter dusk.

"Starving, are you?" Gobelet shouted after him. "No worse than I. And you can whisk off on your wings. No limping on a stiff knee for you." He felt a sudden consuming hatred for the whole fairy race. He took a couple of steps, caught his foot in the snare, and fell, wrenching his knee. It was his good knee. He crawled away on all fours, and made a bracken hut, where he spent a miserable week nursing his knee, changing and unchanging his mind, and listening to the kites mewling in the fog. In the end he decided to go forward. There was nothing to be got by it, but not to finish his wasteful journey would be worse waste. To look at Bourrasque and turn away would clear the score.

The fog lifted and there it was—larger than he remembered, and darker. The gates stood open. A long procession was winding up the hillside, the piper going ahead. The Queen must be dead at last! It was odd that so many wagons, loaded with so much baggage, should be part of the funeral train. But no doubt, freed from her tyranny, the court would bury her and go on to being better fed elsewhere. He watched the procession out of sight, stared at the smokeless chimneys, and renounced Bourrasque, which he had come such a long journey to renounce. As he was turning away, it occurred to him that he owed himself a keepsake,

and that one of Lady Fidès' birds would do. He limped on, and entered the palace by the familiar gully where the waste water flowed away. The east pavilion was stripped bare. He remembered other things he had admired and went in search of them. Some furniture remained in the emptied rooms—gaunt beds with no hangings, cabinets with doors hanging open. Meeting his reflection in a mirror, he started back as if it accused him of trespassing. He was hurrying away when he saw Grive lying in a corner.

THERE was time to remember all this during Grive's convalescence, when the excitement of winning him back to life was over and the triumphs of stealing provisions from the homes of the dead had dulled into routine. He compared Grive's lot with his own: no one had tended him in his ditch, and never for a moment had he supposed it better to be dead than alive. What succor would a dying Grive have got from a dead Gobelet? The comparison was sharpened because the living Gobelet was afraid. The survivors outside the walls railed against the palace people, who had done nothing for them, feasted while they starved, danced while they were dying, deserted them. If this angry remnant invaded the palace—and certainly it would—Grive and he would be done for.

They got away as smoothly as they did in their serial story. It was a clear frosty night, a following wind helped them uphill, and in the morning they

took their last look at Bourrasque, where the villagers, small and busy as ants, were dragging corpses to the plague pit.

With that morning Gobelet began the happiest epoch of his life. As nearly as possible, he became a fairy. He lost all sense of virtue and responsibility and lived by pleasures—pell-mell pleasures, contrived, unforeseen: a doubled rainbow, roasting a hedgehog. And, as if he shared the hardness and resilience of those who live for pleasure, he was immune to cold and weariness, and felt like a man half his age. Grive had made an instant and unashamed recovery. Most of the time he was high overhead, circling while Gobelet walked, sailing on the wind, flying into clouds and reappearing far above them. From time to time he dived down to report what he had seen. There was a morass ahead, so Gobelet must bear to the left. Another storm was coming up, but if Gobelet hurried he would reach a wood in time to take shelter. He had seen a likely farm where Gobelet could beg a meal. He had seen a celandine.

A day later there were a thousand celandines. The swallows would not be long behind them, remarked Gobelet: swallows resort to celandines to clear their eyesight after spending the winter sunk in ponds; they plunge in, all together, and lie under the mud. All together, they emerge. What proves it is that you never see a swallow till the celandines are in bloom. On the contrary, Grive said, swallows



"The guy just ahead of me got the last Sunday 'Times.'"

fly south and spend the winter in some warmer climate where they have plenty of flies to prey on. This had been one of Lady Fidès' crazy ideas: no one at Bourrasque credited it, for why should birds fly to a foreign shore and encounter such dangers and hardships on the way when they could winter comfortably in a pond?

Grive and Gobelet were still disputing this when the swallows came back, twirling the net of their shadows over the grass. By then it was hot enough to enjoy shade. They moved away from the uplands, and lived in wooded country, listening to nightingales. Grive had never heard a nightingale. It was like the celandines—the first single nightingale, so near that he saw its eye reflecting the moonlight, and the next day thousands, chorus rivalling chorus; for they sang in bands and, contrary to the poets, by day as well as by night. Fairies, he said, were far inferior to birds. They have no song; nothing comes out of them but words and a few contrived strains of music from professional singers. Birds surpass them in flight, in song, in

plumage. They build nests; they rear large families. No fairy drummer could match a woodpecker, no fairy militia maneuver like a flock of lapwings, no fairy comedian mimic like a starling.

He spoke with such ardor that it would not do to contradict him, though privately Gobelet thought that if Grive could not sing like a nightingale he could praise as fluently and with more invention. Grive was as much in love with birds as ever Lady Fidès had been, but without the frenzy which made her throw the lark pie out of the window. Which was fortunate, as there were many days when the choice of a meal lay between pignuts and an unwary quail spatchcocked. He left provisioning to Gobelet; whether it was begged, stolen, caught, Grive found everything delicious, and sauced by eating it with his fingers. In other respects he was master. It was part of Gobelet's happiness that this was so.

ALL this time they were moving eastward. It was in the Haute-Loire that Grive suddenly became aware of bats. As the narrow valley—

scarcely wider than the river with its bankside alders—brimmed with dusk, bats were everywhere, flying so fast and so erratically that it was hard to say whether there were innumerable bats or the same bats in a dozen places at once. As birds surpass fairies, he said, bats surpass birds. They were the magicians of flight. With a flick, they could turn at any angle, dart zigzag above the stream, flicker in and out of the trees, be here, be gone, never hesitate, never collide. They were flight itself. Trying to fly among them he was as clumsy as a goose. They did not trouble to scatter before him; they were already gone.

The valley was cold at night, and stones fell out of the hillside. It seemed to Gobelet that wherever he went a fox was watching him. If it had not been for Grive's delight in the bats, he would have been glad to move on.

Instead, he set himself to catch a bat. He had seen it done in his childhood; it was not difficult. He took the bat to Grive. Daylight had meekened it. It let itself be examined, its oiled-silk wings drawn out, its hooked claws scrutinized, its minute weight poised in the hand. It was, said Grive, exactly like Queen Alionde—the same crumpled teats, the same pert face. But verminous, said Gobelet loyally. Grive said that if fairies did not wash they would be verminous; he had read in a book that the fairies of Ireland are renowned for the lice in their long hair.

He looked more closely at the bat, then threw it away. It staggered and vanished under a bush. As though a spell had snapped, he said that they must start at once.

He flew ahead, shielding his eyes from the sun to see more clearly. Circling to allow time for Gobelet to catch up, he felt an impatient pity for the old man scrambling up hillsides, gaining a ridge only to see another ridge before him, obstinate as a beetle, and as slow. Gobelet thought he was making fine speed; they had never travelled so fast since the wind blew

them uphill on their first morning. It was not till they sat together on the summit of the last ridge that Grive relaxed and became conversational. They sat above a heat haze. Beneath and far away was the glimmer of a wide river. He heard Grive's wings stir as if he were about to launch himself toward it, but instead he rolled over on the turf and said, "Tonight we will sup on olives." And he told Gobelet that the river was the Rhone, wide and turbulent, but crossed by a bridge built by pigeons. All they had to do now was to follow it, and then bear eastward. "Where to?" asked Gobelet. "To the sea." All Gobelet's happiness in being mastered (it had been a little jolted by that abrupt departure from the bat valley) flowed back. More than ever before he acknowledged the power and charm of a superior mind.

Later on, when they were walking over the great bridge of Saint-Esprit, he remembered Grive's statement. It seemed to his commonsense thinking that not even eagles, let alone pigeons, could have carried those huge stones and bedded them so firmly in the bellowing currents. He had to bellow himself to express his doubts. Grive repeated that pigeons had done it; they were the architects and overseers, though for the heavier work they might have employed mortals.

For the work of provisioning their journey he still employed Gobelet. They were now among Provençal speakers, but the beggar's tune is the same in all languages, theft is speechless, and bargaining can be conducted by signs and grimaces. Gobelet managed pretty well. One evening he begged from a handsome bona roba (light women were always propitious), who laughed at his gibberish, put money in his hand, ogled Grive, and pointed to an inn. They sat down under an awning, the innkeeper brought bread and olives and poured wine into heavy tumblers. Grive had just begun to drink when he leaped up with a scream, dropped the tumbler, and began frantically defending himself with his hands. A sphinx moth had flown into his face and was fluttering about him. The innkeeper came up with a napkin, smacked the moth to the ground, and trod on it. On second thought, he made the sign of the cross over Grive.

Gobelet was ashamed at this exhibition of terror. Grive, being a fairy, was not. Trying to better things, Gobelet said it was an alarmingly large moth—as big as a bat. Had Grive thought it was a bat?

"An omen!" gasped Grive, as soon

as he could unclench his teeth. "An omen!"

THAT night they slept under a pine tree. The moth hunted Gobelet from dream to dream; the stir of the tree in the dawn wind was like the beating of enormous black wings. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. Grive was sleeping like a child, and woke in calm high spirits. After his usual morning flight, when he soared and circled getting his direction, they continued their journey. Of all the regions they had travelled through, this was the pleasantest, because it was the most sweet-smelling. Even in the heat of the day (and it was extremely hot,

being late August) they were refreshed by wafts of scent: thyme, wild lavender and marjoram, bay and juniper. There was no need to beg or steal; figs, olives, and walnuts were theirs for the picking. Here and there they saw cities, but they skirted them. Here and there mountains rose sharply from the plain, but there was no need to climb them; they appeared, threatened, and were left behind. The only obstacle they met in these happy days was a fierce torrent, too deep to ford till they came to a pebble reach, where it spread into a dozen channels. It was here that Grive had his adventure with the doves. They were abbatial doves, belonging to a house of monks who lived



"I closed a three-hundred-thousand-dollar export deal. You had Mrs. Muncie polish all the silver. I see we both had a productive day."

retired from the world with the noise of the torrent always in their ears. Grive saw the doves sitting demurely on the platforms of their dovecote. He made a quick twirling flight to entertain them, and as he alighted waved his hand toward them. They came tumbling out of their apertures and settled on his raised arm. He stood for a while talking to them, then shook them off. As if they were attached to him by some elastic tether, they flew back and settled again. He cast them off, they returned. He walked on, they rode on him. He flew and they flew after him, and settled on him when he returned to earth. "Make yourself invisible," said Gobelet. "That will fox them." He did so. The doves stayed where they were, placidly roo-cooing. Gobelet clapped his hands, Grive pranced and rolled on the ground; nothing dislodged them, till a bell rang and a monk came out shaking grain in a measure. They looked startled, and flew back to be fed.

Grive was pleased but unastonished. It was natural, he said; a matter of affinity. The doves felt his affection flow toward them and had responded. He tried the experiment again, with plovers, with fieldfares. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it did not. Once he fetched down a kestrel from the height of its tower. It landed on him, screaming with excitement, and drew blood with its talons. Flock after flock of birds streamed overhead, flying high up; but he had no power over these, they were migrants bent on their journey. One morning he came down from his prospecting flight, having caught sight of the sea, lying beyond a territory of marsh and glittering waterways. Travelling east of south they skirted another city, another mountain. There was a change in the quality of the light, and large birds, flying with effortless ease and not going anywhere in particular, swooped over the landscape; and were seagulls.

"When we get to the sea, what shall we do then?" Gobelet hoped the answer would speak of repose, of sitting and looking around them, as they had done in the spring.

"Find a ship going to Africa. And that reminds me, Gobelet, we must have money for the passage." He snuffed the air. "That's the sea. Do you smell it? That's the sea." Gobelet smelled only dust and oleanders and a dead lizard. But he had an un instructed nose; he had read no books to tell him what the sea smelled like.

TWO days later he felt he had never smelled anything but the sea, nor would ever smell anything

else, and that the smell of the sea was exactly paralleled by the melancholy squawking cry of the seagulls. He sat on a bollard and rubbed his knee. It pained him as much as it did when he was turned out of Bourrasque. Grive had flown so fast that morning, and paused so impatiently, that he had had to run to keep up with him. The port town was noisy, crowded, and lavish, and ended suddenly in the mournfulness of the quays and the towering array of ship beside ship. In all his inland life Gobelet had never seen anything so intimidating. Their hulls were dark and sodden, their slackened sails hung gawkily, they sidled and shifted with the stir of the water. Black and shabby, they were like a row of dead crows dangling from a farmer's gibbet. At the back of his mind was another comparison: the degraded blackness of the sphinx moth after the innkeeper had smacked it down and trodden on it. In one of these he must be imprisoned and carried to Africa, where there would be black men, and elephants. Yet it depended on him whether they went or no, for he must steal for their passage money. He had never felt less like stealing in his life. A cold and stealthy sense of power ran through him. And a moment later he saw Grive coming toward him and knew he had no power at all. Grive had found a ship which was sailing to Africa tomorrow at midday. He had talked to her captain; everything was arranged. Presently they would take a stroll through the town, prospecting likely places for Gobelet's thieving. But first Gobelet must come and admire the ship. She was a magnificent ship, the swiftest vessel on the Inland Sea, and for that reason she was called the Sea-Swallow.

"The Sea-Swallow, Gobelet. You and your ponds!"

He walked Gobelet along the quays with an arm round his neck. A swirl of gulls flew up from a heap of fish guts; he held out his other arm and they settled on it, contesting for foothold. He waved them off and they came back again and settled, as determinedly as the doves had done, but not so peaceably as the doves. They squabbled, edged each other away, fell off and clawed their way back. The Sea-Swallow was at the end of the

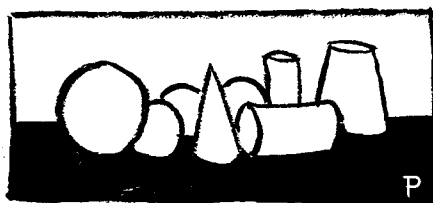
line. The crew was already making ready for departure, coiling ropes, clearing the decks, experimentally raising the tarred sails. With one arm still around Gobelet and the other stretched out under its load of gulls, Grive stood questioning the captain with the arrogant suavity of one bred to court life. With the expression of someone quelled against his reason, the captain answered him with glum civility, and stared at Gobelet. Asserting himself, he said that anyone happening to die during the voyage must not look for Christian burial. He would be dropped in the sea, for no sailors would tolerate a corpse on board; it was certain to bring ill luck. Of course, said Grive. What could be more trouble-saving?

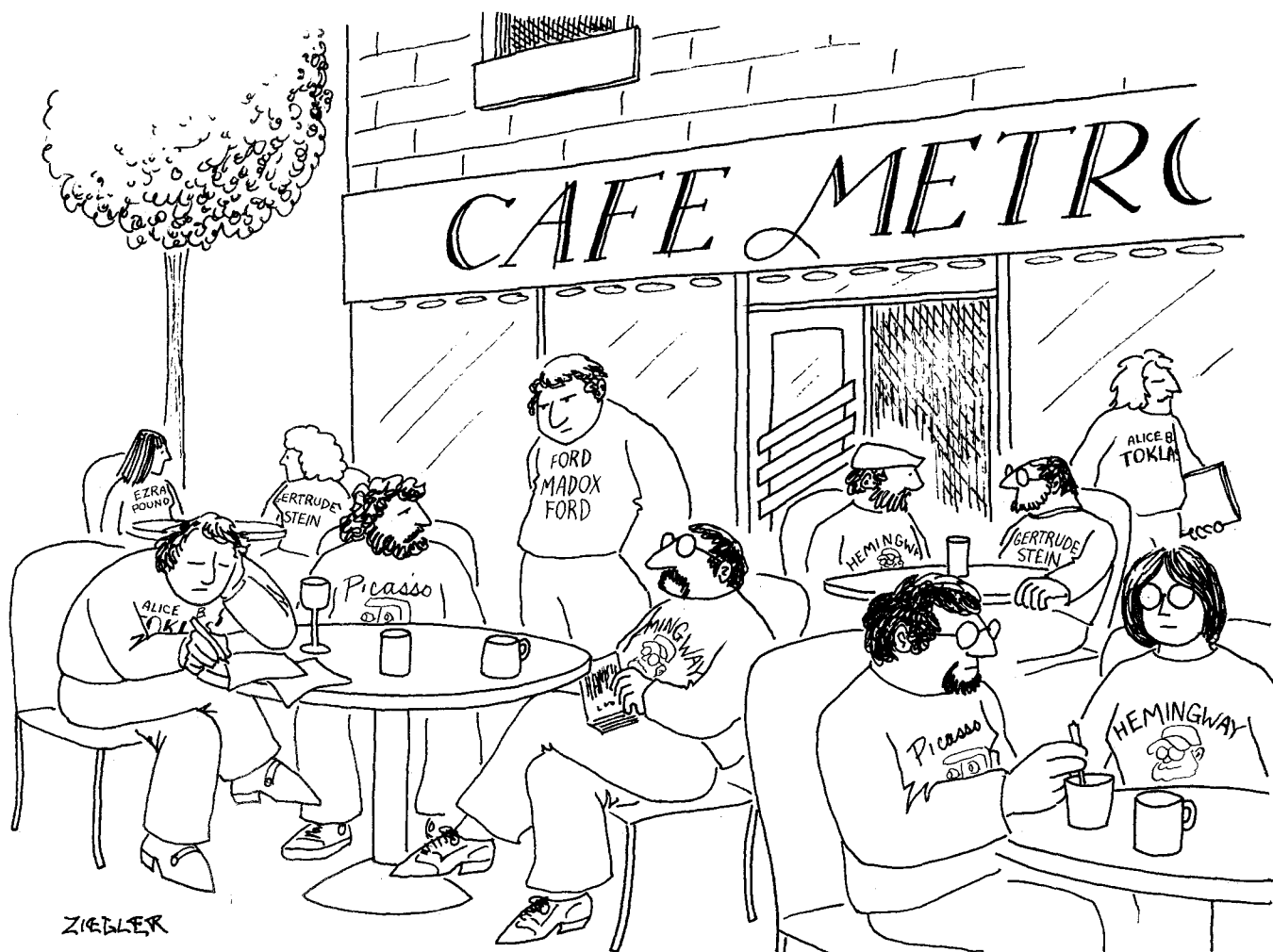
He shook off the seagulls, and they went for a stroll through the town. It wasn't promising. The wares were mostly cheap and gaudy, sailor's stuff, and the vendors were beady-eyed and alert. Grive continued to say that a gold chain with detachable links would be the most convenient and practical theft. A begging friar stood at a corner, and a well-dressed woman coming out of church paused, opened her purse, and dropped a gold coin into his tray. Grive vanished, and a moment later the coin vanished too. Gobelet felt himself nudged into a side street, where Grive rematerialized.

They had supper at an inn, eating grandly in an upper room, whence they could watch the shipmasts sidling and the gulls floating in the sky. The wine was strong, and Grive became talkative and slightly drunk. Gobelet forgot his fatigue and disillusionment in the pleasure of listening to Grive's conversation. Much of it was over his head, but he felt he would never forget it, and by thinking it over would understand it later on. The noise of the port died down, voices and footsteps thinned away; the sighing and creaking of the ships took over. They found a garden on the outskirts—garden or little park, it was too dark to tell—and slept there.

THE next morning, all that remained was to acquire the gold chain with detachable links. Grive had displayed such natural talents for theft that Gobelet suggested they should go together. But he was sent off by himself; Grive had a headache and wanted to sit quietly under the trees.

The gold chain was so clear in Gobelet's mind that he felt sure of finding it. It would be in one of the side streets, a shop below street level with steps down into it, the shopkeeper an old man. When he had located the chain, he would walk in and ask to be





shown some rings. None would quite do, so the shopkeeper would go off to find others. With the chain in his pocket, he would consider, say he would come again, and be gone—walking slowly, for haste looks suspicious. In one of the side streets there was just such a shop, and looking through the lattice he saw gold buttons that would serve as well or better. But the chain was so impressed on his mind that he wandered on, and when he began to grow anxious and went back for the buttons he could not find the side street. Blinded with anxiety, he hurried up and down, was caught in a street market, collided with buyers and sellers. A marketwoman whose basket of pears he knocked over ran after him demanding to be paid for them. He dived into the crowd, saw a church before him, rushed in, and fell panting on his knees. Looking up, he saw the very chain before him, dangling within reach, from the wrist of a statue. A ceremony was just over, the congregation was leaving, but some still dawdled, and a beadle was going about with a broom, sweeping officiously round Gobelet's heels. There hung the chain, with everything hanging on it. There he knelt, with every minute

banging in his heart. When at last he was alone, he found that the chain was fastened to the statue; he had to take his teeth to it. He burst through the knot of women gossiping round the holy-water stoup, and ran. The usual misfortune of strangers befell him; he was lost. Sweat poured down his face, his breathing sawed his lungs. When he emerged on the quay, it was at the farther end from the Sea-Swallow. He had no breath to shout with, no strength to run with. His legs ran, not he.

Grive was standing on the quay. The Sea-Swallow had hoisted anchor and was leaving the port. A rope ladder had been pulled up, the gap of water between her and the quayside was widening. Grive shouted to the captain to wait. The captain spat ceremonially, and the crew guffawed.

Grive leaped into the air. As the sailors scrambled to catch him and pull him on board he spread his wings and vanished. A throng of screaming gulls followed him as he flew up to the crow's nest, and more and more flocked round and settled, and more and more came flying and packed round those who had settled, all screaming, squalling, lamenting, pecking each

other, pecking at him. Blood ran through their breast feathers, their beaks were red with blood. The ship was free of the port, her mainsails were hoisted and shook in the wind. The exploding canvas could not be heard, nor the shouts of the sailors, nor the captain's speaking trumpet. The ship moved silent as a ghost under her crown of beating wings and incessant furious voices. She caught the land breeze, staggered under it, heeled over and recovered herself. The people who stood on the quay watching this unusual departure saw the gulls slip in a mass from the crow's nest and fly down to the water's face. There they gathered as if on a raft. Their raft was sucked into the ship's wake and they dispersed. The onlookers saw the old man who had stood a stranger among them pull something bright from his pocket, drop it into the dirty clucking water, and turn weeping away.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

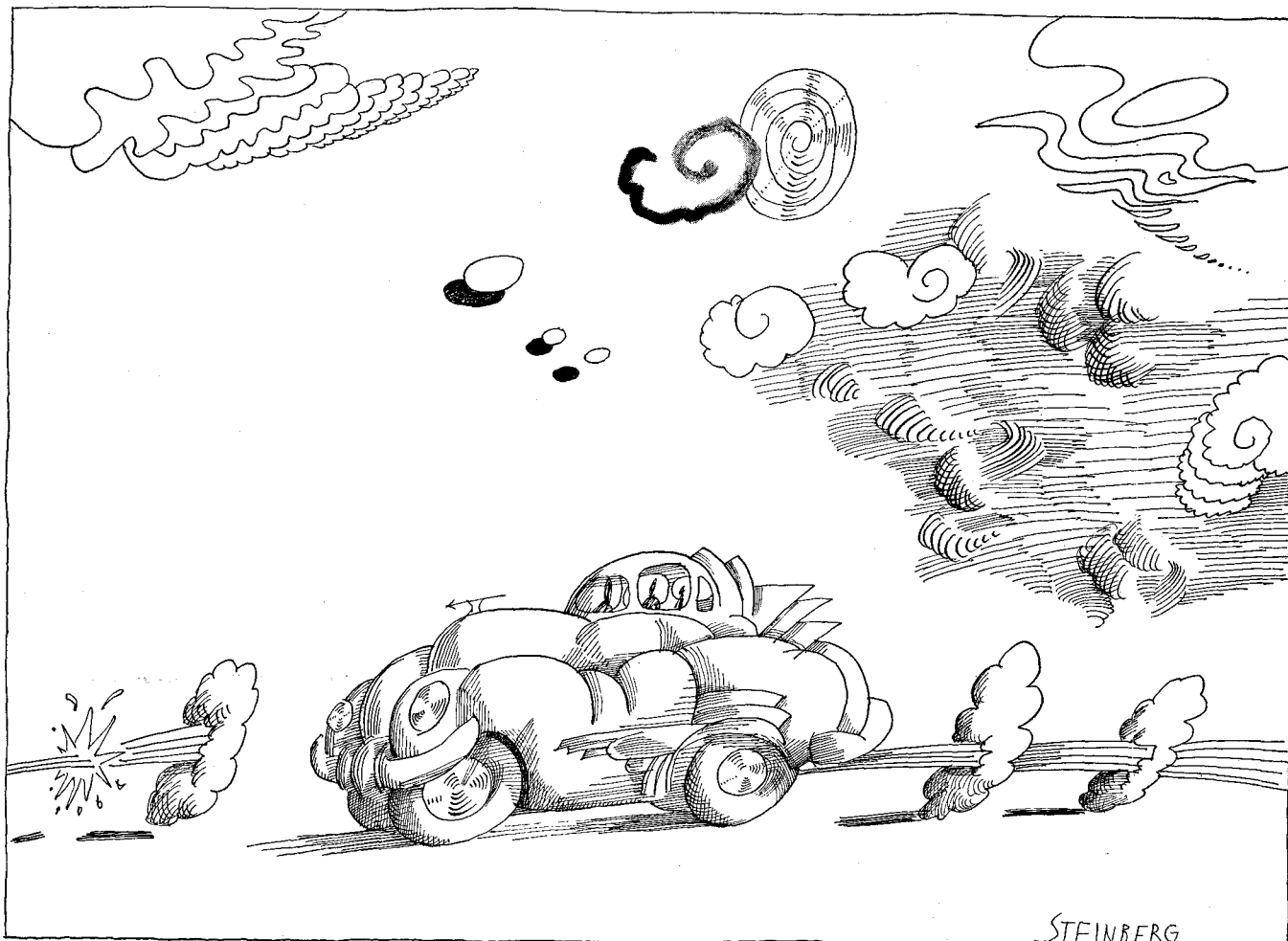
The outer lobby has been enlarged and is separated from the main banking floor by rosewood panels and glass.—*Eastern Banker, Philadelphia.*

That'll keep *them* in their place!

ANNALS OF POLITICS

THE POWER BROKER

IV—POINT OF NO RETURN



MOSES AND HIS EMPIRE

WITH his power, Robert Moses not only shaped New York City but built himself an empire. The capital of this empire was out of public sight—a squat gray building crouching so unobtrusively below the Randall's Island toll plaza of the Triborough Bridge that most of the motorists who drove past the toll booths never knew that the building existed. And most of them were ignorant also of the existence of the empire. But men who were interested in the geography of power were very aware of its existence. They realized that although theoretically it was only a creature of the city and the state, it had in fact become an autonomous sovereign entity. And, realizing that although its outward form was a loose confederation of public authorities and parks agencies, it was actually a tightly administered monarchy, these men described it with a single name, derived from the bridge that was its centerpiece: "Triborough."

Anyone who doubted Triborough's

autonomy had only to look at its trappings. The empire had its own flag and great seal, distinctive license plates, and a self-contained communications network—an elaborate teletype hookup that linked the gray building with the provincial capitals, at Belmont Lake, on Long Island, and at Massena and Niagara, upstate. It even had its own island, on which it administered every structure and every inch of land. Randall's Island was near the geographic center of New York, but the waters of the East River, Bronx Kill, and Hell Gate were a moat between it and the city, and from the air the island, with its hundreds of acres of lawn, appeared separate—a bright-green oasis, sharply defined by a blue border, in the midst of the city's vast grayness. And the separateness was more than symbolic: no inhabitant of New York could drive across Randall's Island to reach other parts of the city without paying tribute in coin to Triborough.

Triborough had its own fleets, of yachts and motorcars and trucks, and its own uniformed army, of six hun-

dred men—Bridge and Tunnel Officers, who guarded its toll booths, and revolver-carrying Long Island State Parkway troopers, who patrolled its suburban parks and roads, responsible to no discipline but that of Robert Moses. To command the army, under Moses, it had its own generals and admirals—senior officers of the United States Army and Navy who, upon retirement, took service under its banner. It had its own constitution—the covenants, unalterable by city, state, or federal government, of its bond resolutions. It governed by its own laws—the Rules and Regulations, harsher by far than comparable statutes of democracies, which it promulgated to regulate every aspect of conduct by the public within its dominions. And, most significantly, it had its own source of revenue—the quarters and dimes that poured in a silver stream into its long rows of toll booths.

It was a vast empire, comprising four public authorities (Triborough, Jones Beach, Bethpage, and State Power) and the New York City Parks

Department, the Long Island State Park Commission, and the State Council of Parks. In 1960, the year of its furthest expansion, the land area under its direct control—the parks of Long Island and New York City, the highways and highway-bordering playgrounds over which it had authority, and the enclaves surrounding the upstate power dams—totalled 103,071 acres, or a hundred and sixty-one square miles: an area half as large as New York City, and larger than the District of Columbia, the Republic of San Marino, or the independent principality of Monaco or of Liechtenstein. Its army was part of a work force of 13,548 that the empire employed directly; and another thirty thousand men, employed by contractors paid by Triborough, worked on its construction projects. But the best measure of the size of the empire was the dimensions of its wealth; its annual income—the toll-booth revenue, the fees it received for the use of electricity produced at the State Power Authority hydraulic-power complexes at Massena and Niagara, the yearly budgets of its parks agencies—ran as high as two hundred and thirteen million dollars; the surplus of just one of its public authorities, the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, ran to almost thirty million dollars a year.

The court of this empire lived in luxury. Favored secretaries, for example, had not only bigger cars than city commissioners (with round-the-clock chauffeurs, so that they could be on call twenty-four hours a day) but also higher salaries. As for the men closest to the throne, the cadre of Triborough administrators known as “Moses men,” not even Moses’ most suspicious critics ever came close to guessing the extent of the wealth he poured into their hands. Triborough’s ruler, utterly uninterested in riches for himself, made not a handful of men but scores—a low-salaried draftsman who caught his eye, a struggling young hot-dog seller, architects, engineers, contractors, bankers, restaurateurs, concessionaires, developers—millionaires and multimillionaires.

If Moses created an empire, he roamed it in imperial style. His car, the most luxurious that Detroit could provide, stood at his call day and night; to insure that it would, he had not one but three personal chauffeurs. Of the tens of thousands of cars that passed daily through the empire’s toll booths, that car alone did not stop. (When a new director of public safety was appointed for the empire, he was briefed by Sidney M. Shapiro, a Moses aide: every-

one else whose car was granted free passage—the governor, the mayor, even the police and Moses’ top aides—was required to swerve out of line and outside the booths, so as not to complicate the treadle count. “Only one car goes through,” Shapiro said.) And when the big black limousine with the row of shields on its bumper and the license plate 2000 roared through, not even slowing down, the police lieutenant or captain in charge at the toll plaza would hastily pick up his telephone—as hastily as the state trooper miles down the road, seeing the long black limousine loom out of the distance, would reach for his radio microphone—to keep the empire’s capital on Randall’s Island apprised, minute by minute and mile by mile, of its ruler’s progress. Urgent messages could be delivered to Moses at the next toll booth. If, in reply, he wanted to make a call—he would not allow a telephone in his car—his chauffeur would pull in at the

next police barracks, and troopers would spring up to escort him to a phone. His every wish was foreseen. On Sundays, when he rested, one of the boat captains who took turns skippering his favorite yacht waited by a telephone, sometimes for the entire day, just in case he might decide to go fishing. Like an emperor, he preferred his own table; people who wanted to dine with Moses had to come to him. And to insure that he could entertain them on an imperial scale, luxurious dining rooms were set up adjacent to the three offices—one at Randall’s Island, one at Belmont Lake, and one in downtown Manhattan—among which he divided his time. Although only one of the dining rooms would be used at a time, each was equipped with a full-time staff of chef and waiters. Luncheons were just one aspect of his hospitality. When a dam or a park was to be opened upstate, chartered planes flew hundreds of guests to a whole weekend of lavish



“Could you please take this back? My boss just invited me to Benihana.”

FOX

Driving fast down the country roads.
To a committee. A class.
When I stop for gas, a highway patrolman tells me
one of my lights is out.
Then he drives off to take up his position
behind a bush at the bottom of the hill
to wait for speeders.

Yesterday, a snake, black & green, coiled
down by the railroad tracks.
His mouth bloody, he moved slowly,
he looked like he was dying.
Boats being pulled up out of the water.
The dog ran into the lake
after the sticks the children threw,
And stood looking back at me from the gold water.

On TV, the faces of the captured Israeli pilots.
Syrian film of Israeli planes crashing,
martial music. The patrolman crouched behind the bush,
the mouth of the snake, hard & red,
his green-black body without ease,
a bent stick by him, as if maybe
a child had beaten him with it, maybe the same
child throwing sticks to the dog in the water.

Hurrying through Wisconsin.
Hundreds of black birds tossed up
from a cornfield, turning away. Arab or Israeli?
The man in the parked patrol car,
the sticks rushing, falling through the air.
County Road Q, County Road E.
The committee meeting, waiting for me.

The fox! It is a fox! It is a red fox!
I slow up. He is in the road.
I slow. He moves into the grass, but not far.
He doesn't seem that afraid.
Look, look! I say to the white dog behind me.
Look, Snow Dog, a fox! He doesn't see him.
And this fox. What he does now is
go a little further, & turn, & look at me.
I am braked, with the engine running, looking at him.

I say to him, Fox—you Israeli or Arab?
You are red; whose color is that?
Was it you brought blood
to the mouth of the snake? The patrolman
is waiting, the dog standing
in the gold water. Would you

run fetch, what would you
say to my students? He looks at me.

And I say, So go off, leave us, over
the edge of that hill, where we shan't see you.
Go on—as the white she-wolf can't,
who goes up & down, up & down
against her bars all day,
all night maybe.

Be fox for all of us, those in zoos,
in classrooms, those on committees,
neither Assistant Fox nor Associate Fox
but Full Fox, fox with tenure, runner
on any land, owner of nothing, anywhere,
fox beyond all farmers,
fox neither Israeli nor Arab,
fox the color of the fall & the hill.

And you, O fellow with my face,
do this for me: one day
come back to me, to my door,
show me my own crueller face, my face
as it really cruelly is, beyond what

a committee brings out in me, or the woman
I love when I have to leave her.
But no human hand, fox untouched, fox
among the apples & barns, O call out
in your own fox-voice through the air over Wisconsin
that is full of the falling
Arab & Israeli leaves, red, red,
locked together, falling, in spirals, burning . . .

be a realler, cleaner thing,
no snake with a broken body, no bent stick,
no patrolman crouched behind a bush
with bloody mouth, no stick thrown,
no beloved tamed dog in the water . . .

And let us pull up now out of the water
the boats, & call the leaves home
down out of the air, Arab or Israeli;
& you, my real red fox in Wisconsin,
as I let out the clutch & leave you,
you come back that time, be cruel then,
teach me your fox-stink even, more than now, as I
hurry, kind & fragrant, into committee,
& the leaves falling, red, red.
And the fox runs on.

—MICHAEL DENNIS BROWNE

receptions. In New York, highly paid Triborough officials had as their chief duty the entertainment of Moses' guests. They conducted tours of the empire, pointing out its principal natural features—the towers of the Triborough Bridge, marching like the façades of twin cathedrals across the East River, the long lawns of Riverside Park—and repeating at each monument the legend, burnished by time and constant retelling, of how Robert Moses had created it. And Moses'

thousands of personal guests at the summer capital of the empire, Jones Beach, were entertained on an imperial scale—in a million-and-a-half-dollar restaurant, whose main purpose, to judge from its financial statements, was to entertain them, and in a four-million-dollar amphitheatre that Moses had turned over to his favorite band-leader, Guy Lombardo, virtually as a gift, and on which Lombardo reaped immense personal profits.

The wealth of the empire enabled

Moses to keep many city officials in fear. With it he hired skilled investigators he called "bloodhounds," who spent their time filling dossiers. Every city official knew about those dossiers, and they knew what use Moses was capable of making of them, for the empire's wealth allowed him to create an awesomely efficient public-relations machinery. They had seen him dredge up secrets from men's pasts and turn them into glaring headlines. On the occasion of Paul Screvane's appoint-

ment as city liaison to the 1964-65 World's Fair, of which Moses was president, Mayor Robert Wagner leaned toward Screvane and said earnestly, "Paul, my experience with Moses has taught me one lesson, and I'll tell it to you. I would never let him do anything for me in any way, shape, or form. I'd never ask him, or *per-mit* him, to do anything of a personal nature for me, because—and I've seen it time and time again—a day will come when Bob will reach back in his file and throw this in your face, quietly if that will make you go along with him, publicly otherwise. And if he has to he will destroy you with it." Screvane admired—"idolized"—would scarcely be too strong a word—Moses. He was loath to believe Wagner's warning. But, he recalls, during a series of battles in the Fair executive committee, "I saw it happen time and time again. Bob Moses has these files. On at least twenty separate occasions when we were on the same side, I would say about someone, 'I don't think he'll go along,' and Bob would say, 'Well, God damn it, he'd *better* go along! If he doesn't go along, I'll destroy the son of a bitch!' And he'd call for a file, and he would begin to quote chapter and verse. And, sure enough, the fellow would go along."

Moses dealt with the city not as one of its commissioners but as a sovereign prince. Early in his career, he initiated the practice of sending ambassadors to Board of Estimate meetings instead of appearing himself. Face-to-face parleys with the city's mayor were frequently unavoidable, but, to make clear that he was as independent of the mayor's authority as he was of the Board's, Moses often refused to journey to the seat of the mayor's power, City Hall.

MOSES AND LA GUARDIA

MAYOR FIORELLO LA GUARDIA mastered New York City as no one since Peter Stuyvesant had mastered it. Roaming his domain in person, like Harun al-Rashid, he suddenly ap-

peared on lines in front of municipal lodging houses, checking on the treatment of the luckless, or in police precinct houses, employing the mayoralty's theretofore unused magisterial powers to mete out swift punishment to arrested gamblers. Doffing his big Stetson for the helmet of a fire chief, he dashed to fires to make "personal inspections," from which he emerged covered with soot, and he once groped through smoke and flames to the side of two firemen pinned under a collapsed wall, and knelt by them whispering encouragement until they were freed. He raced to train wrecks in the sidecar of a police motorcycle, battered down doors at the head of police raiding parties, and snatched batons from conductors to lead bravura orchestra performances. (Conducting the Sanitation Department band at a special performance in Carnegie Hall, he instructed a stage manager, "Just treat me like Toscanini.") He mastered even the city's most unmasterable element—its government. When a Tammany alderman said, "It is the business of the *majority* to advance a constructive program," LaGuardia replied, with a grim smile, "In this administration, I am the majority." Sitting under the portraits of bewigged nineteenth-

century mayors, his horn-rimmed glasses pushed up on top of his head and his feet dangling, he went through his paperwork as rapidly as if he were dealing a deck of cards, tossing letters at three secretaries and shouting, "Say yes! Say no! Throw it away! Tell him to go to hell!"

LaGuardia was a bullying petty tyrant to subordinates—not only to his secretaries, who came to dread being summoned into his office and would sit sobbing at their desks when they came out, but also to his commissioners, the nonpartisan, nonpolitical experts whose presence in his administration he was constantly bragging about. Rexford G. Tugwell, who joined the administration as Planning Commission chairman, recalls bitterly, in his book "The Art of Politics," "He boasted to the newspapers [of] his appointees. . . . He did not say that he often treated his commissioners like dogs. . . . We soon discovered that we were expected to do a good deal of humiliating kowtowing, to give many of LaGuardia's favorites jobs, and to respect without question whatever capricious notions the Mayor might have about our work." The Mayor moved his desk to the far end of his thirty-one-foot-long office (the Blue Room,



"Beg pardon, sir, but I couldn't help noticing you were spiritually bereft."

which, because of its size, is ordinarily used for ceremonial functions), so that visitors would have a longer walk to reach him, and when a commissioner entered—usually after a heel-cooling period outside—the Mayor would often cover his face with his fingers and peer between them, so that, as the commissioner approached, all he could see of his boss's face was a pair of button-bright little eyes staring at him. A commissioner who displeased LaGuardia by inefficiency, or by showing even a hint of independence, would be abused as if he were a wayward child. And the abuse was not delivered in private: in his desk the Mayor kept a large, polished shank bone, and at intervals he would call his commissioners together so that in front of them all he could "award" it to the one who had pulled the biggest recent boner. Once, with a commissioner in his office, the Mayor summoned a secretary and berated her viciously for an imaginary mistake, just so that he could have the pleasure of concluding the tirade by shouting, "If you were any dumber, I'd make you a commissioner!"

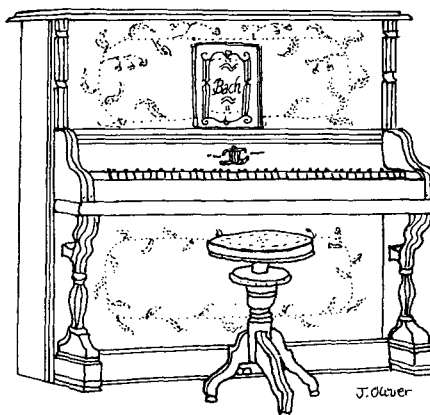
The Mayor's relationship with his Parks Commissioner was slightly different. Other commissioners might be made to cool their heels after answering a mayoral summons; when Moses was summoned, *he* would keep the *Mayor* waiting—showing up late, if he showed up at all. LaGuardia might browbeat other commissioners, but when the commissioner in the Mayor's office was Moses, the secretaries knew that if the Mayor's high-pitched voice began to pierce the door it would soon be joined, if not drowned out, by another, nasal and resonant. Men who happened to be sitting in LaGuardia's office during confrontations between the Mayor and Moses spoke of those confrontations with wonder thirty years later. "There would be scenes in the Mayor's office that I could hardly believe," Paul J. Kern, LaGuardia's first law secretary, said several years ago. Reuben A. Lazarus, whose expertise in bill-drafting, second only to Moses', had earned him the title "the walking library," witnessed many of the battles between the two men. "One time, Moses was threatening to do something—I don't recall what, exactly—to some other commissioner," Lazarus said once. "LaGuardia was pleading and pleading with him not to do it. He kept saying, 'Jesus, Bob, look at the trouble you're going to cause me.' Finally, Moses said, 'O.K., Major, I won't.' He left, and LaGuardia turned to me and said, 'Someday I'm going to hit that son of a bitch and knock him

through that door!'" Jack Madigan, who was Moses' most trusted engineering consultant and was often waiting outside City Hall in Moses' limousine during the Commissioner's meetings with the Mayor, says, "Moses would come out wild—just absolutely wild. He used to say to me, 'Do you know what that dago son of a bitch told me this morning?'" ("That dago son of a bitch," "that wop son of a bitch," and "that guinea son of a bitch" were three of Moses' epithets for LaGuardia during the Mayor's first term. In letters and to his face, Moses addressed him as "Major," a reference to LaGuardia's rank in the First World War. During his second term, LaGuardia banned organ grinders from the streets, and Moses thereupon began referring to him in private as "the little organ grinder." Later, he took to calling him "Rigoletto." LaGuardia, feeling that Moses' insistence on his own infallibility was comparable at least to an archbishop's, referred to Moses in private as "His Grace.")

LaGuardia was constantly severing commissioners' ties with his administration, or threatening to sever them, but when he dealt with Moses the shoe was on the other foot. The resignation threat was a heavily used weapon in Moses' running battle with the Mayor. It worked, as it worked with succeeding mayors, because LaGuardia knew that no one else could provide the physical accomplishments that his administration needed. The threats might be delivered in writing or by Moses himself in a face-to-face confrontation—just before he whirled on his heel and slammed out of the Mayor's office. When Moses walked out with a threat hanging in the air, "LaGuardia used to go over to the window and wait to see if Moses really left the building," Paul Windels, who served as corporation counsel under LaGuardia, once recalled. "And if Moses did, LaGuardia would quickly send someone from the office—a secretary or whoever was with him—after Moses

to try and stop him before he drove away, as if it were the secretary's idea and not his. . . . Then he'd stand by the window waiting to see what happened. After a while, it occurred to him that Moses could see him standing there and could see how anxious he was, so he had the lower panes of the window filled with one-way glass so he could look out but Moses couldn't see in."

Early in 1937, at the beginning of his fourth year in office, LaGuardia informed Moses that five thousand Works Progress Administration laborers assigned to Parks Department projects, including two thousand maintenance employees, would be reassigned that May, and five thousand men a month thereafter, so that work could begin on new, non-park projects. Moses replied that if he had to lay off men, some among them would be playground supervisors; some playgrounds would therefore have to be closed—a step sure to touch off a furious public reaction. About to leave by train for a national conference of mayors in Los Angeles, LaGuardia flatly ordered Moses not to close any playgrounds, threatening to fire him if he did. Moses defied the Mayor. While a Union Pacific Streamliner was speeding the Mayor across the country, the Parks Commissioner struck: he didn't take some of the two thousand men from playground duty—he took them *all*, and, with them, every piece of movable playground equipment, even the seats of the swings. And then he ordered the padlocking of a hundred and forty-two playgrounds. Telephoning frantically from a pay phone at each Union Pacific stop, LaGuardia ordered Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine to open the playgrounds—by force, if necessary. The police had to cut the locks when Moses refused to surrender the keys to Valentine, and though the play areas were technically open, the Parks Department was empowered by city regulations to hold on to the equipment it had removed, and the city's mothers, met by pistol-toting policemen instead of the familiar supervisory personnel, rallied behind the Parks Commissioner. When the Mayor came home, he was confronted by a sheaf of letters and petitions from a hostile public, to whom Moses had already taken his case. Lost in the tumult was the fact that it was the Parks Commissioner, not the Mayor, who had chosen that playground personnel instead of construction workers be dropped from the Parks Department payroll. The public outcry, fanned by the pro-Moses press, forced the Mayor to approve a Moses request for half a mil-



lion dollars so that the playgrounds could be properly supervised and the Parks Commissioner's construction projects could continue.

But if there was much in the characters of the two strong-willed, hot-tempered men to fan antipathy between them, there was also much to produce affection. For in many respects they were, at least for a while, fighting for the same cause. Against a panorama of politicians interested only in themselves, they stood out as two who were also interested in accomplishments that they believed would benefit others. Moses was, after all, not the only one of the two who was spending his evenings and his weekends driving endlessly around New York City trying to think of ways to make it more beautiful. Moses played on the Mayor's feeling for engineers and engineering. He was constantly pressing LaGuardia to accompany him on inspection tours of construction sites, and—with his great gift for words, his sense of drama, and his squads of engineers, who would follow the mayoral limousine in a second car so that they could leap out at a project site, elaborate artists' renderings in hand, and show the Mayor what the project would look like when it was completed—he made these tours wonderfully exciting to a man who, according to Paul Kern, “stood like a child in front of the simplest engineering feat.” If Moses was putting on one of the greatest engineering shows in history, he made sure that LaGuardia had a ringside seat. For example, on the day the twenty-two-hundred-ton vertical-lift span that constituted the Harlem River arm of the Triborough Bridge was to be set in place, the Mayor was standing on Randall's Island in the very shadow of the tower that, with its twin on the Manhattan shore, would hold the span. And when the span was finally set in place, he said breathlessly, “This is the most thrilling moment I have had since I became mayor. . . . I congratulate the authority, the engineers, the contractors, and every man who has had a part in this magnificent piece of work. Moments like this make up for many heartaches and disappointments.” The fact that Moses had never gone to engineering school—which astonished LaGuardia when he learned it—did not prevent the Mayor from gushing on several occasions, “Robert Moses is the greatest engineer in the country.”

MOSES AND THE UNITED NATIONS

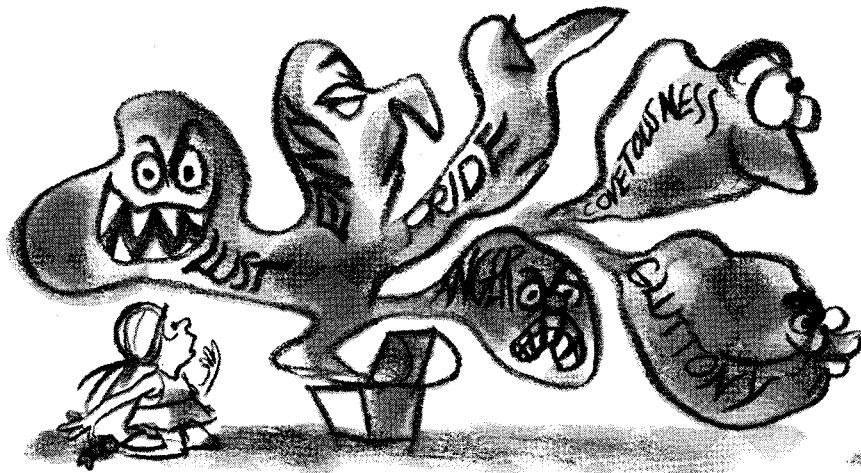
IN December of 1946, negotiations were under way to bring the United Nations headquarters to New York,



“Something tells me, Ferguson, that you’re not making me this offer because of my great big baby blues.”

and they weren't going well. The city had not come up with the money to get the project started or with a satisfactory midtown site. With a final decision by the U.N.'s Permanent Headquarters Committee due on Wednesday, December 11th, it seemed likely that New York would lose out to Philadelphia. On the sixth, a Friday, Mayor William O'Dwyer received a telephone call from William Zeckendorf. Zeckendorf, a real-estate wheeler-dealer on the grand scale, had for some months been secretly buying up property on midtown Manhattan's eastern shore, in an area of Turtle Bay that had been occupied since Civil War days by slaughterhouses, packing plants, and cattle pens. He had succeeded in acquiring an option to buy the heart of the area, a seventeen-acre tract bounded by Forty-second and Forty-ninth Streets and the East River Drive and First Avenue, for only six and a half million dollars, or seventeen dollars per square foot—a fraction of the price of most midtown real estate. He had planned to create a series of huge superblocks there, but plans and financing weren't completed, and the option was running out. He told the Mayor that he was willing to sell the tract, the largest one to become available in central New York in twenty years, to the U.N.

When O'Dwyer reported the offer to Secretary-General Trygve Lie, Lie's reaction was that “Turtle Bay . . . even now, could turn the tide.” There was still the problem of money. Zeckendorf recalled in his autobiography that the Mayor “ferverently” said that to keep the U.N. in New York “he'd give an arm, a leg, and various other parts of his body . . . but that none of them was particularly salable.” The Rockefellers were suggested as a source of the cash, perhaps because the family had once given the U.N.'s predecessor, the League of Nations, a large donation. But O'Dwyer had no entrée to the Rockefeller from whom at that time a gift of the necessary dimensions would have to come—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who had spent long days riding over the route of the Palisades Interstate Parkway with Robert Moses, who had worked closely with Moses in the construction of the Cloisters and a children's playground in Fort Tryon Park, and whose admiration for Moses was well known. “This is where Moses came in with Nelson Rockefeller, working on Mr. Rockefeller, his father,” O'Dwyer recalled later. There were endless details to be worked out: acquiring land that Zeckendorf didn't control, widening Forty-seventh Street to provide access to the site, deciding



whether city property should be included or excluded, obtaining a commitment for a federal gift for construction. And there was only a little more than four days—ninety-six hours—to work them out. When the gavel slammed down to call the U.N. Headquarters Committee into session on Wednesday morning, it would be too late.

But in ninety-six hours it was done. For every tangle that arose, Moses had a knife. Teams of lawyers were prepared to research for days the details of city surrender of East River bulkheads; Moses called in a secretary and dictated on the spot, without reference to a single law book, a memo setting out the method—a memo that lawyers later found to be correct down to the last comma. Legislative approval was needed for the city to close certain streets within the site and to give the land under them to complete the site; a few phone calls from Moses to Albany, and a guarantee of the permission was obtained. Late Tuesday night—only hours before the Headquarters Committee convened—Zeckendorf, who had taken no part in the discussions following his offer and did not know whether there was any chance of its being accepted, was celebrating a friend's birthday in a private dining room of a night club called the Monte Carlo, at Fifty-fourth Street and Madison Avenue. Wallace K. Harrison, a distinguished architect and an intimate of the Rockefeller family, walked in with a block-by-block map of the site bulging from his jacket pocket, sat down at the table, tried to assume an air of nonchalance, failed, and blurted out, "Would you sell it for eight and a half million?" Zeckendorf said yes, and the next morning at ten-thirty, as he sat in his office nursing a hangover, the phone rang and he heard Nelson Rockefeller say, "We've been up all night patching

up the details, but it's going to work. The old man is going to give that eight and a half million dollars to the U.N., and they're going to take your property. . . . See you soon . . . Good-bye." Within three days, the General Assembly accepted New York's proposal.

MOSES AND O'DWYER

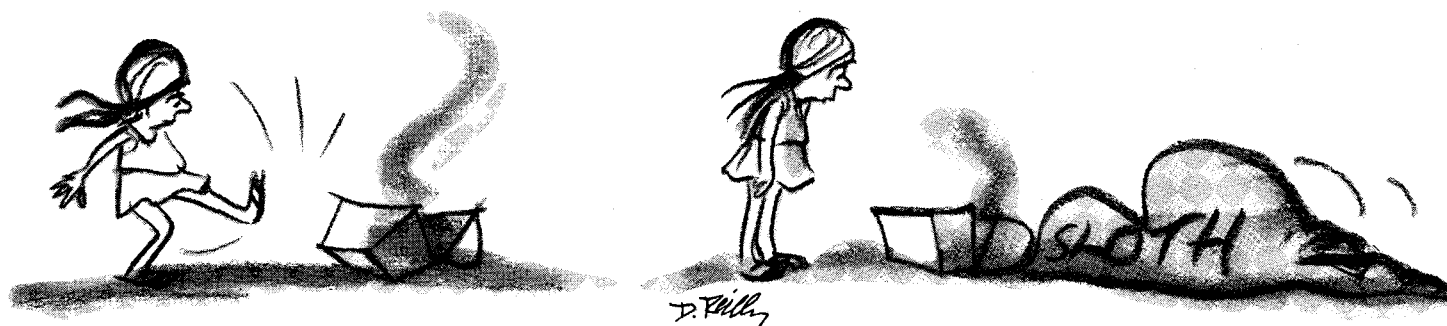
MOSES often used the power of money to discipline mayors, as he did in the case of Mayor O'Dwyer and the proposed Mid-Manhattan Expressway. On December 30, 1949, the Board of Estimate authorized the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, of which Moses was chairman, to apply in the name of the city for federal funds to study the "most feasible plan" for an express crossing of the middle of Manhattan. On June 2, 1950, Mayor O'Dwyer announced that Triborough's study had been completed; that it had "proved" the most feasible plan to be an elevated highway proposed by Triborough's chairman; that the chairman had already persuaded the federal government to pay the cost of plans for the road, which would run across Manhattan at Thirtieth Street about a hundred feet in the air, using the sixty-foot street width and a hundred-foot width created by tearing down the buildings lining the south side of the street; that the chairman had persuaded the Port Authority to pay the cost of planning and building a linkup with the Lincoln Tunnel; that Triborough had agreed to pay twenty-six million dollars for the rest of the highway's construction; and that the preparation of detailed blueprints would begin at once.

There was ecstasy in the editorial columns but agony among trade and civic associations; they charged that the Board of Estimate had directed Triborough to study all proposals—including one for a tunnel, which would be

less destructive, aesthetically and physically—but that Triborough had studied only its chairman's. Representatives of twenty civic and business associations, along with Jerry Finkelstein, chairman of the City Planning Commission, and Manhattan Borough President Robert Wagner, visited O'Dwyer to ask that the tunnel study be made by the Planning Commission.

O'Dwyer's response was frank. He himself would prefer a tunnel, the Mayor said, adding, "I don't like overhead structures." But his preferences were not important. "I'm sure you can draw me a satisfactory plan for a tunnel," he said, "but all the talk in the world is no good if there isn't anyone to build it. . . . You've got to show me someone who'll put up the money to build it." There was only one man who had that kind of money—and he would put it up only for an overhead crossing, not for a tunnel. Pressed hard by his visitors, the Mayor finally said that he would permit the Planning Commission to make its own study. But such a study would be a useless waste of money, he said, and he wasn't going to provide any city funds for it. Finkelstein pointed out that the Mayor's "permission" was therefore meaningless, since the commission had neither the personnel capable of making such a study nor the funds to hire such personnel. He said he and his allies were not saying that an overhead crossing should not be built. They all agreed that some solution of the mid-Manhattan traffic problem was necessary. All they were asking was a chance to find out which solution would really be best for the city. Could the Planning Commission not have even fifty thousand dollars? The Mayor simply threw up his hands without replying.

No reply was necessary, of course. He was mayor of a city that couldn't afford to build a crossing. Moses could.



Moses would have to be allowed to build whatever type of crossing he wanted. The Mayor's stand certainly seemed pro-Moses—much too pro-Moses—to Moses' opponents. But it wasn't pro-Moses enough for Moses. Angered because O'Dwyer had dared to give permission—even meaningless permission—for an independent study, he decided to teach the Mayor a lesson. The Triborough board approved a resolution stating that the authority was no longer willing to build a mid-Manhattan crossing of any type and formally withdrawing the authority's request for federal planning funds.

O'Dwyer pleaded with Moses to reconsider. Moses refused. The humiliated Mayor had to acknowledge that the expressway he had announced with such pride just three weeks before was now dead. It was all very well for Jerry Finkelstein to call Moses a "crybaby" who, if other boys wouldn't let him play by his rules, would take his money and go home. It was the Mayor who was still faced with the mid-Manhattan traffic crisis, and with the realization that he had absolutely no way to solve it. All he could do was try, angrily but lamely, to pin the blame on others, saying, at a press conference, "I do hope that the actions of the opponents of the elevated-highway study will be a lesson to them that they can't push Bob Moses around. . . . Thirtieth Street and the surrounding area will have the same traffic congestion for a long time to come. The next time a tried-and-true outfit proposes a forty-million-dollar traffic improvement, without expense to the city or cost to the taxpayers, I hope the Hate Moses Club will keep away from City Hall. I shall have very little welcome for them." Summoning Finkelstein to his office, he gave him an hour-long tongue-lashing so violent that when reporters crowded around Finkelstein as

he left the Mayor's office, the normally ebullient young man pushed past them without a word.

MOSES AND IMPELLITTERI

IN August of 1950, with scandals shaking the Police Department, and with a Senate committee about to begin investigating links between the underworld and New York politicians, Mayor O'Dwyer resigned to accept the post of Ambassador to Mexico. The resignation placed the city in Moses' power more firmly than ever. By law, the successor to a retiring mayor is the president of the City Council. By fate, the Council presidency was held in 1950 by a man who during the forty-five years of his life prior to his nomination to that post had never held any job more responsible than that of legal secretary, at seventy-five hundred dollars a year, to a State Supreme Court judge.

The nomination of this unknown Tammany ward heeler to the city's second-highest elective office had, Warren Moscow wrote in his book "The Last of the Big-Time Bosses," "staggered even the most imaginative among political reporters." And so had the explanation of how he obtained the nomination. During a last-minute reshuffling of the 1945 Democratic ticket, the leaders finally agreed on Lazarus Joseph for comptroller, and then realized that since O'Dwyer was Irish and from Brooklyn, and Joseph was Jewish and from the Bronx, the slate could have ethnic and geographic balance only if its third member was an Italian from Manhattan—and the leaders were unable to think of a single Manhattan Italian they could trust. After hours of impasse, one leader reasoned that since legal-secretaryships to State Supreme Court justices carried a respectable salary for which little or no work was required, they would have

been given only to the "safest" of Democratic workers. Pulling out the little "Green Book," the official directory of city employees, he turned to the list of legal secretaries, ran his finger down it looking for a name that even the dumbest voter would be able to tell was Italian, and came to Vincent R. Impellitteri. "No one knew who the hell he was," Reuben Lazarus recalled several years ago. In any event, after determining that Impellitteri lived in Manhattan, the leaders telephoned his district leader and were assured, "You don't have to worry about him. He's a good boy."

Although this explanation was attested to privately by members of Tammany's hierarchy (and by Moses, whose presence at the crucial ticket-making session reveals his standing with that hierarchy), it seemed almost unbelievable—until one met Impellitteri. If he had a single qualification for the job of Council president other than the length of his name and the fact that it ended in a vowel, he kept it carefully hidden during his five-year tenure (he was reelected with O'Dwyer in 1949). "The perfect Throttlebottom," Moscow called him. "He voted as the Mayor told him to, on matters he did not necessarily understand, and spent most of his waking hours shaking hands at public dinners, political clambakes, and cornerstone layings too unimportant to merit the Mayor's presence."

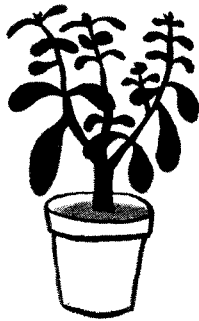
If Impellitteri wanted to keep the office he had fallen into, he had to seek election in November, less than twelve weeks after he had succeeded O'Dwyer. His P.R. men quickly hit on two ways to create an image for him: first, take advantage of the fact that, since no one knew him, he was not identified with any political bosses, and portray him as the "anti-boss," "anti-politician," "anti-corruption" candidate; and, second, identify him with Robert

Moses. The price of that identification came high: Moses wanted an even freer hand than he had enjoyed under O'Dwyer in setting all city construction policies. But Impellitteri paid it, and he got full value in return. Moses endorsed him and then led him around by the hand to officiate at—and share in the credit for and front-page pictures of—the openings of highways and housing projects with which he had had nothing to do other than, as Council president, to affix his signature to documents that he had often not even bothered to read. Impellitteri was elected, and most observers, noting that the campaign had consisted mainly of charges and counter-charges of bossism and corruption, felt that the endorsement by an official characterized as “independent” and believed to be above corruption was an important factor in Impellitteri's victory.

During the campaign, thanks to his addiction to the blue suit and the boutonniere, his iron-gray hair, his deeply earnest mien, and a stolidity that was mistaken for dignity, Impellitteri had appeared to be the very model of a modern mayor. At the approach of a camera, his brow would furrow, his lips would purse, his jaw would jut, and his eyes would focus on whatever piece of paper happened to be handy just as intently as if he understood the words written on it. But once in possession of the prize he had won he proved to possess not the slightest idea of what to do with it. He disclaimed any influence over the Board of Estimate, telling reporters, “All I have is three votes on it, you know.” Mayors were always telling reporters that, but City Hall observers soon realized, to their astonishment, that this mayor *believed* it. Victor F. Condello, one of Impellitteri's aides, suggested once that the Mayor call the five borough presidents to an executive session to discuss a thorny issue. “Yeah,” the Mayor said. “That's a good idea.” Pause. “You think they'll come?” He would take orders from whoever happened to be talking to him at the moment. He was a man simply unequal to meeting the duties that had been thrust upon him. Warren Moscow, who was a *Times* political reporter at the time, has recalled, “My God, at Board of Estimate executive sessions, he'd sit there and some problem would come up, and the poor bastard would say, ‘I got no answer on this, boys. You got any ideas?’” And if no one

had any, the hundred-and-first mayor of the City of New York would sit there with his gavel before him, literally wringing his hands in agitation while long minutes passed in painful silence. He was desperate for someone to turn to, almost frantically anxious to drop his enormous powers—and responsibilities—into someone else's hands, and the biggest hands around were those of Robert Moses.

Within weeks of Impellitteri's inauguration, Lazarus was noting in his diary, “Robert Moses is actually running this town today. There's no important act Impellitteri takes or does that he doesn't consult Mr. Moses.” Condello says, “Moses' word was law in the city.” Soon other political observers were saying the same thing. Moses' consultations with the Mayor were held almost every morning, at Gracie Mansion; Moses dropped by at nine or nine-thirty, or even earlier. And these were private consultations: when Moses was closeted with Impellitteri in the Mansion drawing room, no one else was allowed to be present. Sometimes the Mayor saw no one else until eleven. Moses would come in with a big envelope filled with papers he wanted the Mayor to sign, and, invariably, by the time Moses drove away in his limousine they were signed. One Impellitteri aide says that the Mayor never left the Mansion in the morning until Moses had given him “his marching orders for the day.”



During the forty months of the Impellitteri administration, the trends that Moses had set in motion during the forty-six months of the O'Dwyer administration—forty-six months beginning in January of 1946, during which Moses had exercised near-absolute power over the construction of all public works—intensified. During the O'Dwyer administration, the city spent \$3,102,000 on the construction of colleges, \$1,169,000 on the construction of libraries, and more than \$80,000,000 on the construction of highways. Before the war, the city's hospital situation had been desperate, and yet \$80,000,000 was more than twice as much as the city spent on hospitals during the O'Dwyer administration. It was more, even, than it spent on elementary and high schools. During the Impellitteri administration, the city spent \$16,176,000 on colleges, \$4,118,000 on libraries, \$70,314,000 on hospitals, \$137,290,000 on schools, and \$172,294,000 on highways.

City Comptroller Frank Taylor had warned his successor, Joseph McGoldrick, and McGoldrick had warned his successor, Lazarus Joseph, that Moses would “bankrupt” the city. One way in which the comptrollers were afraid Moses would do this was by forcing the city to issue long-term revenue bonds to pay the “negligible” city share of the costs of his public works—costs that, he assured the press and the public and city officials not as familiar with city finances as the comptrollers, were being borne almost entirely by the state and the federal government. Since most of his public works were not revenue-producing—those that were he built under the auspices of his public authorities, so that they, rather than the city, would get the revenue—the only method of paying the interest on such bonds was to take money out of the city's current revenues; that is, to include debt service in the expense budget. Thanks to the wartime curtailment of construction, and therefore of new bond issues, the city's general funded debt at the beginning of the O'Dwyer administration was down to a little more than two billion dollars—on which the annual debt-service charges were a hundred and eighteen million. By 1952, the funded debt was up to more than three billion dollars and the annual service charges were two hundred and eleven million dollars—up eighty per cent in seven years. Another way, more subtle but, in the long run, more damaging, that Moses affected the city budget was by draining away for new construction so much of the city's resources that it could not pay for maintenance of its existing twelve-billion-dollar physical plant. Not only subways but highways fell into this category; even Moses' own roads could not be kept up. And the cost of making up for neglected maintenance is astonishingly high: the West Side Highway, for example, could have been kept in perfect repair during the nineteen-fifties for about seventy-five thousand dollars a year; by the late nineteen-sixties, because virtually no repairing had been done, the cost of maintenance was almost a million dollars a year; and in 1974 the highway had begun literally to fall apart—a process that would take tens of millions of dollars to reverse. By the time Moses left power, in 1968, the city was utterly unable to make even a pretense of keeping its physical plant in repair.

The forty months that Impellitteri sat in the mayor's chair were a crucial forty months for the city. It was during this time that the city's last large open spaces, with the exception of those

on Staten Island, disappeared. New York filled up, assumed a new shape—the shape that Moses dictated. And Moses' forty months of absolute power enabled him to shape the city for far longer than forty months. The appointments that Impellitteri made on his recommendation—for example, staff engineers for city agencies—extended his influence for years after Impellitteri had ceased to be mayor. Protected in general by Civil Service, such appointees remained in their sensitive posts while new mayors sat in City Hall; they knew that mayors came and went but Moses stayed, and that therefore, in conflicts between Moses and a mayor, it was in their interest to give their loyalty to Moses.

MOSES AND WAGNER

Moses felt that no rules—not even the most innocuous—applied to him. Making a rare appearance at a public hearing on one of his projects—a hearing at City Hall, before the Board of Estimate, on his proposed Bay Ridge approach to the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge—he declined to identify himself for the record by name and address, as all other speakers had been required to do.

“Make him give his name!” a woman shouted. Then several men picked up the shout, and soon the audience, which had filled the Board chamber to overflowing and had filled the corridor outside, turned it into a chant: “Make him give his name! Make him give his name!” Mayor Wagner, presiding, looked at Moses appealingly, but Moses crossed his arms, locked his hands around his biceps, tilted back his head, and, with his prognathous jaw jutting, stood in the face of that chant like some haughty Ramses. He finally said to the Mayor—who, according to one of Moses' aides, “was shrinking down behind his microphone so you could hardly see him”—“Well, what are you going to do about it?”

“Now, if you people can't be quiet, I'll have the room cleared,” Wagner said. “You people know who this is. This is Robert Moses.”

With the name in the record, Wagner motioned for Moses to proceed, but when Moses began his presentation, the crowd began to chant, “Make

him give his address! Make him give his address!” Again Wagner looked at Moses, again Moses stared him down, and again Wagner had to intercede: “You all know where he lives. He lives across the street from me.” (Moses' apartment was at 1 Gracie Terrace.) Moses was furious that the Mayor had not ousted from the room this rabble trying to make him abide by the rules that governed other men. Despite a previous promise to the Mayor that he would, this once, give at least the appearance of participating in a public hearing, he talked only briefly, describing a seventy-nine-million-dollar project, for which an hour-and-a-half presentation had been prepared, in about ten minutes; then he snatched up his papers and strode from the room, leaving the Mayor to sit alone listening to protests until two o'clock the next morning.

CITY PARKS AND HOUSING

By the time Robert Moses resigned as New York City Parks Commissioner—in 1960, after more than a quarter of a century in the post—every one of the city's parks bore his mark. He had created several big parks from scratch—Flushing Meadow, Great Kills, Soundview, Ferry Point, Randall's Island, and Sara Delano Roosevelt—and had substantially remade the creations of pioneers like Frederick Law Olmsted and the forgotten John J. Mullaly, the creator of the Bronx park system. For example, Central Park was still Olmsted's in shape and over-all design, but Central Park's zoo,

Wollman Memorial Rink, Tavern-on-the-Green, Chess and Checker House, bicycle paths, widened north-south drives, and nineteen perimeter playgrounds were Moses'. In all, Moses added twenty-two thousand acres to the city's parkland, bringing the acreage in parks to thirty-six thousand. Into the parks he put not only a score of amphitheatres and stadia (ranging in size from Shea on down) but seven hundred and fifty-one new playgrounds, six hundred and seventy-three new baseball diamonds, two hundred and eighteen new tennis courts, thirteen new golf courses, uncounted miles of new walkways and bicycle paths, and eighteen of the largest swimming-pool complexes ever built.

Housing was a field that Moses first tried to take over in 1938, when he realized that, as one of LaGuardia's aides has put it, “that was where the big money was going to be”—meaning the construction funds that to Moses spelled accomplishment and power. LaGuardia not only stopped that first takeover attempt but cut Moses off the air when he tried to make a housing speech over the city-owned radio station, WNYC. But in 1942 Moses conceived a plan too spectacular for the Mayor to pass up: a proposal to combine the city's power of eminent domain with the vast pools of capital sitting idle in the vaults of insurance companies. Out of this concept—embodied in a new State Redevelopment Companies Law, drafted by Moses—came Stuyvesant Town, Peter Cooper Village, and Riverton, in Manhattan,



three huge developments financed by Metropolitan Life, and Fresh Meadows, in Queens, financed by New York Life. The next source of private capital he tapped was that of savings banks, and the result was Concord Village, in Brooklyn; Colonial Village, in Manhattan; and Parkway Village, in Queens. Labor-union funds were growing, and out of that growth—thanks to Moses' use of city powers, his intricate financing arrangements with the union-backed United Housing Foundation, and what the foundation called Moses' "vision" in selecting sites—came half a dozen huge developments. Such insurance-company, bank, and union "redevelopment"

projects gave New York City forty thousand new apartments, housing a hundred and forty thousand persons.

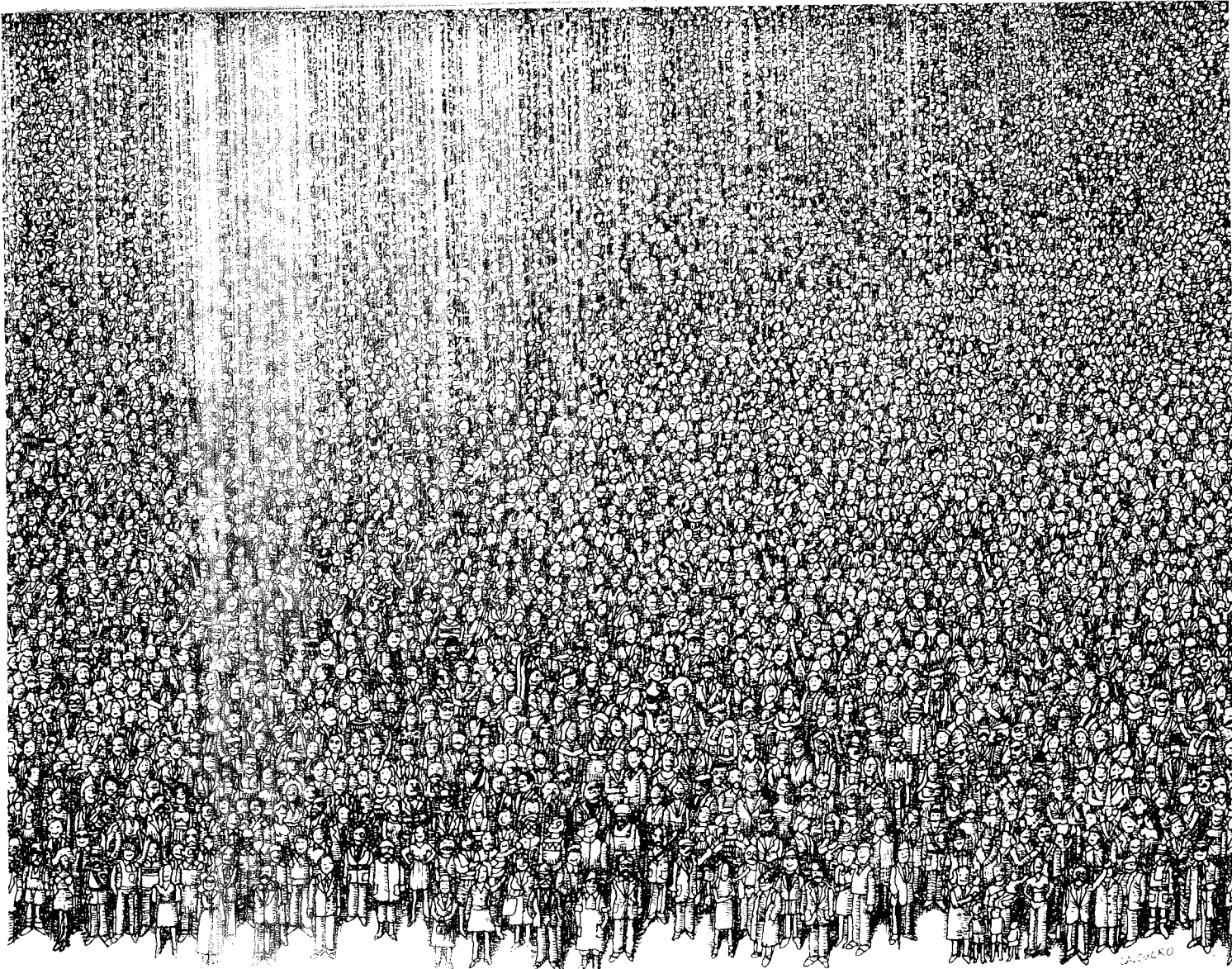
And these projects were not the only front on which Moses attacked the city's housing problem. As chairman of the Mayor's Committee on Slum Clearance, Moses controlled urban renewal in New York—a billion-and-a-half-dollar program, by far the largest in America—for a decade. By 1960, when Moses resigned as head of the program, there were under way in New York fifteen projects, housing a hundred and three thousand persons, and also dormitories and classroom buildings for Pratt Institute. Moreover, urban renewal (financed under

Title I of the National Housing Act of 1949) helped Moses get a start on what he described as a "vision of a reborn West Side, marching north from Columbus Circle, and eventually spreading over the entire dismal and decayed West Side." The first encampment on the march was pitched at the Circle, in the form of a huge convention center and exhibition hall, the New York Coliseum, topped by a twenty-six-story office tower. After several years of trying unsuccessfully to finance the next encampment, a cultural center, three unrelated occurrences combined to show Moses the way. Sitting beside him on a dozen daises, the Very Reverend Laurence J. McGin-

ley, S.J., president of Fordham University, repeatedly mentioned to him that the university desperately needed a midtown campus but was unable to pay midtown real-estate prices; Moses' longtime friend Ruth Baker Pratt and other opera lovers kept mentioning to him at black-tie dinner parties that for the Metropolitan Opera to be forced to perform in its ancient, inadequate building on Thirty-ninth Street was scandalous; and then, one morning in 1955, Moses read in the papers that Carnegie Hall had just formally notified the New York Philharmonic that its lease would not be renewed after 1958. From the three occurrences, his mind leaped to a grand conception: razing eighteen square blocks of slums that stretched northwest from Columbus Circle toward the Hudson River, and rearing on their ruins a glittering cultural complex—Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts—that would house not only the Opera and the Philharmonic but a ballet center, a repertory theatre, and a new home for the Juilliard School of Music, all alongside a two-block-square Fordham campus. By 1957, his plans for the site—on which there were then eleven thousand low-income tenants and eight hundred businesses—also included a high school for the performing arts, a pub-



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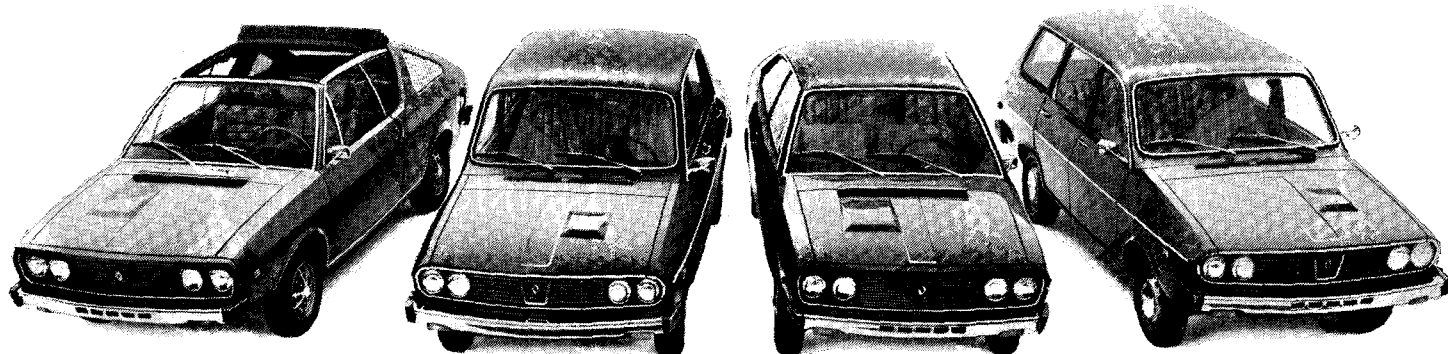
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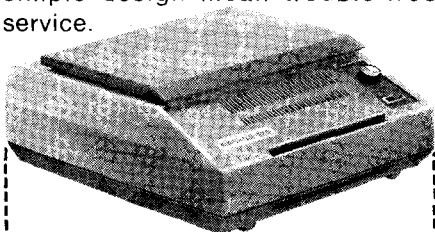
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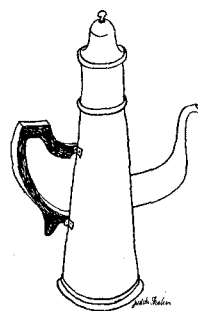
For most of this time, Moses was also in complete control of the City Housing Authority, because, thanks to his influence with O'Dwyer and Impellitteri, a majority of its members had been appointed on his recommendation and took orders from him rather than the mayor—as many of its key staff officials did, too. Although his dominance of the authority was never more than hinted at by the press, for about a dozen years—from 1946 until 1957 or 1958, when Mayor Wagner reorganized the authority so that he could appoint a new board—no public-housing project was built without his express approval. And during these years the authority erected 1,011 buildings, containing 82,704 apartments, in which 464,750 persons lived. By the time Moses was finished with housing in New York, a total of 709,000 New Yorkers were living in buildings in whose creation he had been the moving force.

As monumental as the amount of housing built by Moses was the amount of corruption involved in the building. To some observers it seemed that every aspect of construction—from the initial condemnation proceedings to the final coat of paint before occupancy—was the subject of financial deals with politicians. Furthermore, under a unique method for Title I redevelopment which Moses worked out, "slum-clearance" sites were turned over to favored developers with the buildings on them intact and the tenants still inside. This method made the new owners slumlords, and since many of these owners were not legitimate real-estate builders at all but Tammany clubhouse politicians, they took advantage of the situation, doing no renewal for years—in some instances *never* doing any—while demanding exorbitant rents from the helpless tenants and refusing even the most basic maintenance. United States Senate studies of one of Moses' Title I projects—Manhattantown, west of Central Park in the Nineties—showed that its "developers," who were headed by a former slum furniture dealer and Tammany clubhouse politician named Samuel Caspert, made

millions by milking the project's three hundred and thirty-eight tenements, which were valued at more than sixteen million dollars but had been handed over to the "developers" for one million.

Questions about Moses' housing policies will be debated by urbanologists for generations. His housing—his public housing, in particular, for Moses believed firmly that such housing was charity and that its tenants should be made to feel like recipients of charity—was bleak, sterile, institutional, and monolithic, and was built without any attempt to relate it to the surrounding community, or even to the needs of the people it was supposed to serve; public housing under Moses had, for example, an inordinately low percentage of large units, for large families, and of small units, for the widowed living alone. To build such housing, moreover, Moses tore down existing housing, and though much of this housing consisted of genuine slums, much consisted of sturdy, still serviceable apartment buildings and brownstones, better suited to the needs of the poor than the buildings that Moses put up. Moses believed that large-scale slum clearance—the razing of entire neighborhoods, in what became known as "the bulldozer approach"—was the only feasible method of beginning redevelopment in the city.

In evicting tenants from slum-clearance sites, Moses employed—and permitted his favored developers to employ—relocation tactics that led Stanley M. Isaacs, who was a city councilman and a reformer, to say that tenants were being "hounded out like cattle." The effect of such policies on the people involved inevitably led to a feeling of helplessness in relation to "the city"—which, in their eyes, Moses represented—and so contributed substantially to the bitterness and alienation that eventually marked the attitude of minority groups in New York. The effect of such policies on the city was equally severe, for the people hounded out of their homes by Moses, who were prevented by their income, and perhaps by their color, from moving into many neighborhoods in New York, were driven into existing slums, further overcrowding them, or into adjoining "soft" areas, which then became slums. There is considerable evidence suggesting that Moses' slum-clearance program created new slums faster than it cleared the old; one fact beyond dis-



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pute is that after his program was completed—with the expenditure of a billion and a half dollars—there were more slums in New York City than when it was started. There is also considerable evidence that Moses' policy of building low-income projects only in low-income areas and luxury apartments only in high-income areas contributed to the ghettoization of the city—its division along lines of race and income. But Moses would say that his way of building was the only way to get things done in a crowded city, and if he was wrong, no one has been able to prove him wrong. Both before and after he came to power, reform administrations showed themselves utterly unequal to the task of making even a dent in the city's housing problems; Moses built more housing in any one year of his reign than was built in John Lindsay's entire first term. However, it was not with his housing policies that Robert Moses most significantly and permanently shaped New York but, rather, with his transportation policies.

MOSES AND HIS HIGHWAYS

AFTER the Second World War, when gasoline rationing ended and production of cars for civilian use was resumed, streets and highways, so empty for forty-four months, filled up with astonishing speed; mounting day by day, traffic was back practically to its prewar level within weeks. Nowhere did it mount faster than in New York, and New Yorkers had their memories of prewar traffic jams harshly jogged. By August 23, 1945, the *Herald Tribune* was demanding to know why, during the long breathing space afforded by the war, the city had not come up with congestion "remedies." Robert Moses' response—a letter four times as long as the editorial, sped to the *Tribune* by limousine—accused the newspaper of "ignoring and playing down what in other less busy and sophisticated communities would be hailed as great achievements." Speaking as the city construction coordinator, the chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, and the dominant member of the City Planning Commission, he said that blueprints of highway improvements were spilling over his floors and that traffic would flow smoothly in the city within three years.

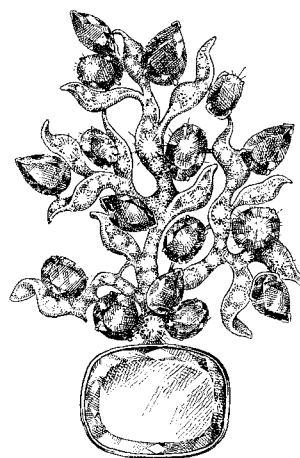
Soon Moses was documenting the extent of his plans. Blueprints were ready, he said, for widening and reconstructing the city's old boulevards (Horace Harding, Queens, Conduit, Northern) and his old parkways (the

Belt, the Gowanus, the Cross-Island, the Laurelton) and for building close to seventy miles of new, broader roads—"expressways"—to carry not only automobiles but trucks and buses. Soon New York's newspapers began to be filled with such names of projected highways as Bruckner, Van Wyck, Major Deegan, Cross-Bronx, Brooklyn-Queens, Harlem River, New England, Richmond, Willowbrook, Clove Lakes, and Prospect. And that was just within the city. On Long Island, the old parkways were to be lengthened and extended, and expressways were to be built. The blueprints may indeed have been spilling over the floors. What Moses was proposing was the widening or the construction from scratch of no less than one hundred miles of roads. And roads were only part of Moses' solution to traffic congestion. There were also the facilities to carry traffic under and over the waters that divided the city. He was simultaneously completing the huge Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel and initiating preliminary planning for two huge bridges—a Throgs Neck span, two miles east of the Bronx-Whitestone, and a bridge across the Narrows, which would finally link Staten Island to the rest of the city.

The troops did not respond to this ringing trumpet call as they had to his prewar plans, however. Even before the war, some urban planners had begun to see—largely because of the effects of Moses' creations—that building more facilities for traffic would not in itself cure traffic congestion. These planners had said—the Regional Plan Association had been saying it since 1929, and after the opening of Moses' creations during the nineteen-thirties had been saying it with increasing urgency—that the movement of people and goods in a great metropolitan region required a *balanced* transportation system; that is, one in which the construction of mass rapid-transit facilities kept pace with the construction of roads. During the last two or three years before the war, a few planners had even begun to understand that without a balanced system roads and bridges not only would not alleviate traffic congestion but would aggravate it. Watching Moses open the Triborough Bridge to ease congestion on the Queensboro Bridge and open the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge to ease congestion on the Triborough Bridge, and then watching traffic counts on all three bridges mount until each was as congested as one had been before, planners could hardly avoid the conclu-

sion that "traffic generation" was no longer a theory but a proved fact. As more highways were built to alleviate congestion, more automobiles would pour onto them and congest them, thus forcing the building of more highways—which would generate more traffic and become congested in their turn, in an inexorably widening gyre, with awesome implications for the future of New York and of all urban areas.

The only way to check that vicious spiral, these planners knew, was by coordinating new highways with new mass-transit facilities. But Moses, far from planning new facilities, was destroying some of the old facilities—not just trolley tracks, which he was boasting about "ripping up," but the Third Avenue "L," which he wanted torn down. Viewed in the light of the need for a balanced transportation system, such destruction was not an achievement but a disaster. And not only was Moses destroying old facilities and not planning new ones but his monopolization of construction funds and his hold over the city government was making it impossible for anyone else to plan new facilities. If you poured public investment into the improvement of highways while doing nothing to improve mass-transit lines, there could be only one outcome: the new highways would lure customers away from parallel mass-transit lines; those losses would make it more and more difficult for the owners of the lines to sustain service and maintenance; service and maintenance would decline; the decline would cost the lines more passengers; the further loss in passengers would accelerate the rate of decline; the rate of passenger loss would accelerate correspondingly; and the passengers lost would do their travelling by private car, further increasing highway congestion. No crystal ball was needed to foretell such a result; it had already been proved—most dramatically, perhaps, in New Jersey, where the Susquehanna Railroad had lost more than two-thirds of its passengers in the ten years following the opening of the George Washington Bridge, but also in New York, where the New York Central had been hit hard by the opening of the Triborough Bridge. The end result of Moses' immense new highway-construction proposal, which not only ignored any provision for new mass transit but, deliberately or not, sabotaged what mass transit there was, was that the program could not conceivably accomplish its purpose, the alleviation of congestion; it could



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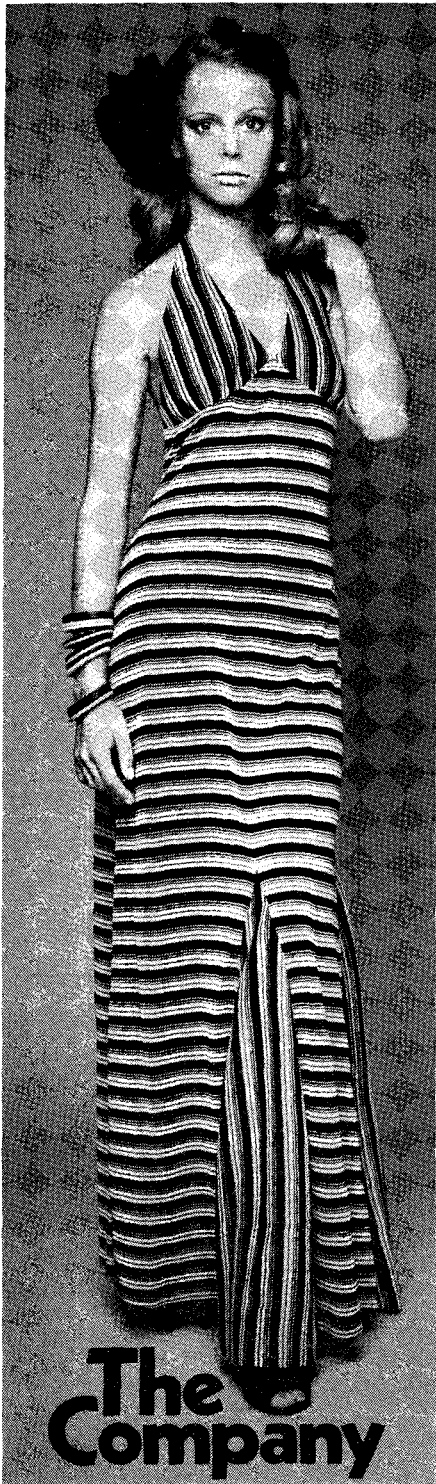
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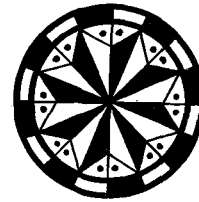
only make congestion, already intolerable, progressively worse. His program was self-defeating. It just didn't make sense.

It made less sense still, some planners felt, because of certain other results of the Moses style of highway building. Highways—expressways or parkways—opened new areas to development. (Moses' prewar parkways had caused a vast upsurge in development on Long Island, in both Brooklyn and Queens and in the suburban counties of Nassau and Suffolk.) Subways opened areas to development, too, but to a different pattern of development. Because people travelling by subway arrived home on foot and didn't want to walk far after they reached their stop, subway-inspired development was development close to subway stations: high-density, predominantly apartment-house development. People travelling on parkways arrived home in automobiles. It was relatively easy for them to travel long distances from their "stops," the parkway exits. Realizing this, developers took advantage of people's growing desire for open space by building on larger plots of land, and spreading out the communities in which people lived. Once, growth in the New York metropolitan region had been, to a great extent, upward—people being piled on top of people in apartment houses. Now the growth was outward. Not only was the population of the region growing at a rapid rate but it was spreading away from the traditional center of the region at a rate far more rapid.

Had enough jobs followed the people out into the suburbs, the effect of this spread might not have been so serious. Given the advantages of open space, it might, in fact, have been desirable. And normally, because land was relatively cheap on Long Island, businesses and industries *would* have followed the people out. But Moses' policies made that impossible. Most roads foster commercial as well as residential development, but his roads were barred to commercial traffic. His success in getting nearly all the land bordering his parkways zoned as residential may have insured that the parkways would be kept pristine and beautiful, but it also insured that the land on Long Island most desirable for commercial development would be closed to such development. Moreover, industries and businesses that could have imported raw materials and shipped out finished products by rail instead of

truck shied away from Long Island, because the Long Island Rail Road, whose lines should have formed the hub of industrial development, was a rickety, "Toonerville Trolley" line, and because there was no rail connection at all to New Jersey, and so the rail lines that brought the goods and commerce of the nation into New Jersey could transport it to Long Island only by expensive lightering. Therefore, industry and business stayed back in New York City.

In the decade after Moses opened the Southern State Parkway in Nassau



County, two hundred thousand new residents—about fifty thousand families—moved into the county, but only twelve thousand new jobs were created there. This meant that thirty-eight thousand family breadwinners in

Nassau County and in the areas of Brooklyn and Queens opened up by the parkway had to come back into the city to win that bread. Hardly had the war ended when the surge to the suburbs resumed its prewar pace, leaped beyond it, and soared to previously undreamed-of proportions, spilling past Nassau into rural Suffolk. Every projection made by planners showed that hundreds of thousands of families would be moving to Long Island within the next few years. The vast majority of the breadwinners for these families were going to have to travel into the city every day to work. To the tens of thousands of drivers who had already filled Moses' roads to capacity and beyond capacity would be added tens of thousands of additional drivers. How could anyone ever build enough roads to accommodate them?

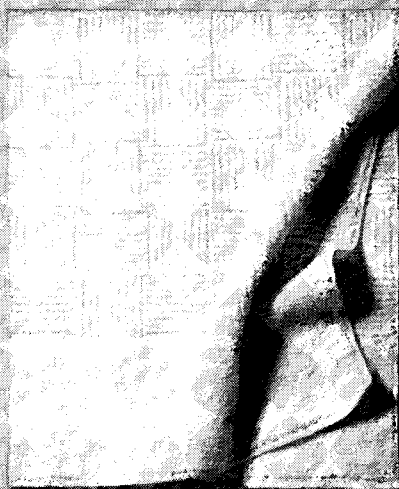
The answer to the questions that planners and reformers were beginning to raise about Moses' transportation policies was, of course, mass transit. Moving tens of thousands of commuters into and out of the city in a couple of peak hours every weekday—a problem so unmanageable in terms of expressway lanes whose peak capacity under ideal conditions was two thousand cars (carrying twenty-six hundred people) per hour—would be made manageable by rapid-transit lines, a single track of which could carry between forty-five and fifty thousand people per hour, and could bring them into the city without their cars, so that they wouldn't require parking space. Mass transit was, moreover, the only answer. New highways had a vital function to fulfill: the transportation, at a reasonable rate of speed, of

people and goods that, for one reason or another, had no choice but to use highways. If you had a viable mass-transit system in the region—fast, clean, inexpensive, modern subways and suburban commuter railroads—you would attract to it a substantial share of the traffic that did have a choice, and by removing this traffic from the highways you would be freeing the highways to fulfill their function. Pour all available funds into roads without building subways and railroads and the problem would never be solved.

Rebuffed by city officials, who summarily referred their inquiries and suggestions to Moses, and forced to admit to themselves that they could suggest no immediate method of financing new mass-transit lines, the planners pleaded for the city to take at least one simple, inexpensive step that would make the construction of new lines possible in the future. Building transit lines underground was wildly expensive. Building them at ground level was cheap, in terms of construction costs. It was only when the ground was covered with people that the cost of acquiring it became financially and politically prohibitive. And, the planners said, there existed at that very moment an opportunity for obtaining the right-of-way for train tracks quickly, cheaply, and with an absolute minimum of public hostility. The city was about to begin acquiring close to seventy miles of strips of land between a hundred and fifty and two hundred and fifty feet wide—the right-of-way for Moses' new highways. Some of these highways were to run through areas that either were empty or contained only single-family houses—areas in which land was relatively inexpensive. Simply obtain another fifty feet of right-of-way, add it to the center mall of Moses' highways, and there would be enough room on that mall for a double-track surface mass-transit line, a "subway" running at ground level. Build the six-lane highways just as you have been planning to do, they urged Moses, but make the center mall wide enough to accommodate those tracks; then, sometime in the future, when the city is ready to build the rapid-transit lines, there will be no problem in acquiring the right-of-way.

ONE planner who asked Moses to grasp this opportunity, in building the Van Wyck Expressway, was a little bright-eyed Irishman named F. (for Francis) Dodd McHugh. As director of the Division of Master Planning of the City Planning Commission,

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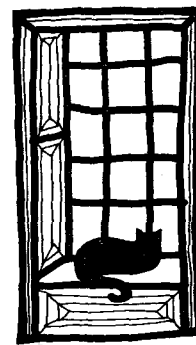
McHugh had previously aroused Moses' hostility by objecting to his refusal to make provision for schools, libraries, and transportation facilities for the residents of his huge housing projects. Calling McHugh a "smart-aleck," and his objections "stupid, long-winded, contentious, and impractical," Moses told McHugh's boss, Edwin Ashley Salmon, chairman of the Planning Commission, "We had better get rid of staff work of this kind." But McHugh had declined to take the subtle hint. Later, when Moses was planning the Van Wyck, McHugh was assigned to draw up a *pro-forma* Master Plan of Major Airports; he asked himself how people were going to get to these airports, and he came up with some rather striking figures.

By conservative estimates, when the immense new airport under construction on the marshes at Idlewild, on the shore of Jamaica Bay in southeastern Queens, was in full operation, forty thousand persons would be employed there and thirty thousand passengers would pass through it every day—most of them during morning and evening peak-period rush hours. If Idlewild (later Kennedy International) Airport should operate at its theoretical capacity, ten thousand persons would be trying to get to it every hour during peak periods, enough of them in buses, taxis, and private automobiles so that they would be travelling in more than three thousand separate vehicles. And heading for Idlewild at the same time would be hundreds of trucks carrying air mail, express, and freight. Most of these vehicles would undoubtedly be using the Van Wyck Expressway; Moses' stated purpose in proposing it was to provide a direct route to the airport from mid-Manhattan. But the expressway was designed to carry—under "optimum" conditions (good weather, no accidents or other delays)—about twenty-six

hundred vehicles per hour. And Idlewild traffic was going to be only a fraction of the traffic on the Van Wyck. The new expressway would be the most direct route not only to the airport but to the whole of southeastern Queens and to the Southern State Parkway, which led to Nassau and Suffolk Counties. During highway rush hours—which usually coincided with airport rush hours—the Van Wyck would be flooded with thousands of cars heading for these areas. It could not—even under optimum condi-

tions—conceivably come anywhere near fulfilling the purpose for which Moses was building it.

Building the Van Wyck with rapid transit was the answer to this problem, and an easy one. The expressway was going to cross Queens Boulevard in Kew Gardens. A subway—the Independent line running out from mid-Manhattan, eight miles away—crossed that very intersection. When it reached the intersection, moreover, it slanted south—by coincidence, toward Idlewild—for almost a mile before heading east again. During that mile, its tracks lay almost precisely beneath the right-of-way that Moses was then acquiring for the Van Wyck. For a mile of its four-mile length, therefore, the expressway would be running almost on top of the subway. All that was needed to complete a rapid-transit link between mid-Manhattan and Idlewild was to bring that subway up to the expressway's center mall and extend it for three more miles. Nine miles—nine expensive miles—of rapid-transit link between mid-Manhattan and Idlewild was already completed. All that was needed to complete the link was three miles—three inexpensive miles—more. Moreover, another subway—the IND's Fulton Street line, coming out from lower Manhattan through downtown Brooklyn—ran close to Idlewild's western edge. Build a branch into the airport—a simple, inexpensive job—and travellers from lower Manhattan, including the Wall Street business district, from which so large a proportion of the airport's users would come, would also be able to reach it by train.



16

Perhaps the city could not afford at that time even the relatively small cost of the construction of three miles of surface rapid transit. McHugh doubted whether this was true: the cost would be no more than nine million dollars; it didn't make sense

to say that a city that was planning a hundred-and-seventy-million-dollar expressway program—not counting federal and state contributions—could not afford nine million dollars for an improvement that would make the expressways so much more pleasant to use. But even if it was true, McHugh wrote—even if the city could not construct the rapid-transit lines now—at least let it make provision for their future construction. The cost of providing the additional fifty feet of right-of-way would be less than a million dollars—

about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, McHugh estimated. The Van Wyck Expressway, whose function was to provide reasonably fast, convenient access to Idlewild Airport, would cost thirty-seven million dollars. For that amount, the road would probably never be able to fulfill its function properly. For less than a million dollars more, it would be able to.

McHugh intended to include his suggestion in the airport master plan, but he made the mistake of mentioning it first to his immediate superior—Colonel William J. Shea, the Planning Commission's chief of staff, from whom Moses always received close cooperation. "I was called into Shea's office," McHugh has recalled, "and George Spargo, the Triborough Bridge Authority's general manager, was there raising hell—that I was impeding progress, that this thing had to go through and stop this crap, that I was going to cost the city millions in federal money. The whole effect was 'Why don't you shut up?' I was asked not to write any memo." Declining to comply with that request, McHugh wrote that rapid-transit access should be provided for Idlewild, and predicted what would happen if it wasn't. But his statements had been cut to a few generalizations when the Planning Commission adopted the Master Plan of Major Airports. The only future on which his memo had an effect was his own. His job was under civil-service protection, but his salary could go up or down within a certain range. When the next city budget was adopted, he found that he had dropped from the upper limit of the range to its lower limit. He had been fighting Moses for years, and he was well aware he wasn't getting anywhere. His report on provision for rapid-transit access might as well not have been written. He resigned.

Within weeks after the opening of the Van Wyck Expressway, on October 14, 1950, which moved Moses to boast that "no network of major urban vehicular arteries comparable to the one on which we are now working in New York City . . . will be found anywhere else on this or any other continent," the road was as jammed as F. Dodd McHugh had predicted. "Cars will flow freely," Moses had promised. Inappropriate verb. Inappropriate adverb. Drivers were chained to the Van Wyck for endless minutes. Other Moses creations were jammed, having been created by their opening more traffic than had existed be-



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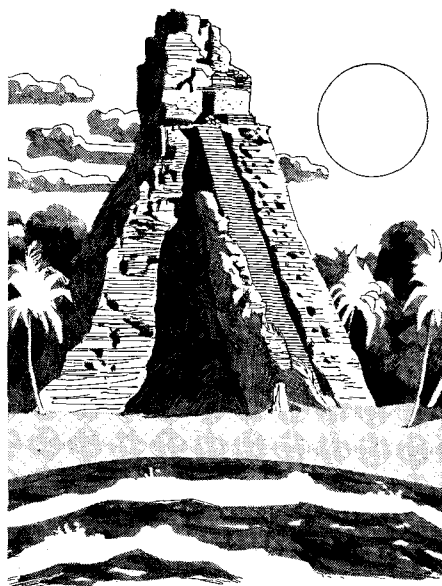
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fore. The Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel opened on May 25, 1950, with a traffic count almost twice as high as had been predicted. Moses' engineers had forecast that the tunnel would carry 7,350,000 cars during its first year of operation. At the end of six months, it was carrying traffic at the rate of 15,000,000 vehicles per year. Traffic was backed up for blocks at its entrances. Moses had expected it to draw off traffic from the Queens-Midtown Tunnel and the three toll-free East River bridges. But, after a slight drop initially, traffic on the bridges remained "normal"—which meant jammed—and traffic through the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, fed now by the widened Queens-Midtown Expressway, increased instead of decreasing. On the other side of Manhattan, where since 1927 the Port Authority had opened to vehicular traffic the George Washington Bridge and the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels while New Jersey railroads had been allowed to deteriorate, this situation was being duplicated.

AS the first of Moses' postwar highways opened, he was as confident of the wisdom of his policies as he had been when he first announced them, in 1945. "Today, we are well under way to a solution of the traffic problem," he boasted in 1948. In 1954, with considerable new mileage open, the problem was worse than ever, but the confidence was diminished not a whit. All that was necessary, Moses said—and he believed it—was more of the same. He did not give the slightest indication of understanding that his transportation policies were doomed to failure. His thinking had been shaped in an era in which a highway was an unqualified blessing to the public—in which roads were, like automobiles, sources of relaxation and pleasure. Changing realities could have changed his thinking, but he was utterly insulated from reality: insulated by the sycophancy of his yes-men; by his power, which deterred other public officials from arguing with him; by the nature of that power, which was independent of official or public opinion; by, most of all, his personality, which made it not only unnecessary but impossible for him to credit other opinion, which made it impossible for him to *conceive* that he might have been wrong. For Moses, comfortable in the richly upholstered, air-conditioned, soundproofed

rear seat of his limousine, travelling by car was still as pleasurable as it had always been. Robert Moses, the builder of the highways jammed with traffic, had never had to drive in a single traffic jam. Writing about "traffic relief" in 1951, in a *New York Times Magazine* article, he said, "If we give this to our people we shall deserve their gratitude." He was confident that his roads would earn him applause now, just as they had always earned him applause before. Applause not merely of the age but of the ages; he was confident that his roads would bring him immortality. He had read Statius. He knew that in gratitude for the benefits bestowed upon them by the construction of the Domitian Way, the senate and the people of Rome had raised a triumphal arch to Domitian. He knew that the Appian Way had brought immortality to its builder, the blind censor Appius Claudius Caecus. Democracies raised no triumphal arches to road builders. But Moses was confident that history would remedy such oversights.

The roads Moses had been building had all been conceived by him in the nineteen-thirties. Now, in the early nineteen-fifties, for the first time, he expanded his highway plan. New arterials should be built paralleling existing arterials, he announced: a Bruckner and a Sheridan paralleling the Major Deegan, the Bronx River, the Hutchinson River, and the Henry Hudson, which already ran down through the



Bronx; a Nassau paralleling the Van Wyck southeast through Queens. Arterials should be built into sections of the city into which no arterials now ran—a Cross-Brooklyn Expressway into the heart of that borough, for example. And arterials should reach out from the city into its suburbs—a Long

Island Expressway deep into still rural Suffolk, for example.

He fought to its death any proposal that city money be spent on mass transit instead of on his highways. When some state legislators suggested that the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority take over the city's subways and use its surplus to improve them, Moses rushed back from a Virgin Islands vacation to declare that there was no surplus, because "all our future revenues are pledged to our bondholders"—who, he said, would never permit the Triborough Authority to become involved in deficit-producing operations. (In that same year, the Urban Traffic Division of the Gen-

ral Electric Company announced that it had "costed out" rapid transit on highway center malls and that if provision for tracks was made in the original highway design their cost would be one-tenth the cost of subway construction. Moses' reply? "The cost of acquiring additional width and building or rapid transit would be prohibitive and hundreds of families would be displaced.")

Not all planners fully understood that if Moses' proposals were carried out, New York would become a place not for people but for cars, though they did understand fully that Moses' proposals made no sense. More and more frequently, editorials in New York's newspapers expressed doubt about the city's transportation policies, yet they never linked those policies with the man responsible for them. There was no direct attack on Moses, no serious threat to his power. With that power, he laid out the new routes, obtained the state and federal commitments for them, had the blueprints drawn, and started them on their way to completion. And in 1954 he took a further step—one that may have brought the city to the point of no return.

THE silver stream of coins on which Moses' power was based was flowing faster and faster in the late forties and the early fifties. By 1953, with a hundred and twenty-eight million vehicles per year using the facilities of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority—the Triborough Bridge itself, the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, the Henry Hudson Bridge, the Marine Parkway Bridge, the Cross-Bay Bridge, the Jacob Riis Parking Field, the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel, the Battery Parking Garage, and the East Side Airlines Terminal—the authority's annual revenues stood at more than thirty-one million dollars; this was an increase of three hundred and forty per cent over prewar levels. After paying all bills and interest, the authority's surplus for 1953 alone was twenty-two million dollars. At 1953 interest rates and bond-market conditions, this would have supported a revenue-bond sale of close to half a *billion* dollars. Moses now had available to spend on public works in the city far more money than the city itself had.

The very size of that surplus, however, made it a source of danger to its possessor as well as a source of opportunity. Were the attention of the public and the politicians to be focussed

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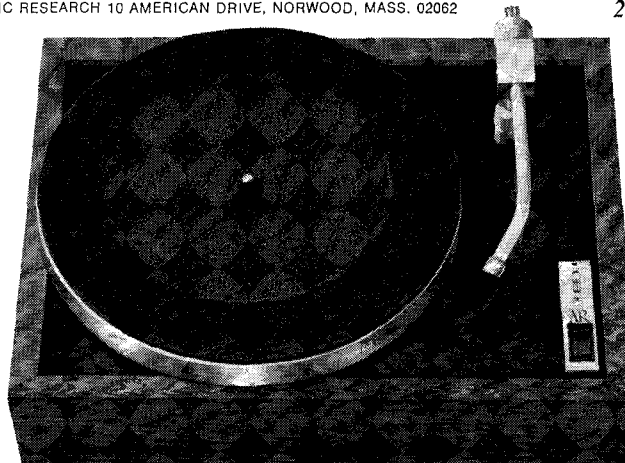
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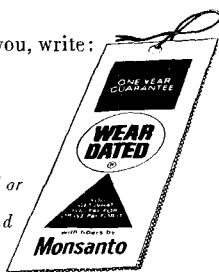


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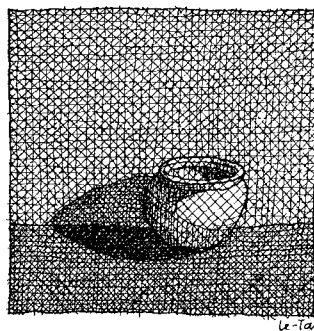
upon it, they might demand that it be used, in the spirit of the law creating the authority, to retire the outstanding bonds and make the bridges and tunnels toll-free, or to ease the subway deficit and the need to raise subway fares. Either course—bond retirement or subway bail-out—would strip Moses of his accumulating millions and of the power to build that they represented. He had realized back in the thirties that public authorities could be a means to immense achievement and a source of immense personal power only if money was spent on new public works as fast as it was earned by the old. To his desire to build there was thus added a need to build. Triborough's money had to be spent, and spent fast.

There was, however, a problem. Vast as his resources were, they were nowhere near as vast as his dreams. By early 1954, the site was already being cleared for the Coliseum; he was going to have to pour thirty-five million dollars into that gaping hole at Columbus Circle. The Throgs Neck Bridge must get under way as soon as possible, and for that span he would need ninety-two million. He had already allocated fifty-five million to get work under way on the New York City portions of the Long Island Expressway and on the Prospect Expressway and the Ninety-sixth Street overpass on the East River Drive. So more than a third of the half-billion dollars was already committed. Then there were the other roads, envisioned decades before and still unbuilt. Their cost was measured now in the hundreds of millions of dollars. And his Narrows Bridge, the bridge that he had conceived of as the crowning glory of his career, as the supreme monument to the life of Robert Moses—a bridge whose construction would take close to

five years—was not yet even begun, and Moses was, after all, already sixty-five years old; who knew when time, so long on his side, might turn on him? And the Narrows Bridge—just the bridge structure alone, without approaches—would cost three hundred and twenty-five million dollars. And how about the new parks he wanted to create, the old parks he wanted to reshape? There was so much yet to do for New York! Even the monumental wealth of Triborough was nowhere near enough to do it.

Wealth far greater was almost within his grasp. A proposal—even then in preparation (with his active participation) in Washington—for a National System of Interstate and Defense Highways, under which the federal government would pay ninety per cent of the cost of interstate highways and the states only ten per cent, would make fifty billion dollars available to construct forty-one thousand miles of highways during the next thirteen years. But to be eligible for inclusion in this program highways had to connect with highways in another state and form with them a *system* that was interstate rather than local in character. Given the geographical location of New York City, Moses' highways, to be part of the system, would have to connect with highways in New Jersey—and in the portion of New Jersey closest to New York, that meant co-operating with the Port of New York Authority.

The Port Authority, which had been created in 1921 by a compact between New York and New Jersey, had long been Moses' chief rival for public-works power in the metropolitan region. But now it was time for coöperation instead of rivalry. With Port Authority help, he would be able to get there first for the federal cash in the nineteen-fifties, as he had in the nineteen-thirties. Immediately upon passage of the Federal Aid Highway Act of 1956, he would be able to present to Washington a proposal for a complete, unified system of highways joining, across Port Authority



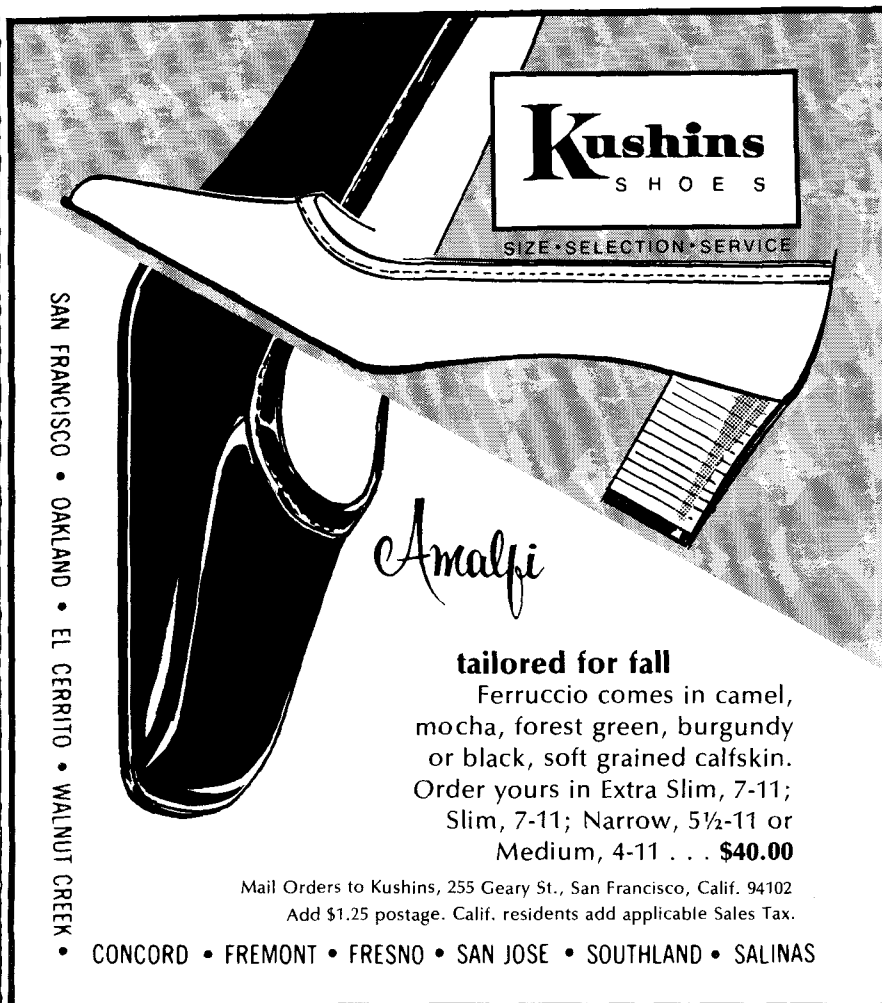
bridges and tunnels, New York and New Jersey and, through New Jersey, linking up with other highways and other states. Most important, it would be a proposal ready to go—planned, blueprinted, costed out, approved, and ready for ground-breaking—while the proposals of other cities

were still in the talking stage, years away from even a possibility of realization. Coöperation might be more profitable still, because it might allow him to tap not only the federal but the Port Authority cashbox, a cashbox fuller even than Triborough's. Where Triborough's 1953 surplus was worth five hundred million dollars in new bonds, the Port Authority's surplus was worth seven hundred million.

Sometime late in 1953 or early in 1954, over luncheon at Randall's Island, Moses broached to the Port Au-

thority board a plan of staggering scope. More luncheons followed, at which Austin Tobin, the executive director of the Port Authority, represented the authority, and at which all did not go smoothly. The plan was Moses' plan—what he was proposing *they* build turned out to be the bypass route around New York which he had conceived in the nineteen-thirties and had been building in bits and pieces ever since—and he lost no opportunity to make it clear that the plan was his, and that those who questioned any of its details didn't know what they were talking about. At one luncheon, Tobin jumped up from the table, said, "I don't have to sit here and be insulted like this," and walked out. But, as it turned out, Tobin *did* have to sit there and be insulted. His boss—Howard S. Cullman, a tobacco magnate, who was the chairman of the Port Authority board—had been convinced by a super helping of Moses' charm that he and Moses were again the close friends they had been in the Al Smith era, and Cullman ordered Tobin to conduct himself accordingly. Besides, if Moses had reason to be anxious to cooperate, so did the hardheaded Port Authority commissioners.

Wherever they wanted access from New Jersey to Manhattan, they found running along its shore, like a barricade in their path, the West Side Highway, over which, as park commissioner, Moses had absolute control. They wanted to build a new bridge across the Hudson at 125th Street, and such a bridge required connections with the highway, and, for maximum effectiveness, with Moses' proposed Upper Manhattan Expressway, across 125th Street, and, via that expressway, with Moses' Triborough Bridge, on the other side of Harlem. They wanted to double-deck the George Washington Bridge, and double-decking required new connections with the West Side Highway. Moreover, with bridge traffic already filling the streets of upper Manhattan so full that travel to the bridge was a joke, the seventy-five-per-cent increase that double-decking was expected to generate could be handled only by the construction of an expressway across Manhattan to the Bronx—with, at its far end, a bridge link to the Cross-Bronx, and with links to the Major Deegan Expressway and the Harlem River Drive. And city and state had given Moses a veto power over all such bridges and expressways. Three Port Authority bridges—the Goethals, Bayonne, and



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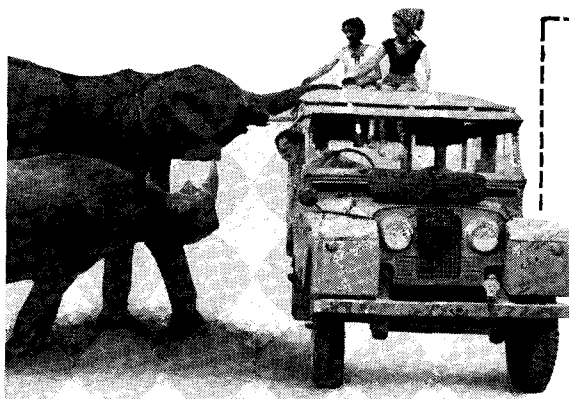
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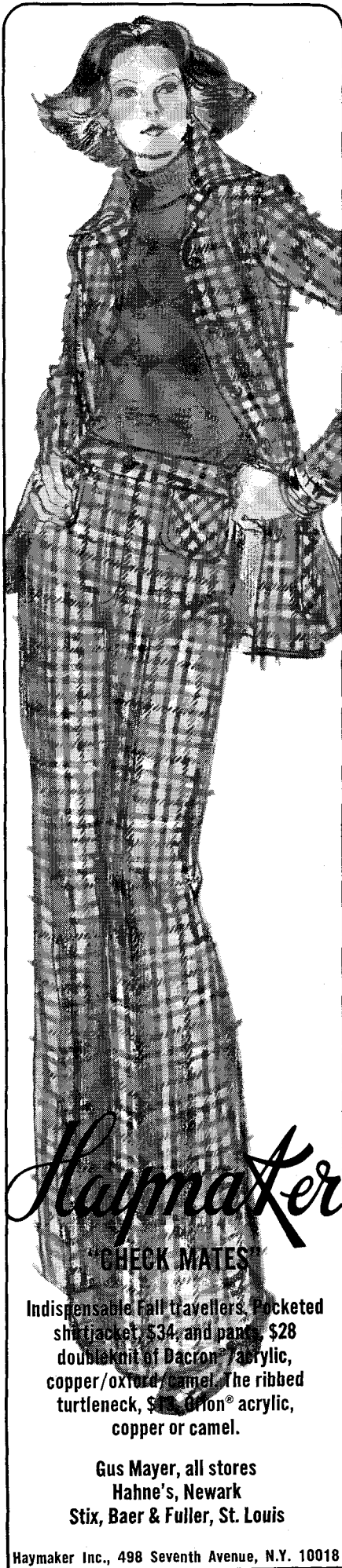
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Outerbridge spans, connecting Staten Island and New Jersey—had been losing money every year for twenty years; in 1953, for instance, they had earned half a million dollars less than the interest on the bonds that had been floated to build them. Only the construction of the Narrows Bridge, which would connect Staten Island to the rest of the city and open it up to large-scale traffic, would turn those money-losers into money-makers. And Moses, thanks to his takeover in 1946 of the New York City Tunnel Authority, held sole legislative authorization to build the crossing.

Moreover, Triborough's surpluses were not the only surpluses being eyed by politicians. The pressure on the Port Authority to aid mass transit was even greater than the pressure on Moses, because the five near-bankrupt railroads whose lines ended at the Hudson were pleading for adequate rail connections across the river, and because the Port Authority's refusal to spend money on such connections was weakened by its original legislative mandate, which clearly envisioned its doing so. The New York and New Jersey Legislatures were, in fact, even then in the process of establishing a bi-state Metropolitan Rapid Transit Commission, with a distinguished board of its own, and the Legislatures had pointedly given the M.R.T.C. the responsibility of producing "an over-all coordinated plan for transportation." The Port Authority had to get its surpluses committed, and it was difficult to do so on the basis of individual projects. A far-reaching road-and-bridge program would obviously be easier.

In February of 1954, the Port Authority agreed to work with Triborough on a Joint Study of Arterial Facilities, and in January of 1955, the results—sixty-two pages long, hard-bound, printed in four colors on glossy paper, with an introduction by Moses, whose name, not by chance, was listed first among its sponsors—were released to the press. The Joint Study announced that the two authorities "recommend and are prepared to proceed" immediately with three "bridge facilities": building a bridge at Throgs Neck and one across the Narrows and double-decking the George Washington. It laid out a vast system of new arterial highways extending to and from these bridges, and it recommended for future construction a low-

er- and a mid-Manhattan expressway.

The Joint Study was nothing more or less than a business arrangement, and it worked out well for the arrangers. As a result of the construction of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, use of the Port Authority's three Staten Island-New Jersey spans increased two hundred and thirty per cent between 1953 and 1970—an increase that in 1970 represented five and a half million dollars per year in additional tolls. As a result of the double-decking of the George Washington Bridge, use of that bridge increased eighty-eight per cent—an increase that in 1970 represented about eleven million dollars per year in additional tolls. The Port Authority's profit from the Joint Study was thus about seventeen million dollars a year in hard cash. By 1970,



Triborough was collecting seventeen million dollars in tolls on the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and nine million on the Throgs Neck Bridge—a hard-cash profit of twenty-six million dollars for that year alone. The two giant authorities were dividing the potential profits from the city's traffic as if congestion were a large and succulent pie. And Moses, who had got the slice he wanted, was ecstatic. Talking to a reporter about the Narrows Bridge just before the Joint Study was released, he had been again, as a friend had described him forty years before, a young man "burning with ideas." Unable to sit still, striding around his office with smiles breaking through the carefully aloof mask he habitually wore, gesticulating vigorously, he told the reporter that at last, after so many years, the Narrows Bridge was no longer "an academic dream."

He said, "It's going to be the most important single piece of arterial construction in the world. It will be the longest suspension bridge in the world, and the tallest. . . . It will be the biggest bridge, the highest bridge, the most expensive bridge, and the bridge with the greatest clearance. It's all superlatives when you talk about this bridge."

IN January of 1955, Triborough and the Port Authority had a combined immediate fund-raising capacity of nearly a billion and a quarter dollars. A billion and a quarter dollars could have built a wonderful mass-transportation system for New York and its suburbs. Triborough's share alone—

the close to five hundred million dollars that could have been raised from the sale of revenue bonds backed by its annual surpluses—would in 1955 have been more than enough to give the desperate Long Island Rail Road new cars, new, powerful locomotives much faster than the old ones, and straighter tracks so that those locomotives could attain the speeds they were capable of. It would have been enough also—especially if right-of-way had been obtained along the median strip of the Long Island Expressway—to build a new rapid-transit line to supplement the existing Long Island Rail Road lines, a line with tracks so straight that trains could speed passengers into and out of the city at eighty miles per hour. It would have been more than enough to build what would in effect have been a whole new Long Island Rail Road—a modern railroad capable of meeting the mass-transportation needs of a modern metropolitan area, and of attracting to mass transportation enough highway users to go a long way toward solving the area's highway problem as well. The cost of such a system—impossibly expensive in 1974—would in 1955 have been not five hundred million dollars but two hundred million.

The Port Authority's share alone—something over seven hundred million dollars—would have been more than enough to build a modern trans-Hudson rail loop connecting New Jersey and Manhattan via two new tunnels under the river, one at the Battery and one at Fifty-ninth Street, and providing transfer stations to all the New Jersey railroads and all the major New Jersey highways in the area. Such a loop would have been capable of speeding a hundred and forty thousand commuters, shoppers, and theatregoers a day into Manhattan and removing tens of thousands of cars from New Jersey highways, from the trans-Hudson vehicular tunnels and bridges, from the West Side Highway, and from Manhattan streets, so that those commuters who still used them would also have easier trips. The cost of such a system would have been about three hundred million dollars in 1955.

If what would have been left over after the completion of both the Long Island Rail Road modernization and the trans-Hudson rail loop—another seven hundred million dollars—had been used to improve the city's subway system, it would have been more than enough to build the long-proposed and desperately needed Second Avenue Subway, which would provide ade-

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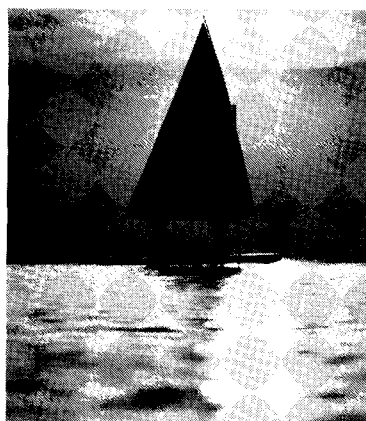
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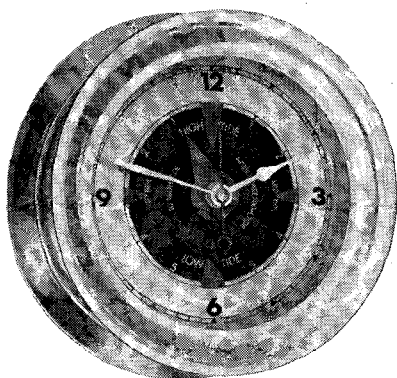
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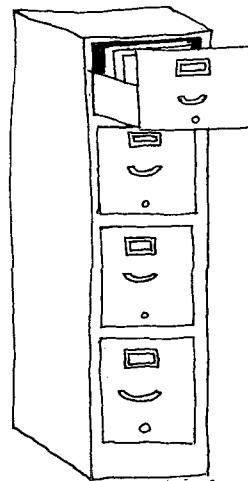
quate subway service for the first time to the East Bronx and would ease the congestion on the Lexington Avenue line, and to build a tunnel across the East River through which a branch of the Second Avenue Subway would extend out to Queens to provide adequate subway service there, and to build extensions of the existing subway lines in Queens to provide service to the hundreds of thousands of residents of eastern Queens who were miles from the nearest subway, and to extend the Nostrand Avenue line in Brooklyn three miles along Flatbush Avenue to serve the growing Sheepshead Bay and Marine Park areas, and to construct a new plaza and eliminate grade crossings near the DeKalb Avenue station. The total cost of these improvements in 1955, according to estimates by transit experts, would have been less than seven hundred million dollars.

And there might have been enough money available to provide not just these improvements but a completely modern subway system. During the decade following the Joint Study, the two authorities' annual revenues from tolls rose so much faster than predicted—for their forecasters never understood, and therefore never took fully into account, the phenomenon of traffic generation—that their wealth far outstripped even their most optimistic expectations, and the amount available for mass-transit facilities might well have been not a billion and a quarter dollars but more than two billion dollars. The two authorities had it in their power in 1955 to enable the people of the New York metropolitan region to travel around that region quickly, cheaply, and pleasantly. They had it in their power in January of 1955 to change the way the region's millions lived. Instead, as a result of Robert Moses' Joint Study, the two authorities, with three major exceptions—Triborough's Coliseum and the Port Authority's substantial expenditures for airports and for a 1962 takeover of the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad—spent their money on facilities for the automobile. During the decade following the presentation of the Joint Study, public investment in new highways in and around New York was actually about two billion dollars. During this period, two hun-

dred and six miles of new highways were built and another two hundred and sixty-five miles were under construction. Not one mile of new railroad or one new subway line was built. In 1965, people using subways and railroads in and around New York were still riding on subway lines laid out between 1904 and 1933—the year before Moses came to power in the city. Not one new line had been laid since.

In 1955, the city's subway cars were thirty and forty years old and due for replacement. Such replacement would have been possible with the authorities' surplus. They were not replaced; they were kept in service until they were forty-five years old and fifty—and more. In 1965, almost twenty per cent of New York's subway cars had been in use for more than half a century. Not only were new cars not bought but the old ones were not repaired. In 1955 or 1956, there was instituted on the New York City subway system, because of lack of funds, a policy of "deferred maintenance"—a phrase that, translated into practice, meant that brakes and signals and switches were inspected less frequently, wheels were less frequently ground round to keep rides smooth, electrical relays that should have been replaced every five years were replaced every thirty years, and that the vast system was sometimes completely out of light bulbs to replace burned-out signals, out of alcohol to keep switches from freezing, and out of other basic supplies.

So superbly engineered and maintained had the system been in the past (New York had once been enormously proud of its subways) that it took years for the damage done by this systematic neglect



to be fully recognized, but every year after 1956, by every criterion of subway performance—on-time runs, individual car breakdowns, and so on—it was obvious that the damage was steadily mounting. By the late nineteen-sixties, the day of reckoning had arrived. In a single eight-month period in 1970, more than seventeen thousand trains had to be taken out of service after starting their runs. On an average day, forty cars broke down. Within a single year, forty trains were derailed. By the time Moses left power, the *Times* could report that on a



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system that had for decades been called "the safest in the world"—an accurate designation at the time—"there have been more serious accidents . . . in the last ten years than on any other major subway system in the world; in the last year, there have been more accident injuries here than on any other subway system." The operating authorities responsible for the subways, knowing that they could no longer rely for safety, as they once had, on brakes and signals, responded to each major disaster by placing more of their reliance on caution; trains crept where once they could have safely sped, and ground to a halt at the slightest possibility of danger ahead. Consequently, the time that New Yorkers were forced to spend daily shivering or sweltering on those bumpy, jolting trains grew longer and longer. Where once the average trip from the city's outskirts to its center had taken forty or forty-five minutes, it now took an hour or more. When Robert Moses came to power in New York, the city's mass-transit system was probably the best in the world. When he left power, it was quite possibly one of the worst. (That system was outside Moses' jurisdiction, of course. But, intentionally or not, he had contributed to its decline through his monopolization of the city's resources and his construction of competing facilities.)

Moses' Joint Study of 1955 sealed the fate of the metropolitan region's nine suburban commuter railroads. In 1955, some of those railroads were still providing good service—the New Haven had just bought scores of gleaming new cars, and the New York Central's Harlem and Hudson Divisions were, one commentator later said, "a model of how to keep commuters happy"—but others were on the brink of disaster. The Long Island, the commuter railroad most directly in Moses' line of fire, had, in fact, been shoved over the brink; it had plunged into bankruptcy in 1949, and had been kept alive—barely alive—thereafter only by a series of state tax concessions.

Moses' Joint Study expressways siphoned off the railroads' customers precisely as the planners had predicted. The railroads were private corporations, in existence for the sole purpose of showing a profit. To do so, they would have had to compete successfully with the public authorities. But while the authorities' toll-charging facilities were subsidized by hundreds of millions of dollars of connecting highways and by freedom from taxes on their income and on their hundreds of millions of

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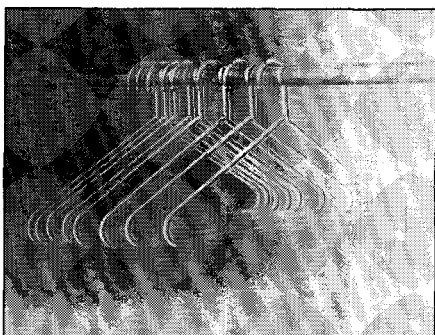
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dollars of real estate, the railroads enjoyed no such subsidies; in addition, the railroads were trapped by mounting labor costs—a minimal concern for public authorities, which operated only low-maintenance bridges and tunnels. Every attempt during this decade to obtain meaningful subsidies for railroads was defeated by New York's local "highwaymen"—the politicians, banks, construction unions, contractors, engineers, and bonding and building-supply firms that reaped profit from Moses' highways. As the distinguished public spokesman of this coalition, Moses assured Congress on one occasion that no subsidy was needed, because "there is little need for an expansion of railroad commuter facilities in the New York metropolitan area;" on

another occasion, when an impartial study called a subsidy imperative, Moses assured the public that the major problem was simply that the railroads were not as efficient, prudent, practical, and businesslike as the public authorities, and he added, "These railroads have got to be more ingenious . . . bailing out busted, lazy, and backward private enterprise is [not] the business of government." Unable to compete with the authorities, the railroads grew poorer as their rivals grew richer. By the early nineteen-sixties, the ones that still had any money in the bank were drawing on it just to stay alive, and were rapidly consuming the last of it. They had no alternative but to raise fares and cut back service, and these moves touched off a self-defeating cycle: each fare increase and service cutback sent railroad passengers to the highways.

IN the nineteen-seventies, after the fall of Robert Moses, public officials talked about modernizing the existing mass-transit facilities on Long Island and building new ones. Handsome four-color brochures—designed to win voter approval for bond issues in the billions which would be required to finance these improvements—assured voters that the expense, if it did not end traffic congestion on Long Island, would at least substantially alleviate it. But building new facilities wasn't going to be so easy. If Moses had accepted McHugh's plan of reserving space on the Van Wyck Expressway for rapid transit, for example, that move would have cost less than a million dollars at the time, and today it would still be

possible to establish all the high-speed rail links involved for less than ten million dollars. Only in 1968, however, was the decision taken to build a rapid-transit line, and, because Moses did not reserve the space for it, that line would cost, according to official estimates, three hundred and sixty-nine million dollars today—a figure so high that no man can say with any certainty when the line will be built.

Similarly, the cost of modernizing the Long Island Rail Road has increased by tens of millions of dollars, because of the increase in the cost of land that would be needed for parking areas and terminals. And inflation has caused these costs to multiply. In 1954, before the Joint Study was undertaken, the modernization would have

cost two hundred million dollars. In 1970, after Moses' fall from power, the cost was estimated at one and a half billion, and inflation and further land development are causing the cost to rise by more than fifty million dollars a year. The populating of the land around the Long Island Rail Road lines has meant that certain changes indispensable to a true modernization program—straightening and elevating the tracks on portions of the line to permit the operation of high-speed trains—are immensely difficult politically. No man can predict with any certainty that improvements of real scope—not the patchwork supplying of new cars and improving of repair and maintenance facilities that were going on in the early seventies but the transformation of the Long Island Rail Road into a truly modern carrier—will be carried out during his lifetime. No man can predict that they will be carried out within his children's lifetime. As for the possibility of building a new rapid-transit line to serve Long Island on a large scale, no man can predict with any certainty that such a line will ever be built. Most of the planners who have studied the prospects feel that, as Lee Koppelman, executive director of the Nassau-Suffolk Regional Planning Board, says, "they'll never do it."

And even if mass-transit lines are built they aren't going to help the transportation situation on Long Island nearly as much as some public officials believe—or, to be more precise, nearly as much as they have told the public they believe. For instance, according to computer-printout projections made by the Nassau-Suffolk Planning Board,



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by 1985 one million four hundred thousand cars a day will be crossing the city line from Nassau into Queens. The roads available to handle them were jammed to capacity and far beyond capacity in 1968, when they were handling only half that much traffic. The most disturbing printouts of all are those dealing with "modal split," which is planners' jargon for the percentage of travellers who can be persuaded to change their present mode of travel for another—in the case of Long Island, to go from highways to mass transit. These show that on Long Island, optimistic predictions to the contrary, there would be hardly any modal split. If travel on the Long Island Rail Road were revolutionized—if, that is (unlikely as it is to come about, at a present estimated total cost of two and a half billion dollars), the railroad were given modern rolling stock, travel time were cut in half, and new, more convenient stations were strategically located throughout Manhattan—the modal split achieved would be no more than ten per cent. Sixty-five per cent of all commuters to Manhattan from Nassau and Suffolk Counties used the Long Island Rail Road in 1968; spend two and a half billion dollars and you could increase that percentage only to seventy-five per cent.

The numbers are even more depressing than the percentages. Some eighty-six thousand commuters to Manhattan used the Long Island Rail Road in 1960; revolutionizing the railroad would increase that number to some hundred and fifty-seven thousand by 1985—an increase of some seventy-one thousand riders. But by 1985, the number of daily commuters from the two counties to Manhattan will have increased not by seventy-one thousand but by eighty-one thousand. The Long Island Rail Road's additional riders would not be riders diverted from the highways. The load of commuters the highways would have to carry, far from being reduced, would be increased by more than ten thousand daily. And by far more than ten thousand. For that figure covers only Manhattan-bound commuters. Hundreds of thousands of other Nassau and Suffolk residents are going to be commuting to jobs on Long Island by 1985, hundreds of thousands more than in 1960. The daily average of "all work trips by all travel modes" made by residents of Long Island—work trips to Manhattan or anyplace else—was more than half a million in 1960. By 1985, it will be more than

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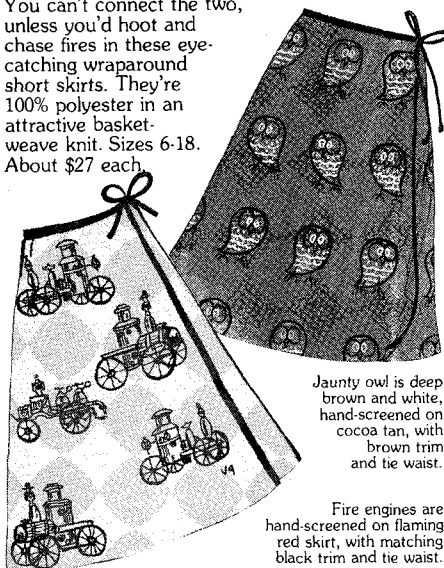
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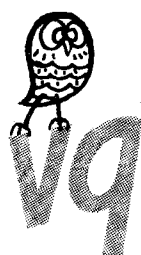
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one and a quarter million. And the modal split induced among the non-Manhattan commuters by a modernization of the Long Island Rail Road would be infinitesimal. The number of daily work trips to points outside Manhattan will rise by more than half a million. The number of those trips by rail would increase by a mere fourteen hundred.

And all the figures above represent only work trips. How about non-work trips—all the journeys to supermarkets, to tennis or swimming or golf or bridge clubs, to school, to the movies, to restaurants, to the doctor or the dentist—which, added together, come to a total that dwarfs even the immense total of work trips? Highways and local streets in Nassau and Suffolk were handling a heavy load of traffic in 1960. By 1985, the load those highways and streets will have to handle will be more than twice as heavy. And no improvements that could be made in mass transportation at any expense that could conceivably be borne by state, city, counties, or public authorities could lighten that load much. "You see," John Sheridan, director of the Suffolk County Department of Traffic Safety, says, "if we had had subway lines, or rapid-transit lines, in the fifties, we would have had high density along those lines. But since there was no mass transit, the development took place according to the way the automobile dictated it. And that meant low density, very low density. To have feasible mass-transit routes, you have to have sufficient density. And we don't have it—and, except perhaps in central Nassau, we're not going to in any foreseeable future. Because of the highway, because of the pattern of highway use developed by the lack of mass transit in the past, we're faced with this problem now, and right now we just can't get around it." It is a problem to which a solution, if there is a solution, seems decades—generations—away.

THE LOSS OF POWER

THE story of how Robert Moses lost power is as complicated as the story of how he gained it, and almost as long in span—the fall from public popularity and, one by one, from his nine power-laden government posts took more than a decade—and it can be told here only in the briefest outline. It began in the mid-nineteen-fifties, when a handful of New York City reporters resolved, despite a conspicuous lack of interest on the part of their publishers, to bring to public attention the maladministration and political pay-

offs that had come to permeate Moses' far-flung operation. Their efforts were at first crushed, often within their own city rooms, but the story of the corruption of Title I, the billion-and-a-half-dollar urban-renewal program that Moses directed as chairman of the Mayor's Slum Clearance Committee, was too scandalous to be concealed. The Title I story appeared at a time when the city's political atmosphere was changing. In the twenties and thirties, and to a large extent in the forties, the public had cheered uncritically the Man Who Got Things Done, but by the fifties, when the failure of Moses' policies to solve the city's problems was growing more and more noticeable, there was increased interest in whether the things he proposed *should* be got done; there was a steadily growing awareness that the Moses bulldozer approach to housing and transportation problems might not supply the answer to those problems. Two spectacular battles during this decade helped to illuminate the arbitrary and dictatorial nature of his decisions: the "Battle of Central Park," in 1956, with a handful of mothers who were determined to save a lovely park glen from Moses' bulldozers, which were about to turn it into an expansion of the Tavern-on-the-Green parking lot; and a confrontation in 1959 with a brash young theatrical producer, Joseph Papp, who was determined not to let Moses force him to charge admission to his New York Shakespeare Festival in Central Park.

Nonetheless, so thoroughly was Moses' power insulated from the force of public opinion that it was more his own personality than his growing loss of public esteem which led to his loss of power. A key element in Moses' personality—almost an obsession—was the desire for more power, and in 1960, after New York was chosen as the site for the 1964-65 World's Fair, he saw in the Fair, with its immense construction requirements, a source of new and greater power. But the city's Code of Ethics prevented anyone from holding both a quasi-private job like the Fair presidency and a job in city government. Once, Moses would have found a way around this hurdle, but his chagrin at his inability to produce fast, spectacular results in urban renewal, as he had in parks and highways and power dams, coupled with fear that his precious reputation was being irretrievably damaged by his identification with the scandal-ridden Title I program, made him willing to resign his formal city posts to get the Fair presidency. In March of 1960, he did so, leaving not



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only his chairmanship of the Slum Clearance Committee but his park commissionership and his membership on the City Planning Commission. (Thanks to the vagueness with which his post as city construction coordinator was legally defined, he succeeded in devising a way to keep it.)

In 1962, Moses' arrogance and uncontrollable temper led him, during an angry confrontation with Governor Nelson Rockefeller in the Governor's Fifty-fifth Street town house, to submit his resignation from his state posts: the chairmanship of the State Council of Parks and of the Jones Beach, Bethpage, and New York State Power Authorities, and the presidency of the Long Island State Park Commission. When Moses left the town house, the Governor, apparently stunned, hurried after him, begging him to reconsider. Sid Shapiro, Moses' aide, who had been waiting outside in Moses' limousine, recalled later that he had witnessed an "astonishing" scene: "The Boss comes out of the building and there's the Governor coming out after him and tugging at his arm, really pulling at him, trying to get him to come back inside and let's discuss it. Mr. Moses pulls his arm away from him and gets inside the car, saying, 'Come on, let's go,' and we pull away, leaving the Governor of the State of New York just standing there on the sidewalk." On his return to Randall's Island, Moses found that Rockefeller had been repeatedly telephoning to persuade him to reconsider, and he felt he had won. But thereafter the interplay of the two willful men's personalities led them to a conclusion that neither had intended: Moses put his resignation in writing, and Rockefeller accepted it.

Moses still had the World's Fair, but it ended in 1965, leaving him just two bases of power: his post as city construction coordinator and his chairmanship of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority. How much power the authority chairmanship alone gave Moses was something that the new mayor, John V. Lindsay, a longtime critic of Moses' policies, discovered after he deprived Moses of the coordinator's job. Humiliated in confrontation after confrontation, once sent fleeing home from a defeat in Albany at Moses' hands, Lindsay found himself all but helpless to interfere with Moses' plans for the city.

Moses had believed that Triborough's bond resolutions—which, because they were contracts, were, under the United States Constitution, unalterable by city or state—would keep him in control of the authority indef-



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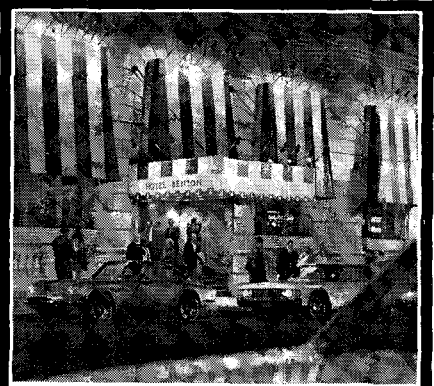
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initely. Any attempt to interfere with Triborough, he had believed, would be opposed in court by Triborough's bondholders, or, more specifically, by the trustee for the bondholders as a group. But in 1967—when Nelson Rockefeller proposed that the Metropolitan Commuter Transportation Authority, which operated the Long Island Rail Road, absorb Triborough and other mass-transit facilities in the metropolitan area—the trustee was the Chase Manhattan Bank, whose president was David Rockefeller, Nelson's brother. Although the bank filed the expected suit against Triborough's absorption, the case was mysteriously settled in an out-of-court proceeding, the papers for which were immediately sealed. Moses could have fought the absorption himself, but he did not, because he believed, apparently with reason, that the Governor had solemnly promised him he would be appointed to the new Metropolitan Transportation Authority board, and would remain in command—with only nominal control by M.T.A.—at Triborough. On the strength of this promise, Moses not only refrained from opposing the new transportation setup but campaigned vigorously for approval of the two-and-a-half-billion-dollar bond issue that made it possible. But then when—at the last minute, and only after he had almost had to beg for a meeting with Rockefeller—a job in the M.T.A. setup was offered him, it was a humiliating “consultantship,” at twenty-five thousand dollars a year. And when he accepted the post, he quickly found that although he had the title of consultant, he was seldom consulted about anything by the M.T.A. chairman, William Ronan.

On March 1, 1968, the date of the M.T.A. takeover, Robert Moses lost the last of his power, forty-four years after he had gained the first of it. The Age of Moses was over. But Moses, still mentally and physically vigorous at eighty-five, has constantly sought to regain some measure of power, and he may yet succeed, if Governor Malcolm Wilson, who is an old friend of his and is among the most fervent of his admirers, is elected in November.

DURING the Age of Moses, New York City and its suburbs were transformed. Were they transformed for good or ill? Would New York be a better place to live if Robert Moses had never built anything? Any critic who says so ignores the fact that both before and after Robert Moses—under reform mayors, such as John Purroy Mitchel and John V. Lindsay,



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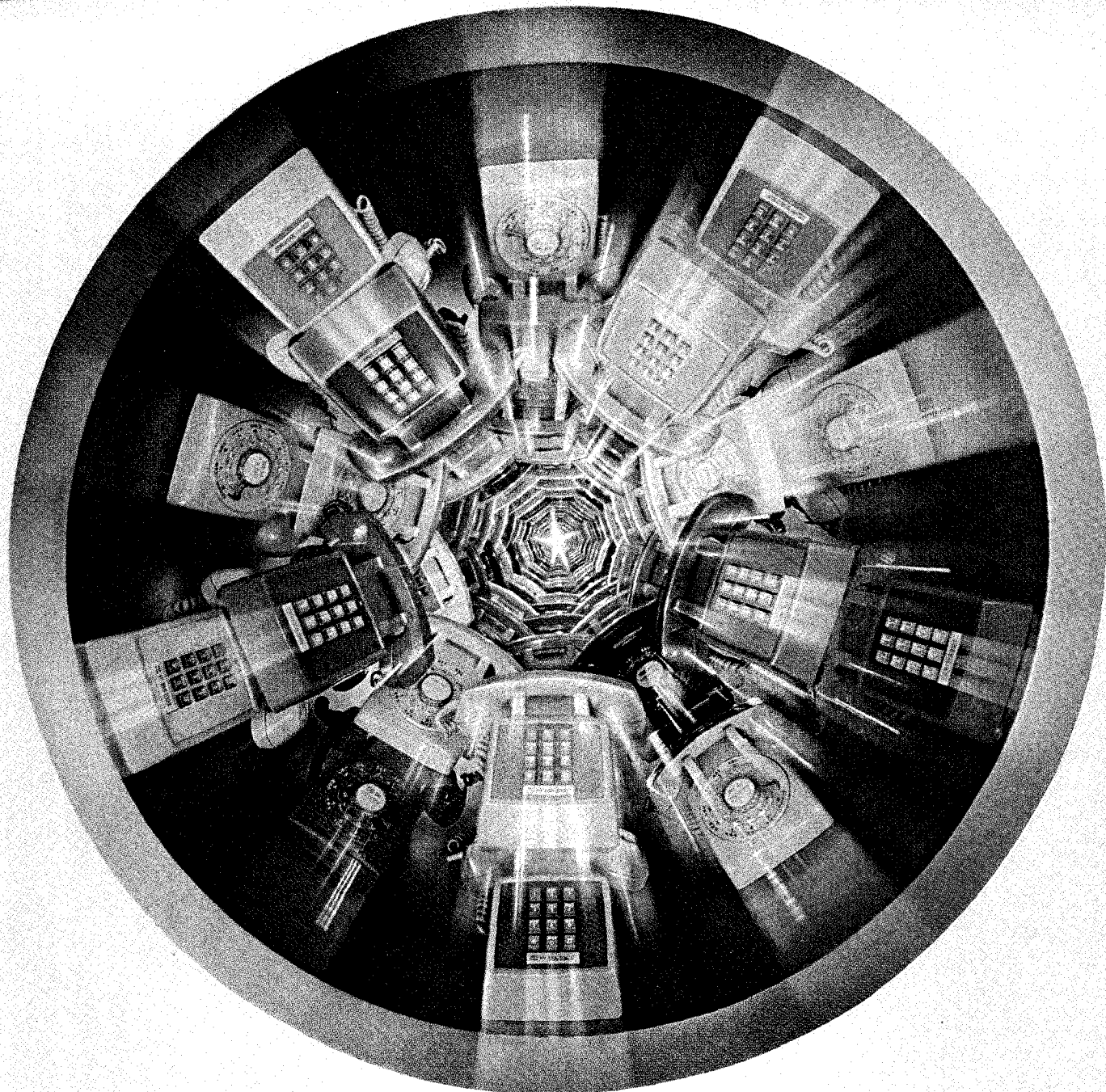
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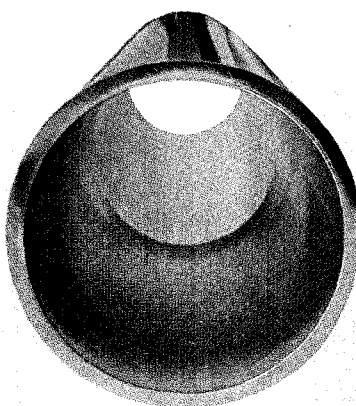
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and under Tammany mayors, such as Red Mike Hylan and Jimmy Walker—the city was utterly unable to meet the needs of its people in regard to physical construction. Robert Moses may have bent the democratic processes of the city to his own ends to build public works; left to themselves, these processes proved unequal to the building required. The problem of constructing large-scale public works in a crowded urban setting, where such works displace or otherwise impinge on the lives of thousands of voters, is one that democracy has not yet solved.

Moses himself believes that he will be justified by history, that his works will endure and be blessed by generations not yet born—that his works will make him immortal. Perhaps he is right. It is impossible to say that New York would be a better city if Robert Moses had not shaped it. It is possible to say only that it would be a different city.

—ROBERT A. CARO

(This is the last of a series of articles.)

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All this has absolutely nothing to do with getting or giving an education; and most of it, in fact, interferes with the primary purpose of a school—which is to instill a lifelong love of earning in the student.—Sydney J. Harris in the *Phoenix (Ariz.) Arizona Republic*.

Oh, not anymore. That's old hat.

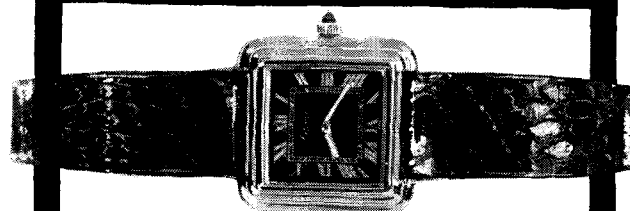


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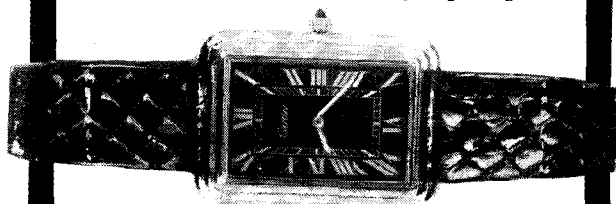
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dreams of Tight Corners

"CALIFORNIA SPLIT" is a smoky film about chance. It is Robert Altman's seventh movie in less than five years: "M*A*S*H," "Brewster McCloud," "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," "Images," "The Long Good-bye," "Thieves Like Us." This is his best since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." It leaves a strange taste on the tongue, like the taste of driving all night which makes one's exhaustion a surprise when one meets other people getting up ordinarily next morning. It is about two intent gamblers: one called Bill Denny (George Segal), a clenched man, separated from his wife; one called Charlie Waters (Elliott Gould), a loose-limbed character with a retaliatory temperament and the gambler's longing for a partnership to stand proxy for other people's inclination to live in couples. Elliott Gould's performance is perfect, disguising a lonely face in a gregarious ape's mask: the loneliness is concealed under a cloud of buffoonery. George Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. He knows how to sketch in Bill Denny's scrubbed-bare soul.

Like gambling itself, the impulses of Altman's characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, resting on choices ungoverned by rehearsal. The film

gives us the sense that it is being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. Everything seems to be going on in some tight corner of life that is off the direct route, inhabited by something musky, dangerous, and surprisingly poetic. The characters suffer the fierce aloneness that Altman identifies in American living. His film is an implacable and minatory one. It is sometimes very funny, in a mood of not caring whether you find it so or not. Crashingly comic fag ends of dialogue bounce off the screen as lightly as table-tennis-ball smashes. Using the overlapping talk that has always been so potent in his movies, Altman again shows that he has a mysterious feeling for the low-toned energy of American humor. His films have a supple genius for the awkward in speech. It is the kind of awkwardness that makes small kids giggle about riddles, or newcomers to English who live here suddenly express the heart of America in a one-legged phrase.

The two heroes meet as strangers in a poker parlor and recognize one another as soul mates. They will gamble on anything. Later, they shoot craps, they play the horses, they even put money on a fight between two specta-

tors at a boxing match. "California split" is the Western name for a kind of high-low poker. The two men's affinity, not without rivalry, is swift and vivid that first night—so much so that the rest of the poker table suspects them of being in league. We are soon in the brotherhood, living with them in a denuded world. The imagery of risk in the film works like a spell. One is drawn into the heroes' universe, where they are sometimes opiate-lidded with fatigue, sometimes pepped up by a red-hot winning streak and superstitious that the streak can be broken as though by an evil eye if an onlooker gets too interested. Bill Denny, once almost literally high on winning, shakes off the gaze of his friend angrily and squeezes his eyes tight shut, with the look of a man who is going to be sick with tiredness when the streak runs out. The people who keep the casino sigh with relief when the magic "thing" that gripped the table has lost its gale strength.

With Bill and Charlie, time balloons out or suddenly collapses. We join the heroes in their delusions. Hours often slip into the pace they take on when one is listening to marvellous jazz. There is a very funny sloshed scene between the two men when they are collecting empty glasses of beer in front of them and trying to better each other at remembering the names of the Seven Dwarfs, to which they severally and dreamily try adding Snoopy and Dumbo. The effort of recollection takes them hours, it seems. They are so crazy about betting, winning, hitting a hot streak, that we live with them on razed ground. Their time is cleared of other interests and of marriage. Their places are minimally furnished. Bill owns characterless things that may be hocked at any moment to raise money for gambling. It is an easily vacated world, like the world of habitual drinkers and all other obsessives. Charlie camps out with Barbara and Susan (Ann Prentiss and Gwen Welles), whores who decorate a tree for themselves at Christmas. When Susan is miserable about her job, which is often, Barbara cradles her maternally and comfortingly murmurs the name of a breakfast cereal. ("Sweetheart, would you like some Froot Loops?" she burbles softly,



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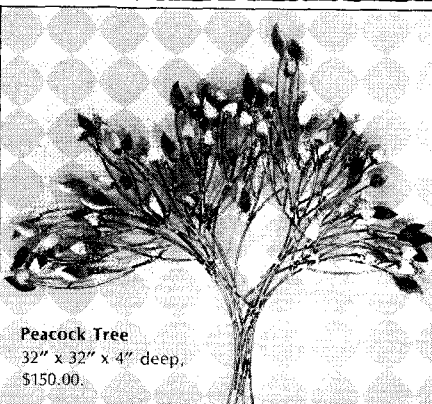


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with a delivery that is worth a prize for vowels.) Susan bursts easily into tears, and she likes reading "Justine." The advantage of the girls' place for Charlie is that it is only a block away from a gambling joint, which looks like a ballroom and is lit with fake Victorian gas chandeliers. The lights shine on weasel faces blanched with too much night living, on women who would look ten years younger in daylight, on abandoned beer bottles and cups of coffee, on old women's pale, wrinkled hands loaded with rings.

One of Altman's ways of activating his burnt-out case of a world is by a brilliantly complicated sound track. The dialogue of Joseph Walsh's screenplay was put on an eight-track recorder, sometimes with eleven mikes going at a time. The multiple conversations crowd the film with a peculiar vivacity, which is part of its lack of natural repose. Their quality of incompleteness characterizes the world of gambling, with its emptied one-room homes where even the toaster has gone to the pawnshop and which seem inhabited only by cards and the craving to win.

Twenty-four hours in a day. Ordinarily, eight hours of sleep, eight hours of work, eight hours off. How many American pictures now are set in this time off yet not concerned with sex or motorcycling? (One of the glowing pleasures of Eric Rohmer's films is that they contain the full flavor of grownups talking at ease.) Altman's films are often about a world of fraternity in some singular time-off passion. "California Split" has, as any film about gambling must, some of the concentrated wildness of Dostoevski's great short novel "The Gambler," but it also achieves a kind of complicity in near-casual leisure. Complicity has always interested this warm, original director. In "California Split," Altman, as usual, has wanted to fill his dangerous, somnambulistic world with humor and with eddies of talk and mood, so that anecdotal happenings are always breaking up the ferocity of the main topic. The wish softens the film. So do the jack-in-the-box wit and the restful acceptance of eccentricity. "California Split" contains a character who habitually wears drag and whom the whores compliment nicely on his clothes, accepting without grudge that it is his particular pleasure to take them out now and again for dinner and no bed. It's his choice, after all. He buys the time at a handsome price. In the course of the film, he turns up to wine and dine them, looking a touch em-

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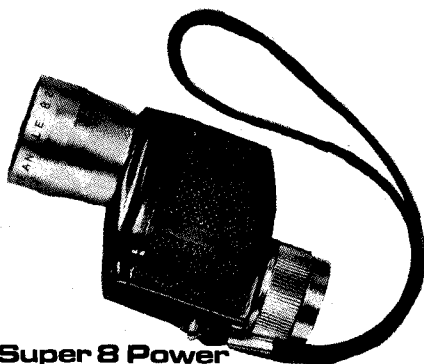


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barrassed because this is the first time he has had the nerve, he says manfully, to wear his slinky gold getup.

Altman always gives his out-of-step figures something poised and venture-some. He respects strong character and finds it in odd places. With each film he makes, he becomes more eloquent in his innovative way of fragmenting narrative and of burying personality so that no more of it shows than a hip-bone sticking out of the sand in a mound made over someone by children on the beach. This is the way life is, of course. We are always coming in at the end of things and picking up what we can of characters formed by unknown events. But what Altman is doing is strange to the American cinema tradition. People accustomed to foreign films will latch on to his work in a second; I hope large enough audiences of others will be as excited by his ambitious, imperfect, edgy dreams, which keep growing more intense and more expressive of America. One of the interesting things about "California Split" is that people who get nervous at the mere sight of someone betting a dollar in real life will find his image of hothead gamblers composing. The phenomenon maybe has to do with the remove at which art happens.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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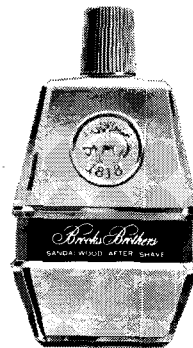
And what happens afterwards? To the new, invigorated, re-born you? Quite simply, Lebenslust. Which the British, masters of understatement, call joie de vivre.—*Adv. in Nova, London.*

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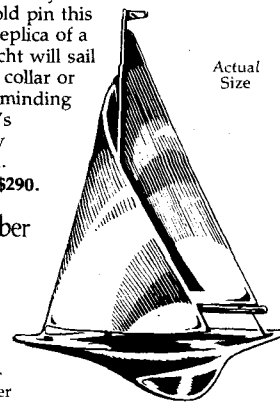
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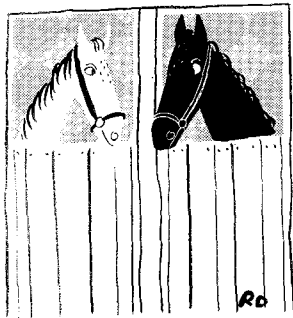
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THE RACE TRACK

Cover Girl

THE unpredictable still reigns at Saratoga. Fred Hooper's Quaze Quilt, leading from start to finish, as she had in the Test Stakes the week before, beat Chris Evert in the classic Alabama Stakes last Saturday. Although six other three-year-old fillies ran, it was a two-horse race all the way, and a thriller. Quaze Quilt went out of the starting gate in high gear, but Chris Evert overhauled her shortly after they rounded the clubhouse turn. From there on, except for a moment or two when Special Team, Quaze Quilt's stablemate, joined them, they went together—at one point, stride for stride—four or five lengths ahead



of the others. As I watched the race on television, Velasquez, on Chris Evert, seemed to be riding with the confidence that he could go to the front whenever he pleased, but then when Chris challenged, Quaze Quilt stood her off to win by a neck. Fiesta Libre was third, five lengths away. No doubt there will be excuses for Chris Evert, but I can't find one. By the way, Quaze Quilt had never run a mile and a quarter, even in a workout, until she went to the post in the Alabama, and her time of 2:02 $\frac{3}{8}$ was first-rate. A medium-sized chestnut, by Specialmante out of Quaze (by Quibu), she didn't race at two, but she caught everybody's eye when she won the Kentucky Oaks by five lengths at Churchill Downs the day before the Derby. Mr. Hooper has done all right at the meeting, winning the Whitney and the Alabama, not forgetting the Test. The racecourse did all right, too; Saturday's crowd of 28,011 was the largest this year, and so was the betting—\$2,276,761, which, for a change, was more than OTB took in on the same races.

So far, this hasn't been a happy meeting for the Greentree Stable. Stop the Music in the Whitney Stakes and then Knightly Sport in the Saratoga Special and Hatchet Man in the Jim Dandy all started favorites and all finished third. Hatchet Man, however, was moved up a notch after the disqualification of T.V. Newscaster, who was second to Sea Songster. Seven ran in the Jim Dandy (the race was named after the 100-1 shot who beat Gallant Fox and Whichone in the Travers for-

ty-four years ago), and they got into a lively traffic jam in the stretch, from which four claims of foul arose. After the inquiry, the stewards decided that T.V. Newscaster was the worst offender and ordered his number taken down. The Travers comes up this weekend, and I expect that Little Current will be the favorite for it. After Chris Evert came back from the match with Miss Musket at Hollywood Park, there was talk that she might have a go at the Travers. Wonder if she will.

THEY say money makes the mare go. The same is true of two-year-old colts. The purse of \$144,995 brought fifteen out for the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth last weekend. It also attracted a crowd of 28,916, topping Saratoga. The fans made Foolish Pleasure, who had won the Tremont Stakes at Aqueduct and a division of the Dover Stakes at Delaware Park, the favorite, and he rewarded their judgment by winning comfortably from The Bagel Prince, who came from California for the race. Bombay Duck was third. Foolish Pleasure's share of the purse was \$86,997. His next stop, no doubt, is Saratoga and the Hopeful Stakes.

DELAWARE PARK closed its long and successful meeting on Sunday with the largest crowd in three years. More than twenty thousand customers turned out for the \$100,000 Delaware Handicap, for fillies and mares at a mile and a quarter, and it was a good show. Nine ran, and Krislin, who came up fast in the last furlong, won in a driving finish from Twixt, with Summer Guest third. I wish I could have seen it.

—AUDAX MINOR

Brick-throwing vandals shattered windows in 12 cars in northwest Greensboro late Saturday night and early Sunday morning.

Police were still seeking suspects late Sunday, but no arrests had been made. The damaged cars were parked at houses alongside Cornwallis Drive, Country Club Drive, North Elm Street, Pembroke Road and Sunset Court.

WILD

—Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.

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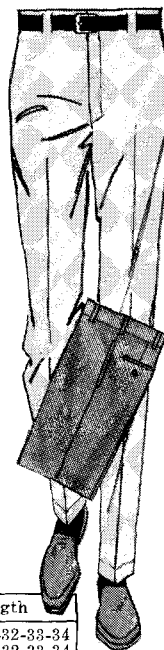
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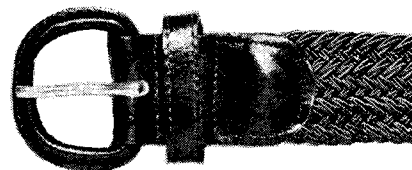
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Baryshnikov's Day

BECAUSE his performances are as exciting for what they portend as for what they contain, it's impossible to see all there is of Mikhail Baryshnikov at the moment and to see him complete. The feeling he leaves you with is one of intense pleasure mingled with the ache of frustration, and you can't capture him whole by seeing him again. To watch Baryshnikov dance for the first time is to see a door open on the future—on the possibilities, as yet untold, of male classical style in this century. The second time, and the third and the fourth, it's the same—that same dazzling vista, crowded with prophetic shapes and rhythms; we see it clearly in a flash, and then it's like trying to recall the content of a dream we only feel the emotion of: we get the same ache. Although Baryshnikov is in no sense an unfinished artist—at twenty-six he is in his prime—every performance confirms his potential, and part of the anguish we feel comes from the fear that his potential may be wasted. He harbors the future, but his roles keep him from exploring it. If ever a dancer needed new roles, it is he, and I don't mean

roles from the modern Western repertory which would be new just to him; I mean his own new roles, with advanced choreography, that would be new to us as well. Baryshnikov begins where other dancers leave off, and to confine him to an existing repertory—no matter how amply he might ornament it—would be to suppress his essential genius.

Baryshnikov crams traditional roles with new vitality, and in them he seems literally to be flying out of the nineteenth into the twentieth century. In his début performances this season with the American Ballet Theatre, he danced "on top of" the solos in "Giselle" and "La Bayadère," giving us two and three times as much to look at as anyone had ever given us in the same unit of musical time. High-concentrate dancing is what the most progressive twentieth-century ballet is all about, but the principle has never been expressed before on so high a level of individual virtuosity. For Baryshnikov, a double pirouette or air turn is a linking step, and preparations scarcely exist. In the "Bayadère" variation, he turned a grande pirouette in second, in passé,

in attitude—nine or ten revolutions in all, and all from one preparation. In a travelling version of the same thing, he swept from low grand jeté into an air turn à la seconde and, on landing, continued to turn in a series of perfectly placed pirouettes en dedans. His finishes are achieved in a faultless diminuendo or a sudden clean stop. He gives a new urgency to commonplace allegro steps like brisé volé (in the two speeding diagonals of "Giselle"), and an ordinary jump appears in all its compound splendor as grand jeté dessus en tournant battu—redefined almost past recognition, and about a mile off the ground, too. Occasionally, because the traditional dance rhetoric comes so easily to him, the pressure gets a little thin. In the coda to "La Bayadère" and in his "Don Quixote" solo, he does a circuit of barrel turns (tour de reins) that must be unmatched for height, evenness, and cleanness of execution, but the ease of his style deprives the step of the raw impact it can have when it is done by lesser dancers. He performs a couple of invented steps—a turning jeté in which, at the last second, he changes the foot he's going to land on and his legs flash past each other in the air; and, on the way to one of his pinpoint landings in assemblé, the sudden flexing of his knees. It looks like provincial hot stuff.

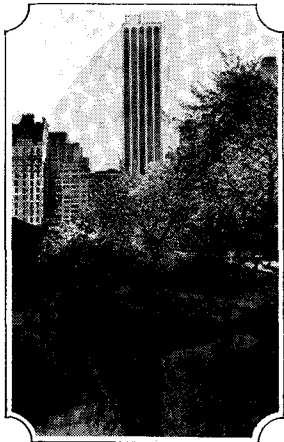
Baryshnikov's promise lies not in novel steps but in his power to push classical steps to a new extreme in logic, a new density of interest. He is a modern classical dancer. Unfortunately, at Ballet Theatre he plays to an audience that identifies classicism with the nineteenth century or with empty displays of technique. On the evening of his first "La Bayadère," Baryshnikov was cheered, but Cynthia Gregory was cheered twice as loudly for perverting her own beautiful style in a simpering, stunt-filled exercise called "Grand Pas Classique."

Baryshnikov's ballerina in all four of his performances was Natalia Makarova—a partnership that is not heaven-sent. Makarova is hard to partner, es-



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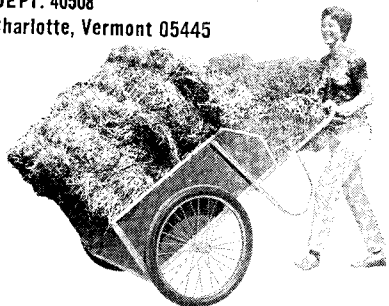
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pecially in "La Bayadère." She needs Ivan Nagy, who can commit himself to her completely. But in "Giselle" and in the "Don Quixote" pas de deux Makarova and Baryshnikov were wonderful to have together on the same stage. Stylistically, these two former stars of the Kirov Ballet are beautifully matched, and their Giselle and Albrecht were as psychically fused as Cathy and Heathcliff. (In the second "Bayadère," this psychic fusion turned a bit anxious and a gray something descended which I can only describe as Kirov funk.) In the second act, Makarova's slightly rigid head positions and the line from the nape to the extended instep in fourth position had an entrancing pathos. It was her only "Giselle" of the season; she gave it up to Baryshnikov for his first appearance in America. He, in turn, played to her all evening with fervent devotion. At the end, he scattered lilies in a trail from the grave, then lay facing it as the curtain fell.

—ARLENE CROCE

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The pilot and copilot are conked out in the collision, leaving the 747 with no one to run it. The solution? Pilot Charlton Heston is lowered through the gasping hole from a helicopter. Frye and Smight admit that it sounds fantastic but it can be done.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Star*.

And to think that we used to worry just because No. 4 engine was on fire!

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 11
PRESIDENT FORD is an affable, even-tempered, personally generous man, and—though he has been a hot partisan up to now, at any rate—he seems incapable of hatred or most other passions. His views have been as far to the right as those of anyone in the Republican minority in the House of Representatives, whose leader he was prior to his elevation to the Vice-Presidency last December, but he almost certainly spoke the truth when, in his brief remarks after Richard Nixon's farewell address, he said, "I don't think I have a single enemy in the Congress." He served there for a quarter of a century, and no one can recall an instance of his being accused of dishonesty, personal or political, which is quite a record for a man in his line of work. In 1972, he accepted campaign contributions of nearly a hundred thousand dollars from outside his Michigan district, as

compared with something over five thousand from constituents, and many of the larger outside gifts came from corporation executives courting congressional favor, among them officers of General Motors, General Dynamics, United Aircraft, and Boeing. But neither he nor the donors broke any existing federal or state laws, and if his constituents were short of money they were generous with their votes, returning him to Washington with a majority of about sixty per cent. His congressional record was somewhat to the right of Nixon's, and even, perhaps, of Barry Goldwater's. He may have no enemies in Congress, but he is by no means short of critics. His most censured enterprise was his acceptance of the role of spokesman for the aborted Nixon-Mitchell attempt to impeach Mr. Justice Douglas in 1970. "His record in Congress was awful," Father Robert Drinan, the Jesuit priest elected to the House from Massa-

chusetts, has said. "He's never proposed a constructive solution to any thing. He's against spending money doesn't believe in social programs. The exception has been civil rights he voted for all major bills—but only after he and several of his colleagues had done their utmost to de-fang then a fact that has earned him some enemies as well as critics *outside* Congress. But until he became Vice President he represented a district that evidently shared the views he expressed, and his constituents might well have looked to someone else to represent them if he had started receiving praise from the leftist likes of Father Drinan.

Now he speaks for the entire country and has taken an oath to enforce its laws—including, inevitably, those he dislikes. Experience has shown that it is often as not such a change in status accompanied by a change in outlook—sometimes authentic, sometimes required for political success, sometimes a combination of the two. The career of Richard Nixon, unique in so many ways, teaches us something of this, but the most instructive recent example was that of Lyndon Johnson. Nixon was a confirmed Cold Warrior until, as President and Commander-in-Chief, he saw, with the help of Henry Kissinger, the fatuity and danger of his position and reversed much of it, to the approval of a great many Americans. He neglected to apply the same kind of common sense to his disastrous domestic policies. Lyndon Johnson's experience in foreign policy showed less flexibility (though greater caution—Johnson refused to invade Cambodia or mine the harbor at Haiphong), but his view of domestic affairs changed markedly as his constituency expanded. As a young representative from a poor district in central Texas, he concentrated on measures—primarily electrification and irrigation—that would benefit his people in the hill country. Then he rose to the Senate and, while reasonably liberal in temperament, had to defend the interests of the oil and cattle barons, to whom he had previously paid little deference. When he became Senate majority leader, his constituency became, in effect, the entire country—or at least, the entire Democratic Party—and with hard work and a few small sacrifices of principle he managed to keep the Northern and Southern wings in harness when such crucial matters as the censure of Senator Joe McCarthy arose. In his first years as President, enjoying enormous public confidence, he was free at last to forget the oilmen



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and cattlemen and give full play to his liberal tendencies, which had grown in breadth and intensity as he had grown to know more and more about the country while campaigning with and for John F. Kennedy. He enjoyed many successes and would have enjoyed many more if he had divested himself of our heritage from the French in Indo-China.

If there were to be a similar kind of growth in Gerald Ford, it might seem reasonable to argue that the Presidency would fortify him in his essential conservatism and lead him to proceed even further to the right, if any room remains to be filled on that side. That may turn out to be the case, but it would seem that circumstances point the other way. He assumes the Presidency at a moment of severe economic disruption—an implausible mixture of inflation, unemployment, and havoc in world markets. The fact that a new President was about to sit in the Oval Office gave a slight, though temporary, lift to the stock market and may yield benefits elsewhere. (For one thing, the Congress, freed of what might have been a prolonged and almost exclusive concern with impeachment, can redirect its attention to matters of economic and social substance.) But Richard Nixon was not the sole author of our troubles, though he did his bit, and the new President will have to look beyond the relatively negligible difficulties of Michigan's Fifth Congressional District (which replaced him with a Democrat, Richard Vander Veen, when he became Vice-President) and the strategies employed by the House minority to wring what concessions it could from the Democratic majority. Now he is, as just about every other Chief Executive before him has noted, "President of all the people"—and, as he also pointed out, the only one in our history not to have been confirmed by the electorate. Among the first of his many arduous tasks will be to see the nation whole rather than as a microcosm of Grand Rapids, and also to understand its divisions—racial, ethnic, economic, regional, ideological—many of which became more severe during the incumbency of the man he succeeds. The experience should certainly broaden his outlook, his sense of the complexity of American life, and, one may hope, his sympathies. Ideally, it should make him intellectually more flexible and thus more open to change and experiment, and the tone of his comments so far suggests that this process is already under way. He may very well receive some help and guidance from the first



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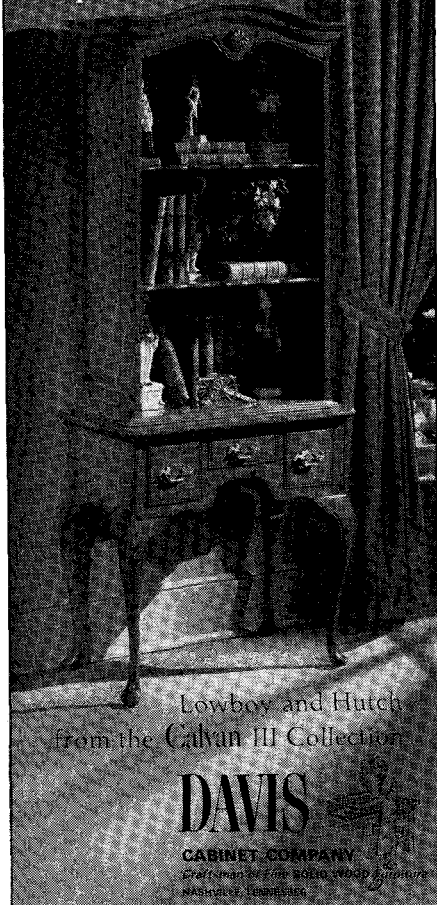
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of his new appointees—Jerold terHorst, who, to the delight of the working press, succeeds the former Disneyland guide, Ronald Ziegler, as press secretary. A veteran of many years as the bureau chief here of the *Detroit News*, terHorst is a man of humane instincts as well as a wicked but never cruel wit.

Still, none of this is a certainty. As the new President said in connection with something or other, it isn't easy to change one's ways at sixty-one, and it certainly isn't easy at any age for an essentially parochial figure to become a large-minded world leader. At the very least, though, he isn't likely to become one who masterminds burglaries, orders the compiling of "enemies" lists, or threatens the liberties of American citizens. And in foreign affairs he effected a change in his outlook even when his chances of succession were very far from certain. An erstwhile hawk who criticized Lyndon Johnson as being insufficiently belligerent in Vietnam, he let it be known that if he ever became President he would, as he has now done, ask Henry Kissinger to stay on, and would back up the Secretary of State's search for accommodation and détente.

RICHARD NIXON retired with as much grace and magnanimity as could be expected of him, and with at least a few passing mentions of his failures; a good many observers fault him for the absence of genuine *mea culpas* and apologies, but they were plainly expecting too much of this man who so strangely combines an ego of case-hardened steel with a large and persistent element of self-destructiveness. His speech to the nation, which he must at least have edited and approved, was quite a bit easier to take than many that went before or the off-the-cuff bad jokes and pieties of his address to his staff the morning after. In any event, the true low point had been reached earlier in the week, when he offered for public consumption the transcripts of three talks he had with H. R. Haldeman on June 23, 1972. It was at first believed by many that he took this action under threats of resignation by his attorney, James St. Clair. The full story has yet to be disclosed, but common sense suggests that what St. Clair wanted was the statement accompanying the tapes, which acknowledged that Nixon had withheld evidence of his role in the Watergate coverup from his colleagues and, in particular, from his counsel. (Somewhere in his memoir, "Six Crises," which he kept

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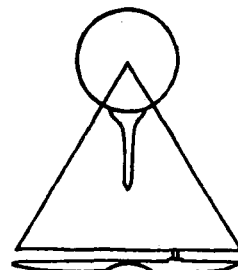
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urging on Haldeman like an indigent young author starving for royalties, he argues that Alger Hiss made his greatest mistake when he failed to level with his lawyers.) That statement, presumably composed by staff members in consultation with the President and St. Clair, was adequate to the purpose for which it was intended. It was unavoidably humiliating, but it was clear and precise and went to the heart of the matter without irrelevancies. But the release of the tapes was a wholly unnecessary act of self-mortification. What had been demanded of him by the Supreme Court was that he turn over a large number of tapes and documents to Judge John Sirica, who would examine them and expunge whatever did not bear on Watergate and associated unpleasantnesses and then turn over the relevant sections to Leon Jaworski, the Special Prosecutor. Surely Judge Sirica would have spared the grand jurors all the evidence of philistinism and anti-Semitism (an ugly business but not an issue in the recent conduct of White House affairs), the frivolities about the exchange values of the pound and the lira, and the concern of Mrs. Nixon and her daughters over the effect on their coiffures of travel by helicopter. It is quite likely that some of this might have become public knowledge at a later time, but it would never have been made public by any man concerned with salvaging whatever shreds of dignity still clung to him.

Nothing in the most offensive sections of the transcripts provided any basis for impeachment or indictment except the already known admissions of coverup. There may be evidence of criminality in some tapes that have yet to be made public. But Nixon is now fair game, with or without the tapes and with or without congressional resolutions pleading that he be spared. Congress has very limited powers of granting immunity, and these do not apply to civil offenses or to criminal offenses in the federal domain. Jaworski can decide whether or not to ask his indictment on Watergate and related matters, but so far, according to Jaworski, the subject has not come up. The President alone has the authority to pardon or offer clemency, and the new one has somehow managed to make it known that he is unlikely in the extreme to show special favors at any early date, or perhaps ever—possibly feeling that even if he were inclined to do so, such an action might be regarded as the product of some deal to get the Presidency for himself. (Also,

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it has been suggested that it would be immoral to pardon Nixon without doing the same for all those already undergoing, or about to undergo, punishment for the services they rendered him.) Some congressmen and some private citizens have said they would find it abhorrent to know that a President of the United States and a man with a record not utterly devoid of accomplishment was behind bars, or crushing rocks rather than "stonewalling." In all likelihood, most Americans share this sentiment, and, though a frail reed, it is probably the only thing Richard Nixon can count on. But it is quite inconceivable that the feeling is universal, and it takes only a few moments of reflection to think of large numbers of citizens who feel they have suffered deeply at his hands and who would welcome the opportunity to see him swallow a draught of his own medicine.

In the press and elsewhere, the question of whether or not Nixon deserves punishment over and beyond his loss of office is being solemnly debated as a matter of public policy. It is a matter of public interest, certainly, but it cannot be a matter of public policy, for the answers will come from aggrieved individuals and from jurors and judges. Of course, it might be impossible to impanel a jury whose members would be willing to vote for the incarceration of a former President; on the other hand, it might be impossible to impanel a jury capable of presuming his innocence. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WAR BETWEEN THE TATES, by Alison Lurie (Random House). The warring factions in this excellent and deceptively unassuming book are Erica and Brian Tate, who have been married for twenty years and live in an upstate New York university town, where Brian teaches political science; the Tates's formerly lovable adolescent children, Jeffrey and Matilda, who have recently metamorphosed into Dracula and Draculette; Wendy Gahaghan, a student of Brian's who has a virulent crush on him (and eventually becomes his mistress); and a large assortment of the Tates's friends and acquaintances. The bloodiest battle by far in the book is between Erica and Brian, whose marriage is falling apart. But there is equally fierce, if not pitched, fighting between Erica and the children, Brian and the children, Brian and Wendy, and most of the Tates's friends and their wives, husbands, children, and colleagues. The Tates live in a once remote and still charming old farmhouse that is gradually being hemmed in by a hideous ranch-house development called Glenview Heights. Miss Lurie writes about this encroachment (which emerges as the book's central metaphor) coolly and wickedly, as she does about all the highly contemporary moral, psychological, sexual, and, above all, practical problems her characters are constantly grappling with. Almost everybody in her book is a victim of crumbling institutions, self-deception, and half-baked ideas, and when she is finished with them there is very little left but bones and hair. But her tone is not exultant—merely matter-of-fact.

A DEATH OUT OF SEASON, by Emanuel Litvinoff (Scribners). A period entertainment. The time is 1910, the place (for the most part) is the London Whitechapel ghetto, and the people are refugee Nihilists, Anarchists, Social Democrats, Social Revolutionists, Mensheviks, Bolsheviks, Bundists, and Dashnakists from Russia, Poland, Latvia, and elsewhere. To this squalid backwater of violent talk and peaceful behavior come a young Latvian activist, a young Russian Okhrana double agent, and a young revolutionary Russian count-

ess with a scheme to assassinate George V and a fund-raising plan to burglarize a jewelry shop. Mr. Litvinoff's sense of period is most impressive, and he renders it almost subliminally and as an integral, even essential, part of his story. He seems also to know precisely the tone and temper of his characters, and he presents them with an irony that is both mocking and affectionate. An agreeably out-of-the-way diversion.

GENERAL

ONCE UPON A PEDESTAL, by Emily Hahn (Crowell). A survey of American feminism from Colonial days to the present, told mainly as a series of biographies of women who, for various reasons, felt compelled to demand more rights than the law or custom of their time allowed. Miss Hahn is a gifted expository writer. She is certainly no fanatic, yet her book, interesting as history, argues by every implication the case for women's liberation, reminding us that rights won by women so long ago that we now take them for granted (to an academic or professional education, for example, or to own property) had to be fought for in the face of hostility, derision, or incomprehension. Miss Hahn's gallery of lively ladies includes some tough cookies and some pixilated ones, but for the most part American feminists seem to have been braver, brighter, abler, and—since freedom to do as one likes has often been based on money—richer than their more submissive sisters.

ON WINGS OF SONG: A BIOGRAPHY OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN, by Wilfrid Blunt (Scribners). This book is a delight. Its tempo is brisk but not hurried, and its author tells everything the reader needs or wants to know with seeming effortlessness. Mr. Blunt is out to make two points: One, he believes that recent taste has undervalued many of Mendelssohn's compositions, and he wants to remind us of the man's musical achievement. Two, he wants to revise the schoolbook portrait of Mendelssohn the goody-goody. The composer's ever-smiling blandness, it seems, is no more than an invention of Victorian admirers, among them an adoring nephew who sliced out of family letters any sign of Felix's temperament, which was artistic, to say

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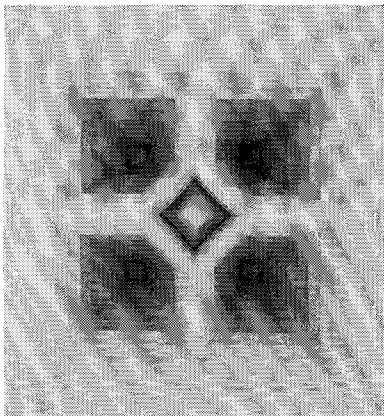
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the least. The book has another advantage: since Mr. Blunt has studied and taught art as well as music, his choice of illustrations is nonpareil.

CORSICA: PORTRAIT OF A GRANITE ISLAND, by Dorothy Carrington (John Day). A full-length study—part history and part travel narrative, part appreciation and part aversion—of the largely mountain-and-maquis desolation at the back door of Europe which, despite its recent discovery by the despoiling rich and restless, is still strangely remote in time and flavor. Miss Carrington knows Corsica from wide reading and long residence, and everything is here—Paoli and Napoleon and the original Don Juan; the vendetta, with its formidable annual death toll; the prehistoric menhirs, as huge and enigmatic as those of Easter Island; the fierce pride and individualism that made Corsica a fourteenth-century pioneer in democratic self-government; the natural beauty and the human wretchedness; the hovel houses and the infinity of beautiful baroque churches; the lordly males and the enslaved women; the flamenco-like songs; the boar hunts; the chestnut orchards. Her book is brilliantly conceived and brilliantly written, and it is a model of its kind. Photographs and a map.

THE CAPTIVE DREAMER, by Christian de La Mazière, translated from the French by Francis Stuart (Saturday Review Press). Readers who have seen Marcel Ophuls' compelling documentary film about occupied France, "The Sorrow and the Pity," have already met this author, the still youngish châteaudweller who recalled his experience fighting in the Charlemagne Division, one of several units the Germans formed by recruiting Fascists or anti-Bolsheviks of non-German nationality. The author explains that responding to Ophuls' request to appear in the movie led him to reconsider his deed; that reconsideration, in turn, prompted this vivid memoir. De La Mazière tells us that he comes from a nationalist, right-wing family and grew to manhood across the nineteen-thirties believing that democracy was a contemptible failure and loathing the Communist alternative. The Nazi-Soviet Pact revived his nationalist feelings, and he served in the French Air Force until the fall of France. After that event, the author's father became a devout Pétainist, but the author

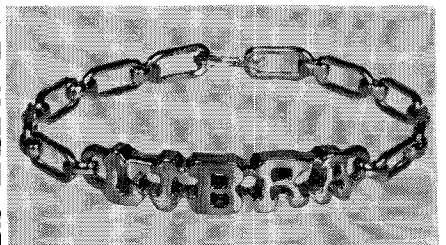
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himself felt that more was required: he wanted to help create the New Order. He worked for a collaborationist newspaper in Paris until 1944, when the city's capture by the Allies seemed imminent, and then went off to fight the Russians. The author's self-portrait seems trustworthy, in part because he appears to be a peculiar combination of naïveté and shrewdness. (He made use of his excellent social background and family connections to escape the harsh fate of some other collaborators.) He is, in short, less quixotic than he realizes: one way or another, de La Mazière has always fought to make the world safe for de La Mazière.

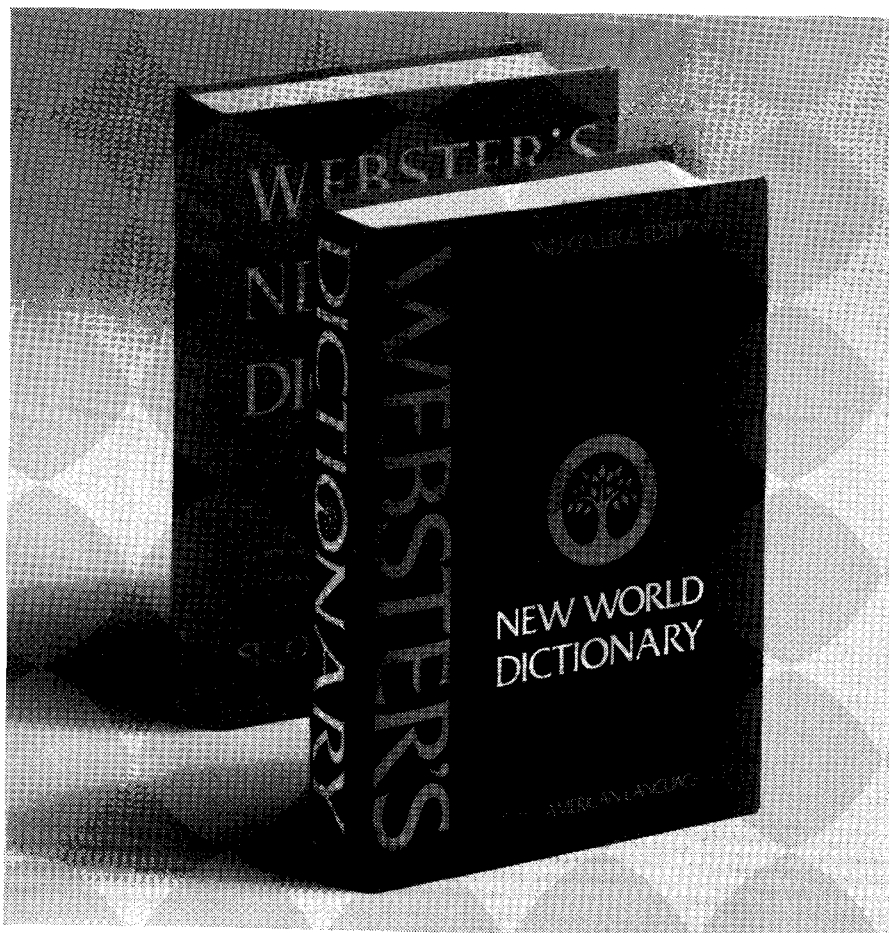
HARD SCRABBLE: OBSERVATIONS ON A PATCH OF LAND, by John Graves (Knopf). Mr. Graves became the proprietor in 1960 of some four hundred ungrateful acres in Somervell County, Texas, just south of Fort Worth, and this book is an account—more or less—of his efforts to return them to productive pasture- and cropland. It is also, though superficially very different, a splendid companion to his uncommonly fine "Goodbye to a River," of a dozen years ago, which was an account—more or less—of an elegiac canoe trip down the Brazos River. Mr. Graves is essentially a ruminative writer. Here, as before, he observes, describes, and reflects. His subjects are trees and brush, hired help, fences, soil, armadillos and other wildlife, flood and drought, local history, sheep and goats ("A goat is looking for a place to get out; a sheep's looking for a place to die"), and they come to us reshaped and reënlivened by his agreeably individual (and sometimes cranky) notions.

PROUST AND HIS WORLD, by William Sansom (Scribners). *À la recherche de Marcel Proust*, with the aid of a deft, appreciative essay and with a hundred and forty-five illustrations, every one of which is guaranteed to create a well-nigh overwhelming nostalgia for the France that Proust knew and from which he extracted his masterpiece. The physical beauties—women, buildings, countryside, cityscapes—are infinitely alluring. Proust himself appears small, alert, and inconspicuous in festive and high-toned groups, reminding us that the keenest living, like Marcel's, may look very quiet indeed.

NOTE: "Alec Wilder and His Friends," a collection of Profiles by Whitney

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Balliett, has been published by Houghton Mifflin. Most of the material appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE VENICE TRAIN, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Alastair Hamilton (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). With judicious control that seems at times to transform itself unpleasantly into judicious relish, M. Simenon recounts the pathetic story of a thirty-five-year-old Parisian—a "little" man with a "little" job—who accidentally comes into possession of an enormous sum of money. The man, Justin Calmar, soon finds that the necessity of moving his treasure from one hiding place to another creates a strain that will destroy him, because—as he realizes for the first time—his life is so restricted by ordinary routine that the tiniest departure from schedule is noted either by his wife or by his associates at the office or by one or another of his few friends. Then, as time goes on and he gives in to the temptation to spend some of the money, he is driven further into his agony by the necessity of explaining where the extra money is coming from. At last, a small incident—a chance encounter—breaks him in pieces. The scene is Paris, for the most part.

WAIT, JUST YOU WAIT, by Evelyn Berckman (Doubleday). Dilys, a very pretty thirty-year-old London widow who is tired of supplementing her small income with the occasional odd job in the occasional smart boutique, decides to enrich herself in the most positive fashion by acquiring a few well-heeled lovers who will pay in hard cash for her "favors." But Dilys's stamina is not what she imagined it to be, and she turns to blackmail and is immediately murdered. This dim little fantasy is treated very seriously by Miss Berckman, a gothic novelist who seems to have lost her way.

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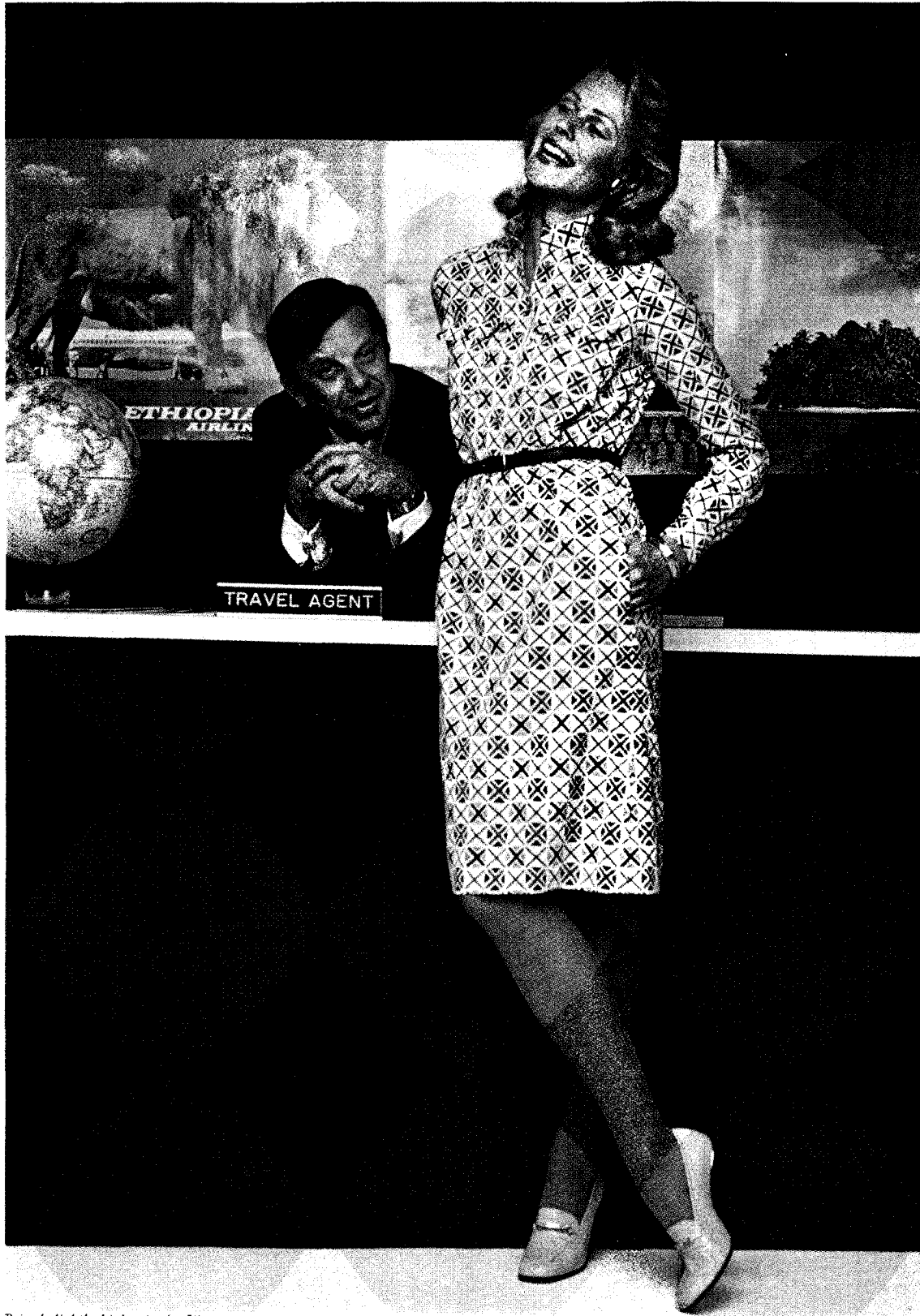
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JOHN ALAN STOCK

HOME: Chesapeake, Virginia

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Architect/Urban Planner

HOBBIES: Animated cinematography,
tennis, wine-making.

LAST BOOK READ: "Capitalism, the
Unknown Ideal" by Ayn Rand

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Preliminary
design for Underwater Housing Development
Study for human occupancy.

QUOTE: "The urban planner in the 20th
century must lead people from the world of the
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